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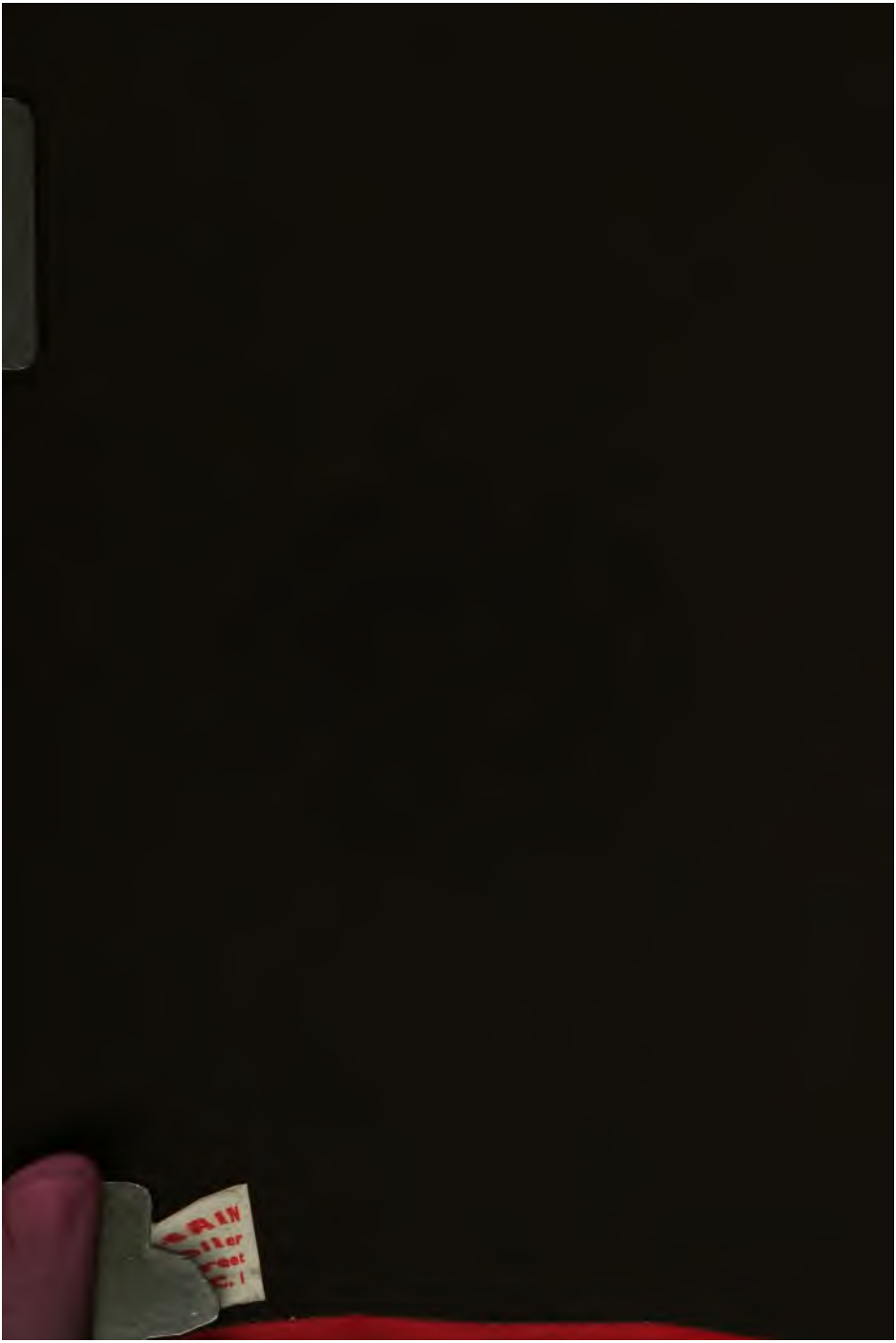

L. R. Webb
February 24th 1889.

MEMORIALS OF R. HAROLD A. SCHOFIELD.

MEMORIALS OF

R. HAROLD A. SCHOFIELD,

M.A., M.B. (OXON.)

(Late of the China Inland Mission),

FIRST MEDICAL MISSIONARY TO SHAN-SI, CHINA.

Chiefly compiled from his

LETTERS AND DIARIES

BY HIS BROTHER

A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D.

WITH PORTRAIT.

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PREFACE.

THE subject of the following memorials has already had his earnest prayers for more labourers in the Chinese field richly answered. Even at this moment the heart is cheered by fresh tidings of the work of God's grace in Pekin by His servants Messrs. Stanley Smith, Cassels, and Hoste. And it is in the earnest, prayerful hope that this book may be used to stir up others that it has been written. As far as possible my brother has been allowed to speak for himself, and his letters and papers have therefore been given without any attempt to work them up into a regular biography. After the book was compiled, I came across two papers of interest. The one was written for his wife, who had the greatest difficulty to induce him to give it to her, and contains a list of his scholarships, amounting to nearly £1,500. The other MS. was a small bit of torn notepaper, inserted in a portfolio containing over forty certificates of honour from the Victoria University, certificates of the London University, showing he was first in the honours list in zoology, and third in honours in geology, paleontology, and

classics, and also containing all his numerous diplomas. On the paper was written, "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble."

Such was indeed the motto of his life, and the fear of ignoring it has prevented any description of his brilliant successes at Oxford and London.

All he longed for was to bring glory to his Master; and it is hoped that these imperfect memorials (compiled in the uncertain intervals of a busy professional life), though they may not stand the test of literary criticism, will yet find their way as a living voice into the hearts of many that shall read them, constraining them to be men wholly devoted to God's service, whether in the home or foreign mission field. He is worthy; and the only life worth living is to live for Him who died for us and rose again, that we should be His, and His alone.

ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD.

141, WESTBOURNE TERRACE, W.
October 1885.

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PART I.

SCHOOL LIFE, 1851—1866.

EAST BUDLEIGH, ROCHDALE, MANCHESTER.

"If any man tries to introduce the name of Jesus into the world, he will have hard work with it; it is that despised name that the world hates; it does not hate religion. It is the name of Jesus that we are to hold up in these last days."—*First entry in Private Diary*, 1865.

THE subject of the following pages—Robert Harold Ainsworth Schofield, third son of Robert Schofield, Esq., of Heybrook, near Rochdale, Lancashire—was born in the year 1851, at No. 7, Gordon Square, London.

The discriminating judgment of an old family governess pronounced him before he was many months old to be a child of firm will and of good disposition, both of which traits were amply verified in after-life. The early years of his childhood flowed on in a quiet current unbroken by any severe illness or event of special interest. Indeed, his whole life was of a quiet steady order, so that the interest and the value of any record of it lie rather in observing its aim and purpose than in noting the incidents that mark its course.

His mother writes of him: "He was a highly nervous, susceptible child, but very quiet and undemonstrative. He had a vivid appreciation of justice, and keenly felt a wrong done to others as much as to himself. When really roused he made no mere display of temper, but showed a strong and most determined will."

He was only between four and five years of age when he began to manifest a talent for preaching. A favourite occupation on Sunday afternoons, after returning in the morning from the service at Westow Hill, Upper Norwood, was to solemnly conduct another, complete in all its outward essentials. Pet rabbits would be brought up and carefully barricaded in two

extemporized pews, the nurse at the table completing the congregation. Either Harold or the writer would then gravely mount on a high chair as parson, while the other occupied a lower one in front as "sing minister" or clerk. In spite of the most volatile behaviour on the part of the rabbits, the parson never lost his gravity for a moment, even when compelled to vary his eloquent discourse by a hot chase round the room to bring the congregation back to their pews. After the closing hymn he would solemnly get off the chair and make a collection in a small sand-bucket or basket (of buttons) for "ze poor minister," and then shake hands or paws with all the congregation. To him, there was no playing at preaching: his whole behaviour and words were entirely in earnest, and in full keeping with the occasion.

His education during the first few years of his life was carried on by his mother, who says, "He was more distinguished by a painstaking endeavour to grasp a subject thoroughly, in which he was eminently successful, than by what is called 'seizing the idea' rapidly."

When he was about seven years of age, we removed for a time to Torquay, and afterwards to Rochdale in Lancashire. Here Harold was with the writer placed under the care of a tutor, who says of him: "He was very thoughtful, intellectually and morally. He took a pleasure in knowing and readily apprehending the reason of a thing. I do not mean by this that he was precocious. He had the natural and healthy instincts of a boy, but along with them a tendency to reflection and to thoroughness in his work not often met with at his age."

When nine years old he was truly converted to God. His mother's account of it is as follows: "His elder brother had just been converted, while away at a school in Wales in February 1860, when one day the servant came up to tell me that Harold was walking up and down the dining-room in great distress of mind. I sent for him, and he handed me a letter from his brother and stood by me in tears, to think that he was not saved like him. I spoke simply of the sacrifice of Christ, and I shall never forget the ray of joy that beamed through his tearful eyes and lighted up his whole face as he owned that Christ had saved him too."

In 1861 we were placed under the care of the late Mr. Arthur Pridham, M.A., at East Budleigh, near Exeter. Here I am afraid the most wicked part of Harold's life was spent, for he must have been greatly infected at this time with the wild spirits of his elder brother. I distinctly remember his agony at going into the dining-room to repeat some Latin to his tutor with a hot potato stuffed into each pocket (that had been surreptitiously roasted at the schoolroom fire), burning him dreadfully as he shifted uneasily from one leg to the other to ease the pain. This is the *worst* instance of deceit that can be recalled. Our favourite amusements were driving in a small emerald-coloured gig drawn by a yellowish-green pony, alternately getting out and pushing up the hills, and then tearing down at full gallop; or going out with our bows and arrows and shooting the neighbours' swine, which used to graze in one of our favourite haunts. At night we would either prowl about the lanes on stilts five feet high, or, providing ourselves with dark lanterns, would climb the loftiest elms overhanging the road, and fastening the lights to the boughs,

would sit and learn our lessons with our legs dangling some seventy feet above the heads of the people beneath. In one of our climbs Harold fell to the ground, and was carried home partially stunned. These, however, were by no means the most daring of our escapades. The house had a long thatched roof ending in a very broad and substantial gutter, and it will hardly be believed that we used to get a board well wetted and, sitting on it, fly down from the ridge at the top to the gutter. It is matter of wonder now that we did not go over the edge and fall into the yard beneath. Sure we are the neighbours must have thought at times the house was bewitched, for when our good tutor was out for a couple of hours in the evening, we indulged in the most uproarious cat hunts. We had a double staircase, and shutting all the doors, would start two fleet cats and hunt them round and round the house till we were quite exhausted. Altogether, we were anything but what we should have been at this time; for though provided by our careful parents with little short "half-hour" candles to prevent our sitting up at night, and neat little homœopathic boxes of simple remedies to take when we were ill, we often read and played marbles in our rooms till midnight, adopting the simple expedient of burning four or five of our "half-hour" lights, while many of the homœopathic pilules were administered to the two cats. A book might be filled with the account of our adventures at that time. I remember driving (ten in all) in a gig, with a large raw-boned horse belonging to a baker, three and a half miles in fifteen minutes. Poor Harold fell into sad disgrace one day when following the writer, his teacher in all mischief, along some beams over the wash-house,

for he slipped, and his two little legs stuck through the plaster into the room below, sending a shower of *debris* on to the bald head and down the neck of our indulgent tutor, who had just looked in to see if we were there.

In 1863 Harold left these scenes of revelry and freedom to enter a private school near Manchester as a weekly boarder. He stayed here for some years, gradually rising through every class to be head of the school, and receiving, as we well remember, the "pink report" (a special distinction) with undeviating regularity every quarter. His name was inserted on the roll of honour of the school, and long after he left it he retained his feeling of love for the old boys, and used to go regularly to their little weekly meetings. His piety was as well known to all the boys as his diligence. We all remember the dogged perseverance with which he, on his return home, after a brief run round the house, would settle in the dining-room to work, always sitting in the same place. He completely wore out the carpet in this one spot, and he often wore out my patience, too, as I sought in vain to draw him away for a tricycle ride or a row on the neighbouring lake. He was, however, fond of rowing and riding, and also of going short excursions on a double tricycle we had. The most considerable run we made in it was to Stafford, a distance of sixty-seven miles, in one day. We also went into Wales with it, where, in those "pre-cycle days," it was regarded as some new sort of agricultural machine.

The following short account will serve as a sample of the wild adventures incident to primitive tricycle tours :—

"Leaving home early with our tank full,* we stopped for breakfast at Manchester (twelve miles). Thence to Knutsford, where 'the village blacksmith' came out of his shop, and mounting a very slim single tricycle, challenged us to a race. We accepted, but in spite of his broad and sinewy hands, and the fact that we had just travelled twenty-three miles, we left him struggling in the distance with the utmost ease. We dined excellently at Northwich, and as a result our pace was very slow afterwards. Running through Delamere Forest downhill, we found ourselves in the midst of a herd of cattle, and in trying to avoid them ran up the bank and were overturned into the road. Shaking ourselves, we remounted and soon reached Chester. Next day we ran through Holywell to Rhyddlan, where we broke a spring over a gutter. The hills after this were so steep that not only was it impossible to ride either up or down, but both of us had the greatest difficulty in holding the tricycle back when descending a hill. Getting the spring mended, we got a carriage at Dyserth and drove to Rhyl with the tricycle. After a day or two we returned, again breaking a spring and being overturned, and arrived home by the same route, after a run of 171 miles."

Every week Harold would accompany the writer to a large Sunday school under his care, and help in teaching. His lessons were much blessed, and several cases of distinct conversion to God were the result.

The best accounts of his school life are given by his schoolfellows. One of his oldest friends writes :—

* This tank held half a gallon of claret and water, and a long india-rubber tube enabled either of the riders to drink *ad libitum*. We found that (like a steam-engine) we required to consume a definite amount of fluid per mile.

"My earliest recollection of Harold dates from the Easter term, 1865, when, as a boy of ten, I went to school with my brother; he took pity upon the two forlorn strangers, and invited us to try our skill at the gymnasium, and showed us how various feats were to be performed, in which we vainly tried to imitate him. After that came a period in which we had no intercourse, for he, as head boy of the school, was an object rather of distant veneration than friendly approach. Indeed, the next incident I recall must have taken place some five or six years later. It was an evening talk in the playground after one of the Thursday meetings, in which he spoke, as he so loved to do, of the death upon the Cross, and impressed upon me as no one had ever done before its meaning for us; that was the first time I ever attached any clear meaning to the words, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?'"

Another old companion gives a very graphic picture of his school and college life, which, though looking a good deal ahead of the period we have reached, would only be spoiled if not given entire. He says:—

"It may be comparatively easy to give those who did not know Dr. Schofield an idea of what his thoughts and opinions were on some all-important subjects, but it is well-nigh impossible to make them understand what he really was as a living influence among his fellows,—an influence which was independent of any intellectual agreement, and which came from the manifest purity and entire sincerity of his nature. No one could ever have had a doubt of that; he never left behind any uncomfortable suspicion of self-seeking or

of ulterior motives; men at once recognised him as true to the core. Ever faithful to his deepest convictions, in all his dealings he sought to turn his friends and acquaintances to look for strength and comfort to what he himself believed to be its only true and lasting source,—the only source, too, of that wonderful humility and self-forgetfulness which he possessed to such a marked degree.

"Few men could have had such a course of almost unceasing success at college and university without a perhaps justifiable pride at times betraying itself.

"The humility which others have to learn by failure he seemed to learn by success. Whenever he gained any distinction at Oxford, it was not communicated to his friends with a flourish of trumpets, but often by the bare statement of the fact in the postscript of a letter, or in the corner of a postcard, and those who knew him could never lay this down to affectation. He only looked upon what he gained as a means to an end. 'Mental powers,' he says in a letter in 1875, 'are a most precious gift from God, and surely it is for His glory that they should be trained and expanded to their utmost capacity.' A light upon his own life is thrown by a sentence of a letter dated May 1873. 'Words spoken in simple faith have much more real power than any spoken from some fancied position of influence.' But Dr. Schofield was something more than the earnest Christian. It was not only the love of God which filled his soul, but warm human love.

"Schofield's was a sunny nature, and the brightness of his face and character shone nowhere so much as when out with friends among the wilds and beauties

of English scenery. His splendid physique gave him intense delight in life; he was equal to anything, and was essentially practical. He had a very special delight in running water, and in light and shade, as well as in sunlight playing among foliage. Often he would stop and call our attention to the shadow of a cloud passing over the mountains, followed by the outburst of the sun; few things lit up his face like this. In the summer of 1871 he was staying with his mother and family at Llandudno, where happened to be at the same time some twelve to fifteen boys from his old school, who afterwards went by the name of the 'Llandudno Colonists.' Harold Schofield at once became the leader of the party, and many friendships between him and the boys date from there, and have continued since. He entered into all the fun and jollity of that summer holiday; on the road behind Llandudno, leading to the Conway shore, we played cricket together every day, and then went to an old jetty which had been used in connection with a stone-quarry on the Conway side of Great Orme's Head; there we all bathed, and none of us can forget Schofield's delight in the water, and his interest in the various swimming powers of the party. He was always very careful to run no risk: at one time, when he along with two or three of us put himself in danger of a severe fall on the rocks, near the Pigeon's Cave, I remember how he repented it, and said no one had any right to run a needless risk. It was a lesson to us boys.

"Walking along the shore, he would talk to us on zoological subjects, of which he was just then full; on the limestone rocks we searched for fossils together and the strata of the Great Orme's Head, the pudding-

stone, and the old beach on the Conway shore, raised some feet above the present sea-level, were often the subjects of an interesting talk.

"His description of the strata of the Orme's Head, when examined for the Burdett-Coutts Scholarship at Oxford, as he afterwards told me in a letter, went well in his favour. He came out the winner of the scholarship. At few times was his delight in nature greater than this same year, when along with some of the 'Colonists' he ascended Snowdon.

"We took the ascent by the old copper-mine, starting between Llyn Dhinas and Llyn Gwynant. Getting on to the 'Knife-board,' a mist came down, whisked along by a wind which blew at high speed. Now and then there was a rift in the mist, and, like a glimpse of fairy-land, we could see the lakes and valleys below bathed in golden sunlight.

"When the sun had set we began to descend, and as the darkness stole upon us heavy clouds began to gather, and the rumbling of the distant storm, with occasional sharp crackling claps, heard as they were under the shadow of the mighty rocks of Snowdon, and the reflection of the lightning in the still tarns, produced an indescribable feeling of awe.

"Often in our trips Schofield would take out his sketch-book and paint-box and rapidly sketch what was before him.

"One day, coming from the wards of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he flung himself down in an arm-chair and said what a great blessing he felt it to be that he had such a growing love of art; it was such a relief in London, and especially in that part of London, from the depressing influence of contact with so much human

suffering and misery. Of all men, he said, medical men ought to have some such hobby.

"At his old school he was always a hero, and well might he be, for no 'old boy' ever existed who took such a warm and lasting interest in so many individual boys, and in all that concerned the school. He would often come to the breaking-up; indeed, there were few things he regretted missing so much as this.

"One boy, who afterward became a sea-captain, attributed a great deal (and he was a fine fellow) to the kindly interest taken in him by Schofield. For some time he was lost sight of, but the remembrance of that interest touched his heart when far away from England. No one was more really faithful to Schofield than this sailor friend, who in the very same month of August in which Schofield died in a far-off land went down with his ship within a few miles of home. Such and much more was Harold Schofield."

The allusion in this letter to Llandudno recalls two events connected with this particular visit. One was connected with his great love of riding on the ponies that were to be found in such numbers always on hire. He had a very stiff seat, and used to rise very high in the saddle when trotting, and I remember distinctly the extraordinary figure he presented, being rather tall for his age, with fair hair, and wearing a very stiff white waistcoat a little too large for him, as he bobbed up and down behind our carriage all the way from Conway, looking exactly as if he were cut out of cardboard. The other was an evening preaching on the parade, when we had borrowed all the band chairs (some hundreds), and arranging them in rows, soon had them filled with an attentive congregation, who

continued listening far on into the night while we spoke in turns. How well do we remember his earnest, pleading face, stamped with the impress of purity that ever distinguished it, as he spoke that night. We expect to meet in heaven some of the fruits of that evening's work.

His eldest sister writes :—

"Harold loved sympathy in his pursuits. I remember, when he was very much interested in botany, his sending me the same book and papers that he was using, so that I might study with him, though we were separated at the time. He was a real friend as well as a brother, and the lines in that hymn,

> 'A heart at leisure from itself,
> To soothe and sympathize,'

were well exemplified in him. His perseverance was another striking trait of his character. I remember how he took his younger brother in hand to help him and get him on in his college work, and how night after night he would keep him at his work and examine him in what he had learned, though often against his pupil's wish. Greatly to our disgust at another time, when we were at home for the holidays, he insisted that we should do 'something useful,' which ended in our being set down to needlework for an hour every day while he or mother read aloud to us. We now know it was his real interest in us that prompted all this. The one way to make him really angry was to talk before him of anything he had done. He lived for Christ and carried out to the letter, 'Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth.' His utter absence of self-consciousness was very striking :

if there was anything he could do for Christ, he did it simply and naturally, without ever thinking or caring what others would think of him. He was always ready to do a kindness for any one. I remember when we were quite young, and he was just at the age when boys begin to think a great deal of their dignity, he was out with us for a walk, and we overtook a girl carrying a heavy pail of water, he took it from her and carried it all the way home through a neighbourhood where we were well known.

"I shall never forget Harold's joy when he heard God had given me the first soul I ever was really interested in; it seemed to dwell in his mind, and he would often refer to it afterwards."

His youngest sister adds a few remarks :—

"One thing that always struck me about him, even though I was quite a child at the time, was the wonderful care he took of my brother Adolphus, who was nine years his junior. His interest in him was more like that of a father than a brother; indeed, so great was his solicitude for him, and so deep the interest he always showed in his studies, that Adolphus used sometimes, boy-like, almost to resent it as interference, but as he grew older his brother Harold's motive became apparent to him, and he returned his love and listened to his advice when he would hear that of no one else.

"Another feature of Harold's character was the extreme quietness and want of ostentation in anything he had a hand in, whether college successes or work for Christ. One seldom or never heard him speak of himself in connection with either; indeed, as regards the former, I have seen him positively vexed when

any one has made much of his gaining a scholarship or anything of the sort.

"He had an extreme love of method, punctuality, and order. This last quality used often to annoy us as children, for he would like the book-shelves, school-room, etc., all kept so tidily, and even spend time over them himself rather than see them in disorder.

"He was always very much pleased when he could help any of us in any of our studies; and I specially remember one vacation when he insisted on devoting an hour of his time *every day* to reading German with me, sending for newspapers to Germany, to make me acquainted with the colloquial style not to be found in grammars or literature. Although his days seemed always well filled, yet he ever seemed able to get more in; for instance, at one time my mother wished him to teach my two elder sisters drawing. How was this possible, when we breakfasted at 7.45, and he had to catch the early train for Owen's College, Manchester, immediately afterwards? But Harold found he could manage it (since it was his mother's wish, and that it would help his sisters) by rising half an hour earlier; so every morning the drawing-lesson used to be held from 7 to 7.30. Even in the midst of all his work in China, when I wrote to him about a particular passage of Schiller that was my favourite, he found time to copy out and send to me Carlyle's translation and his own of the passage into English verse.

"One more thing strikes me, on recalling him to mind, as I used to know him when in London, going backwards and forwards from St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and that was his largeness of heart: he seemed ready to love every one, and always tried to find some good in

a person if others were speaking ill of them; and he certainly seemed to go far towards carrying out his Master's injunction 'that ye love one another.'

"He used to preach on the promenade of a watering-place where we spent our holidays, and he always began by reciting in a loud, clear voice as many Gospel texts as he could remember, till a few persons were collected, when he would tell them the 'old, old story.'"

A few words from an old and faithful servant, together with extracts from his diary, will close these fragmentary recollections of his boyhood and early school life. She writes:—"I remember Mr. Harold in case of sickness always took the kindest interest in us, and was always so full of sympathy. On one occasion when I was not well, he insisted on my going to bed, and went out himself to get something he thought would relieve the pain. When Grace (the old cook) lay ill, he would often leave off writing to sit with her, reading or talking as she was able to bear it. She used to say the sight of his face alone did her good, it was so bright and sunny. The only thing that would cause a frown on his face was any disrespect shown to his mother. If any of his brothers or sisters spoke rudely to her, he would take the first opportunity of scolding them for it. He was very earnest in everything he did, and seldom did anything without prayer. Often have I gone into his room, not knowing he was there, and found him on his knees."

He was a great and voluminous letter-writer, but very seldom indeed can a letter of his be found that does not contain some text or some definite effort to reach the soul of his correspondent. In this he never knew

when he was beaten, but would continue to write and pray in faith for the most hopeless cases, and not unfrequently received his answer in the end.

Diary. 1866.

"Whenever we say, We have no might, He says, 'Stand still and *see the salvation of God.*' Jesus was above all the circumstances which surrounded Him; so ought we to be. The moment we look off Him to the perils and enemies with which we are surrounded, we get engulfed in a sea of troubles, like Peter walking on the water. Following Christ involves tribulation and trial; if we wish to avoid these, we must wander from Him."

"The Lord Jesus is pleased most by our appreciation of His person."

"In order to be guided by a person's eye two things are necessary: to be intimate with the person in order to know what a glance of his eye means, and to be near enough to the person to see his eye; therefore we should be near enough to our heavenly Father to be guided by His eye, and He has promised to be our Guide."

PART II.

COLLEGE LIFE, 1866—1873.

MANCHESTER, OXFORD.

Extract from Private Diary.

"1. Keep a list of your *friends*, and let God be the first on the list, however long it may be.

2. Keep a list of the *gifts* you get, and let Christ, Who is the unspeakable Gift, be first.

3. Keep a list of your *mercies*, and let pardon and life stand at the head.

4. Keep a list of your *joys*, and let the joy unspeakable and full of glory be first.

5. Keep a list of your *hopes*, and let the hope of glory be foremost.

6. Keep a list of your *sorrows*, and let sorrow for sin be the first.

7. Keep a list of your *enemies*, however many there may be; put down the old man and the old serpent first.

8. Keep a list of your *sins*, and let the sin of unbelief be set down as the first and worst of all."—*Anon.*

IN 1866 Harold Schofield entered Owen's College, Manchester, now the Victoria University. Working with his usual steadiness, and combining with it plenty of boating and other athletics, he continued to lay that good foundation of *mens sana in corpore sano* which was of such inestimable value when at last called to the Master's service.

At home, the exchange of college for school life made little change, save being now able to return home every night, we saw more of him, though generally as surrounded by books in his favourite seat in the dining-room, where he proceeded to wear out the carpet more diligently than ever.

It was during the interval of hard work here (under such men as Professors Greenwood, Roscoe, Balfour Stewart, Stanley Jevons, Walker, and Wilkins) that several long boating tours took place. The history of one of above five hundred miles, from Rochdale by the Mersey, Severn, Thames, and connecting streams and canals to London Bridge, is fully detailed in a book we wrote, entitled "The Water-way to London." In the following year (1869) a grand water excursion was planned through the Irish lakes and rivers. The following account of the accidents that befell us is from Harold's own pen, and appeared in the *Owen's College Magazine.* We must preface it by explaining that the *Wanderer* was a boat specially built for us, 24 feet long by 2 feet broad, and adapted for one pair of sculls, while the coxswain paddled; a mast and sail

being used when required. The other boat was an ordinary canoe, manned by a friend of ours from Rochdale.

"About noon on Monday, June 28th, we lifted our boats from the steamer which had brought us from Fleetwood on the Saturday, and launching them on the tideway of the Lagan, commenced our intended voyage through Ireland, by way of Lough Neagh, Erne, the Shannon, Killarney, the Blackwater, and Suir.

"As the tide was still running up the river, we had easy work of it, and were not long in reaching the spot where some friends had assembled to see us off, yet even in this short distance the *Wanderer* got nearly half full of water, owing, we supposed, to her having been exposed all Sunday to the hot sun on the steamer's deck. After sponging out and offering our friends a row, which was kindly but firmly declined, we bade them farewell, and at length felt ourselves fairly started to explore the water-ways of Ireland.

"We soon reached Lisburn, where we landed and strolled through the streets, purchasing bread, milk, potatoes, and chops.

"At Soldierstown we stopped for some time to write letters home, and soon afterwards came to an expansion of the canal into a lake about as large as Grassmere. Soon we had the pleasure of seeing the first lock leading down to Lough Neagh, but were rather disagreeably surprised to learn that no fewer than nine lay between us and the lake. Wearily we lifted the boats on to our shoulders, and as we carried them down soon caught sight of the vast sheet of water glancing through the trees like burnished gold. The natives, who had been watching our proceedings with great interest, gradually assembled, and so many of them helped that at last they had our craft entirely in their own hands. One party of our helpers raced against the other, while the rest, consisting of about one hundred bare-footed men, women, boys, and girls, trotted by the side cheering them on, in a high state of excitement. They were so enthusiastic that it was with the utmost difficulty we could keep pace with them; we allowed two to ride between the locks, their companions dragging them at a tearing pace by the tow-line at the imminent risk of being upset.

"A little further on we caught a glimpse of the lake through

a gap in the bank; so we lifted our boats from the canal, and with the help of a fisherman who happened to be on the spot, launched them, being obliged first to wade a good distance, owing to the shallowness of the water and the large stones which lay about.

"We made straight towards a headland, which appeared in the waning twilight to be nearly two miles distant, and rowed along as fast as possible, that we might not have the trouble of landing to empty the *Wanderer*, which was leaking badly. There was a good swell, and we pitched considerably; at last, however, we reached the spot, and landing, experienced great difficulty in lifting our craft over the rough stones, which afforded us no secure footing. We laid them so as partly to enclose a space under the shelter of some bushes, and then went in search of firing. Not a stick lay on the ground; so we were obliged, though very tired, to climb the fir-trees and break off the dead branches. These soon gave us a roaring fire; the kettle was simmering on the lamp, and our solitary pike, that we had caught in the canal, frying, when we heard the splash of oars. Our fire had been seen, and we were annoyed to think we were likely to be disturbed. Imagine our surprise and delight to see step out of the boat the same fisherman who shortly before had been so kind in helping us with our boats. He brought another man with him, and three fine pike, a trout, and a tench, all of which he gave us as a present for our supper. He proceeded to clean the fish, and we soon had them cooking as well; they proved to be not dry and coarse, like most I have tasted in England, but really delicious.

"Presently another man came up, attracted by the light, then an old woman and a boy; we sat for a long time talking to these wild-looking people, with the firelight flickering in our faces, and the vast lake lying dumb at our feet, feeling we had left civilization far behind. At length we separated, they urging us to come and sleep at a village not a mile off, we preferring to stay where we were.

"As soon as they were gone, we arranged our couch, and lay down to rest.

"We were troubled with no wakefulness during the night, and did not open our eyes till 7 a.m., when the sun was already high up in the sky. We had forgotten where we were,

and the first object that met our sight was the lake stretching away into the distance, its western shore scarcely visible.

"After some cocoa and a crust, we amused ourselves with firing a few shots with our walking-stick gun, but did not kill anything — not even ourselves. We then packed up and started, carelessly omitting to cork up a small hole in the deck of the *Wanderer* astern, which was concealed from our sight by the spare paddle; the sequel will show the consequences of this. Away we sped from the shore, dancing merrily over the tiny waves towards Ardmore point, nearly four miles distant across the bay.

"After about a mile I noticed that the water had come in rather more copiously than usual, but thought nothing of it, till upon looking again I found it still gained considerably.

"Glancing behind, I found that the whole of the stern was under water up to my very back, and all that prevented the water pouring over the sides into the boat was a mahogany combing two or three inches high.

"The cook made most frantic efforts to reach the farther shore before we got full, while I did my best with the paddle; but the boat was by this time so water-logged as scarcely to move at all. We saw plainly that she would presently 'turn turtle,' and accordingly made our preparations with the utmost calmness, lacing our boots (which were loose in the boat) to the outriggers; then as she filled rapidly the cook drew out his whistle and blew a shrill blast to attract the attention of Will, who at a distance was paddling away in fine style, looking out for wild fowl.

"He turned his head to see us one moment apparently sitting on the surface of the lake (for the boat was invisible), and the next, as she rolled over, falling into the water. 'And being good swimmers, of course you made the best of your way to the land?' No, my friend; had our lives depended on swimming, we should certainly have been drowned, for we were two miles from the nearest shore. We did nothing but hold on, one at each end of our boat, which we knew would not sink. When Will came up he surveyed us with a most comical expression, evidently thoroughly appreciating the ludicrous element in the situation, and burst into a loud peal of laughter, with the words, 'Well, this is a go!'

"We hinted that he might offer some assistance, and he accordingly took our little dog on board, which was swimming about whining piteously; then throwing us a fishing line, which the cook twisted round his finger, he attempted to tow us, but the progress was decidedly slow; but fortunately we were soon seen, and a boat came to the rescue from a yacht, and picked up first ourselves, then our oars, paddles, and mackintosh bags, containing rugs, which were floating about, marking the scene of the catastrophe.

"We rowed hard to keep off the effects of our ducking, and after an hour or so—for we had to tow the water-logged boat—reached the shore.

"On any account of the rest of our tour, which was so unexpectedly interrupted, I don't enter, and I therefore conclude, hoping that the dramatic abruptness of the ending will compensate for the brevity of my narrative.

"R. H. A. SCHOFIELD."

His love for sketching, alluded to already, was greatly increased through the kind help and encouragement afforded him by his drawing master, Professor Walker, of Owen's College, who has kindly furnished the following reminiscences :—

"My first acquaintance with Harold Schofield was as a genial, bright-faced student in my class at the Owen's College, and I was there drawn towards him by his attention, and the readiness with which he grasped all my teaching. I was struck with his all-round ability, and especially on one prize-day, when he came up to the table time after time to receive prizes (books) in his various classes, the prize for drawing among the rest. It was on this occasion, I believe, that a cab had to be sent for to carry away his prizes.

"After his removal to Oxford, some time in each vacation he always called to see me at my studio, but our conversations were chiefly about art, as he generally brought his sketch-book for inspection and criticism.

"After one of his Continental tours, he brought me two books filled with sketches made in Greece, and during the first campaign of the Russo-Turkish war. On this occasion our conversation turned on how he employed

his leisure time. I was feeling my way to giving some advice that he might be of service to the *souls* as well as the *bodies* of the poor soldiers. In reply he said he read the New Testament to them. 'Harold!' I exclaimed, 'is that so—that you read the New Testament to the soldiers?' Whether or not he did not understand me I do not know, but I saw the tears starting to his eyes, and I seized him by the hand, and thanking God, said I was delighted to hear him say so. Of course this little incident sealed our friendship for ever. We then talked long of his intended future work, and how he purposed learning the Turkish language during his voyage out.

"My next personal interview was after his appointment at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where I breakfasted with him a few times. What most struck me during those visits was his beautiful, simple, youthful manliness, his fair hair and florid complexion as of a youth, and his earnest, staid, and thoughtful attention when addressed by the nurses, and firm yet gentle instructions, and his tender and sympathetic encouragement to some of the patients (particularly a little boy who had undergone an operation), as we went from ward to ward.

"It was during one of these visits that he told me of his intention to join the China Inland Mission. I confess I felt a shock of disappointment run through me, and only recovered when I reflected that it was a specially Christian work, which perhaps might sooner be owned of God than his work in this country; for I had been thinking what a bright ornament he was already, and would still more become, to the medical profession. After this I became for a time very lame, and ceased to visit London; and, to my great regret, I never saw my dear pupil and friend again. Harold Schofield stood first in my mind in a long list of remembered students, and we never forgot each other; for he sent me two letters after his arrival in China, and subsequently I was one of a circle of friends who received a copy of his correspondence, giving account of his work."

Professor Greenwood, the present principal of Victoria University, writes as follows to Mrs. Schofield:—

"Allow me to offer my most sincere thanks for the

photograph of one whom I have always held in the highest esteem, and whose memory many here will long cherish as of one of the noblest of our sons. You will, I have no doubt, have heard of the spontaneous expression of feeling on the part of the old students of his own standing, and of their wish, which we are most ready to gratify, that some memorial of your late husband may be set up in the College buildings.

"It must be quite twenty years since he was a pupil of mine; but I have always had the liveliest recollection both of his person and of his character. Great as his endowments were, his moral qualities were still more attractive and impressive; the heroism of his later career was such as will, I believe, make his memory a lasting influence for good. I was myself deeply touched by the display of feeling at a recent meeting of the associates, called out not less by admiration of his noble character than by personal affection."

The tablet alluded to, now erected in the Victoria University, bears the following inscription:—

In Memory of

ROBERT HAROLD AINSWORTH SCHOFIELD,

M.A., M.B. (OXON); B.SC. (LOND.); F.R.C.S., ASSOCIATE OF THIS COLLEGE.

Born January 18th, 1851. Died August 1st, 1883,

At T'ai yuën Fu, Shansi, North China, where he had worked for three years as a Medical Missionary.

Διὸ καὶ φιλοτιμούμεθα, εἴτε ἐνδημοῦντες, εἴτε ἐκδημοῦντες, εὐάρεστοι αὐτῷ εἶναι.
2 COR. V. 9.

In 1870 he obtained an exhibition for Lincoln College, Oxford, where he at once took up residence.

The following interesting contribution from a fellow-student records some few incidents of his college life:—

"I had known Harold Schofield since first he came into residence as an undergraduate at Oxford in 1870. One soon learnt to value every occasion of meeting him. His personal appearance must in any wise have attracted those of his own age; but in him were combined so many of the best qualities of humanity, that no one thrown much with him could fail to value his friendship. No opportunity seemed lost by him of (unconsciously enough) communicating to others some of his own goodness.

"The distinction he had earned as a student before coming up to Oxford from the first secured him admirers here, and his reputation was augmented every year. His quick apprehension of points and ability as a student rapidly to get up facts, his diligence and thoroughness, must have brought him success in any congenial pursuit. Having already shown aptitude for other subjects, he devoted himself while at Oxford to physical science, and to biology in particular. The honours he obtained during this period, as well as later on in London, form a long roll. At Oxford he allowed himself as a leisure pursuit the critical study of the Greek Testament; his name will be found amongst the Hall-Houghton prizemen for the year 1873. He was in all respects a successful man: nothing seemed beyond his grasp. Yet I never felt that he worked for reward in the usual way, but only as it could further his spiritual objects.

"So much for his talents, which might have made him a proud man. But Harold Schofield I knew only as a simple-hearted, self-forgetful Christian. The exquisite simplicity of his manner on all occasions greatly struck me.

"With all due deference to others, he was habitually firm in his adhesion to the views he took of whatever subject. There was no haste in arriving at a conclusion. One chief delight I derived from his friendship was to observe his persistent effort to attain the TRUTH without restraint. He kept his mind open to every fair influence; and he was right. He would say of the various interpretations of Scripture upon which rival systems are respectively based, that Christians of every sort read the Bible through their own spectacles. I shall ever remember him as a man

jealous over that propensity to prejudice which is shared by us all; who sought, and expected to find, truth in every corner, free from the morbid dread of inconsistency that besets too many in our day. Such a man was able to help others in their own inquiries. In him there was a manifest growth in grace, and power of testimony: he *bore much fruit*. And so his example was always bright and fresh, telling upon everybody who knew him, from the professors to the freshmen: whilst senior members of the University regarded him as 'an interesting man,' the juniors could see that he outstripped those of their own generation. I speak of his essential goodness. He was a good all-round man, great for his greatness, and especially for his goodness.

"Conscious of his own power, he leaned not to his own understanding. He had all confidence in God, who would give the grace he needed to be kept humble, and to impart decision likewise, and spiritual courage. I remember his praying to be 'kept lowly before God, but to be made bold before men.' His prayers were always refreshing. I suppose it was impossible for him to sink into anything dry or commonplace.

"I can speak particularly of his influence upon two of our Oxford associates, both distinguished members of the University. One I had known earlier as a member of my college, faithful in his testimony there to what the Lord Jesus had done for his soul. His views of Divine truth changed as he took up philosophy for the school of *Literæ Humaniores*, and before his undergraduate career was over my old friend was decidedly sceptical. I had in the meantime introduced to him Harold Schofield, who, though considerably this man's junior, rapidly acquired that influence over him of which so many others could speak. When congratulated by Schofield upon his obtaining a 'First,' the only rejoinder he seemed able to make to one of such a character was, 'Thank God!' As in later years stifled convictions of early days reasserted their sway over his heart, this Oxford man was glad to hear of Schofield's prayers for him. Long had Harold and myself, though far separated from each other, remembered him at the throne of grace.

"The other was already an old associate of Schofield's

when he first entered at Oxford. He himself told me the story of his conversion. Taking a walk with Schofield, and being struck with his radiant countenance, my old friend asked the cause. The answer was: 'I cannot help being happy, because I know my sins are forgiven.' These few words went to the heart of Schofield's companion, who had been trained in unbelief. I was unable closely to follow his course at Oxford, but was told by the late beloved Henry Bazely that as long as Schofield continued in residence this friend associated himself with Christians, but scarcely had the guiding hand left Oxford than he joined afresh the ranks of unbelief. A testimony this to the power of a single influence, sad as the ultimate result might be."

Though reaching onward to his missionary life, the following letter from the pen of the Rev. A. M. W. Christopher, the beloved rector of St. Aldate's, Oxford, may well be inserted here:—

"Of the great number of undergraduates who, during the last quarter of a century, have attended habitually throughout their Oxford course the meeting for prayer and the exposition of the Word of God held in St. Aldate's Rectory every Saturday evening, I can remember no one who appeared to me to be more truly spiritual than dear Robert Harold A. Schofield, scholar of Lincoln College. For four years I had ever before me at that meeting the healthy, pure, and kindly countenance of the future medical missionary to the heathen of China. He was never a member of the Prayer Union, but he was attracted to the meeting by its spiritual character and scriptural teaching. His love to the Lord Jesus Christ was at that time being daily fed by the private study of the Word of God. He obtained a first class in the Final School of Natural Science in the Michaelmas term of 1873. But much as he loved, and diligently and successfully as he read his books of natural science, we may be sure that, like Henry Martyn, he made the Word of God his chief study. Henry Martyn, when he found that his intense interest in mathematics was lessening

his interest in the reading of the Bible, used to shut up his mathematical books and read the Word of God until his love of it revived. Schofield was just the man to act in the same way. But much time given to Bible-reading did not prevent Henry Martyn from being the senior wrangler of his year, nor cause Schofield to miss his first class. It is no wonder that the grace of God which led him diligently to read the Bible formed in him the mind which was in Christ Jesus, and led him to look not merely at his own salvation and its eternal happy consequences, but also at the miserable condition of the heathen without Christ. The seeds of his good works in the military hospital of Servia and among the sick heathen of China were sown in his heart as he read his Bible in his room in Lincoln College, in which John Wesley also sought so diligently grace to live for God. Schofield's Oxford course was full of diligent attention to duty, but not full of incidents of interest.

"The scene connected with him which I best remember was the meeting at which I presided in the Oxford town hall to bid farewell to Schofield and his dear friend R. J. Landale, of Exeter College, who went with him in the China Inland Mission. Extracts from the farewell addresses at this memorable meeting will doubtless be given in the Memoir" (see page 124). "That which God did in one heart He can do in another. What wonderful possibilities lie open to the union of prayers of faith for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on our Universities! The Holy Spirit is able to make hundreds of undergraduates as willing to go anywhere and to do anything for Christ as dear Schofield was. If Christians would continue 'with one accord in prayer and supplication,' with this great outpouring so urgently needed steadily in view, a multitude of missionaries for home and foreign work might speedily be raised up, and hearts might be enlarged to support them. If one such instance of Christian reality, humility, and devotedness to Christ as we saw in dear Schofield is an influential evidence of the grace of God, what an amazing effect would be produced by an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin Universities! Is this more unlikely to be obtained than the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost and its results must have seemed

to be to the first preachers of the Gospel on the day of Pentecost?

"Increase the faith of Thy people, O God, and unite them in prayer in the name of Thy dear Son for that outpouring of the Holy Spirit which is a necessity for the evangelization of the world. O our God, wilt Thou not come to the aid of Thy waiting people? We have no might to raise up the multitude of devoted and enlightened missionaries needed in China, India, and Japan, but our eyes are upon Thee. Baptize Thy people with the Holy Ghost, and make them bold witnesses for Christ at home and abroad! By Thy grace Paul was what he was. By Thy grace all true missionaries of lesser name have lived and died for Thee. By the missionary devotion Thou didst give to dear Schofield, Thou dost encourage us to ask of Thee a like gift of grace, courage, and love to our Lord Jesus Christ, and those He came to save, for many young men who are living for themselves a poor, fruitless, Christless life, 'without hope and without joy!'" *

The following letters were written to his eldest sister about this time:—

"LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD, *May 12th*, 1872.

"You little know what deep joy your letter gave me. I am so glad that I have a little leisure this (Sunday) evening to answer it, and to fulfil your earnest request to write to ——. You will find a note to him enclosed; give it to him as you like, either yourself or through A.'s putting it in his desk by stealth, which if I were in your place I should do, as then he will not know by what route it arrived. Your account of him went to my very heart. I do hope I shall be able in some way to cheer him up, for I know how wretched a boy is when in that way. I know that hymn 'Ashamed of Jesus' so well, and it carries me back to when I was at school. It is easy to sing it, but hard to carry it out; if you really long to be able to, perhaps what I am going to

* Since these lines were written, how remarkably have they been answered in the departure of Stanley Smith, C. T. Studd, Montagu Beauchamp, and many others for China, and the simultaneous awakening at Cambridge, Oxford, Edinburgh, and Glasgow Universities which promises much fruit.

write will help you a little. Just lately I have been again looking through one of my treasures, 'The Still Hour'; I remember I gave it to you. In it you may find the secret of not being ashamed of Him.

"It is to be continually drawing the life and strength of your soul from Him in secret, both by praying, reading, and thinking of His love to you. Do trust Him more, dear T——, for He wants you to; and does He not deserve our trust far more than any one in this world? and yet often we give it to Him less. Many a time, when I have been going to see some college friend here, I have lifted my heart up for strength and courage to speak of Jesus, and always my prayer has been answered. And you may do this in the midst of your busiest moments; for it is not a question of time, but of heart. May our Father keep you very near to His side. With much love, I am

"Your truly loving brother,
"HAROLD."

"BRUCE TERRACE, ROCHDALE, *Jan. 3rd*, 1873.

"MY DEAR T.,—As your birthday was coming so near, I delayed writing till to-day. Many, many happy returns of it; may this be the happiest year you have yet had in every way—you know it can only be truly happy as you learn more and more of the Lord Jesus as One on whom your heart reposes, and to whom you can tell everything. Do seek this knowledge of Him in every way,—by prayer, by communion with Him, by reading and thinking about Him. You will find that nothing else can fully satisfy your heart; and He does not mean that anything else should. He says to you this New Year, 'Without Me ye can do NOTHING.' Do try and make a habit, as I am trying to do, of carrying Him with you into everything: it will make your life tenfold happier and more blessed than it is."

"49, HOLYWELL STREET, OXFORD, *Oct. 9th*, 1873.

"MEINE LIEBSTE SCHWESTER!—I am very glad at last to be able to write to you. I have vainly endeavoured to do so for more than ten days past, but have been more than usually busy and unsettled. I spent a week in London lately, which was productive of good results in a pecuniary

point of view, as I got a scholarship of £100 (for one year) at Bartholomew's Hospital, where I hope to enter in December. I had a Cambridge man against me (*inter alios*), who was second in the Natural Science Tripos, but succeeded in thrashing him, thus proving conclusively that Oxford is better than Cambridge!

"I had the unexpected pleasure of hearing C. S. preach in London; it was most beautiful, and so much calm and solemnity about it—on the parable of the ten virgins, and the Lord's coming. Do let us trim our lamps and be ready any and every day for Him to come. I find nothing so hard as this, and I daresay you find the same. But He is enough even for this. I was intensely interested in your letter sent to me by mamma, especially your description of that marvellous view; I feel I could paint a picture from it. How well I can understand what you felt at seeing the setting sun on the hilltop. I have felt much the same in Wales, and gazed till my eyes were filled with tears at sunset colours and golden clouds floating over wooded hilltops which seemed too heavenly for this earth. It enhances it so much to bring God into it all, and feel He who loves us so wonderfully made it all, and planned it, and gave us the capacity to appreciate it; and it is a pity if a Christian cannot thank Him for it in a very different spirit from even the most refined artist who is not a Christian."

The following letter was written while at Oxford to an old schoolfellow:—

"My dear W.,—I am very sorry that I could not answer your letter sooner. I was very glad to receive it, and exceedingly interested in the outline of what must indeed have been a glorious trip.

"You say in your letter that you find it very hard to remember Him who died for you; you will never be able to serve Him a bit in the way He wants unless you first have put your trust in Him as your Saviour. You must *enter* the fold by Him who is the door before you can know Him as your Shepherd. Do you know that He has washed away your sins?

"If you do, you will feel that you belong to Him and not

to yourself, and there is nothing like that to make us long to please Him. If you want to love Him more, read about Him more, praying God to show you His loveliness; if you want to grow, you cannot get on without the Bible, any more than your daily food. Don't be discouraged if you feel how weak and irresolute you are, but go and tell Him. Continually seek His help in everything.

"I wonder whether you are having the wet day that it is here in Oxford; if so, it will sadly spoil the trip to Monsal Dale.

"Love to H., A., F., C., and J.

"Ever your true friend,

"R. HAROLD A. SCHOFIELD."

In this portion of his life may be given a brief account of a trip on the Severn, undertaken while at Oxford. It is merely given as a sample of one out of *forty* to the Lakes, Wales, Derbyshire, and the different English rivers. No one more thoroughly enjoyed the beauties of nature combined with a spice of adventure than did he. In the following account we see the last of boy and youth. Hereafter we have to write about the doctor and the missionary. The party consisted of himself, three schoolfellows, and their old master.

"After hurriedly packing up all our clothes and cooking apparatus in one large black portmanteau and a good-sized hamper, we had only just time to catch the 7.30 train for Shrewsbury. It was a bright sunny morning, and at 10 a.m., leaving one of our number at the station in charge of the luggage, we went through the quiet old-fashioned city and purchased provisions,—a salmon, eggs, bread, butter, and meat,—also one or two books.

"We then sent off our portmanteau to Worcester (where we expected to spend a day), and taking our hamper down to the river, we hired a boat.

"We started *up* the Severn, intending to return and spend the night at Shrewsbury. At first the current was not very strong, but before long several rapids taxed our powers to

the utmost, and it was all we could do, both with oars and boat-hook, to make any way at all. We soon came to a most eligible spot for bathing, where the river glided deep and still beneath a sandstone rock; we landed on the field on the opposite side, and had a splendid swim across and down the river. After dressing in the scantiest manner (for it was still very hot), we rowed half a mile further up, and landed on the opposite (right) bank under some magnificent trees. Here we cooked our first meal, in the preparation of which I acted the part of head cook, superintending the frying and boiling of portions of our salmon.

"Stretched at full length upon the soft grass in the chequered shade, we recalled the words of Virgil, 'Fusique per herbam, Implentur veteris Bacchi pinguisque ferinæ.' In our case Bacchus was represented by harmless claret, and 'ferinæ' by salmon.

"We rowed steadily up stream up some very swift 'rapids' to the point where the river, after making a bend three miles long, returns to within two hundred yards of itself.

"We landed, and climbing the steep bank and crossing a lane at the top, saw the river again at the other side.

"As it was now getting quite dusk, we re-entered our boat, and began to drop down stream towards Shrewsbury, about ten miles distant. The row down for four miles by moonlight was very delightful; but it was now so late that we despaired of reaching the city in time to get a bed. Just at this moment we caught scent of some hay in a field we had noticed coming up, and at once drew to the shore at the end of a wood, where were some wooden steps leading up from the river.

"Making the boat fast, we carried up the mackintoshes, hamper, and rugs, and proceeded to explore the small hayfield which lay along the river-side between the wood and some trees just below the owner's house.

"We piled several haycocks together, and were several times alarmed by various noises,—doors opening and shutting, and a waggon passing close by.

"When our bed was made, I prepared some cocoa, which unfortunately was fishy (for I had not properly washed out the kettle), and could only be rendered palatable by plenty of brown sugar.

"After kneeling down at the rustic seat close by, we made our bed as comfortable as possible, and lay in a row, covered by at least two feet of hay. For some time the ludicrous element in our position rendered it impossible to sleep, but at length we dropped off.

"*July 8th.*—Before 4 o'clock, a loud hallo awoke us, and as we feared being surprised by the haymakers, we scuttled out of the hay in a trice, and made for the cover of the wood, which we reached before we were properly awake.

"We cleaned out the boat and washed in the river, and got breakfast ready.

"We pushed off about 8 o'clock, and dropped leisurely down. Round the next bend several of us plunged out and swam a good way after the boat, and then a little further on we performed the difficult manœuvre of all diving out simultaneously (two from each side and one from the back) without upsetting the boat.

"We soon arrived at Shrewsbury, and landed, paid for our boat, bought some provisions, and then went across to Evans boat-shop, and finding his grandson in, succeeded in purchasing for £5 10*s.* a tolerable boat, twenty-four feet long, three feet nine inches wide, which he declared was only six years old, but which certainly was nearly sixteen.

"We made all snug on board, stowed away one dozen of ginger-beer, together with plenty of eggs and potatoes in the foreship, and rigging up our awning to the best advantage, bade farewell to Shrewsbury between 2 and 3 o'clock. Under the seven-arched stone bridge in the middle of the city there is a very rough rapid, down which we steered in fine style, and were not long in reaching a smooth grassy bank some two miles down, where we drew up for dinner. Here we cooked our steak and onions over the lamp, and boiled our potatoes over the wood fire; while they were cooking we undressed, plunged into the river, and swam across and back.

"When we were dry, we found our steak excellently done, but the potatoes were still rather hard. We made a sumptuous repast, and then, as we all felt sleepy, stretched ourselves at full length on a shady bank beneath the trees for a nap. It seemed a very short time that we had slept, when we awoke again, and found it nearly 6 o'clock. As rapidly

as possible we packed up and pushed off. The current was very swift. The moon rose splendidly, and by her silvery light we rowed on till nearly midnight, when we caught sight of the chimneys of a house above the bank; two of us landed, and after some groping about, reported that there was a farm at a short distance from the river. We all then drew to shore, and by the light of a penny 'dip' and the moon, which was nearly setting, fried a large number of eggs. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour (12.30 a.m.), we made an excellent repast, and when we had carried our utensils back to the boat, groped along by the light of the 'dip' towards the farm; we entered the yard, and keeping a good look-out for dogs, hammered at the door without effect, and then retired.

"A—— was hoisted to a loft window in the farm buildings, but could find no floor inside. We prowled about the premises for some time, and at length discovered a cow-house door ajar. We crept in, and finding a passage with a foot of dry hay, lay down to sleep two deep, about 1 a.m., not without grave misgivings of being either run over by the cows (which seemed loose) or transfixed with pitchforks.

"*July 9th.* — Shortly after 3 a.m. we were aroused from our uneasy slumbers by loud shouts, and fled helter-skelter to the door. As it was raining, we did not go out, but performed our toilet to the best of our ability.

"Not being disturbed any more by the cowherds, we sat down at the entrance for our morning reading (Psalm civ.) and prayer.

"Some of us then went down to the river and brought up the cooking apparatus, and in one of the outhouses I prepared coffee for breakfast. While this was going on the farmer (a very intelligent, nice man) came down, and seeing we had not much bread, he brought a large loaf, some milk, butter, and eggs, for which he would take nothing in return. He then showed us over his farm, and at about 7 o'clock, after thoroughly washing out our boat, we pushed off.

"From here to Buildwas Abbey the windings of the river seemed interminable, and the Wrekin appeared successively in every possible direction. Some of us began to despair of ever reaching it, but at last we swept round the last bend, and came in full view of the abbey and bridge.

"Landing, we looked all over the ruin, and then ascended to a secluded nook on the top of a grass-grown wall, intending to read some poetry. As soon as the book was opened, we found we had no taste for it, and as we all laughed immoderately at the smallest joke, and got cross on the slightest provocation, we came to the conclusion that we all needed two or three hours' rest in a civilized bed.

"We scrambled down and carried off an enamelled iron dish, which seemed to have been thrown away. Just as we were entering the boat a man ran up and charged us with the theft, saying he had put it out to feed the peacocks. Our defence was, that if we had really thought it belonged to any one we should have carefully concealed it, and not allowed ourselves to be taken red-handed; and this, fortified by a conciliatory sixpence, proved satisfactory.

"Dropping through the bridge, we drew up just below at a nice little inn, Downes', on the left. Beds were soon engaged, and, amid the tittering of the housemaids, we retired at 11 a.m., giving strict injunctions that we should be called at 3 p.m. At the appointed hour we rose and dressed, and dined heartily.

"By 5 p.m. we were afloat, and dropped down past Ironbridge, shooting the succession of rapids below in fine style. We stopped a few minutes at a lovely spot, and took in fresh water from a little rill that fell into the Severn.

"All the way to Bridgnorth we enjoyed the most magnificent woodland scenery; for on our left for several miles was Appley Park. About a mile above Bridgnorth on the left we passed the magnificent red sandstone cliff which towers above a most luxuriant wood.

"About 8 p.m. we glided beneath the bridge (part stone and part iron) which spans the stream in the centre of the town. As the place did not look inviting, and we were anxious to reach Arley, we pushed on; but before we had gone two miles it began to rain in torrents. We pulled on rapidly, and ere long saw a cottage beneath the trees, and landed.

"Hurrying up to a well-built shed outside the garden gate, we carried up all that would be damaged, and I at once lighted the lamp and began preparing tea. While this was going on one of our number went up to the cottage, and soon made friends with the simple kind old couple within,

and it was not long before two of us were superintending the frying of the kidneys in their pan and over their fire.

"We made an excellent meal in the cottage, and then began to consider what was to be done. We were five and a half miles from Arley, and it was now late and almost pitch-dark, so we concluded that, as the navigation was difficult, we could not go on.

"We then cautiously and gradually broached the subject of beds; they said they knew of no place where we could put up, except an inn down the river, which probably we should miss in the darkness. We saw it was necessary to come to the point, and asked them if they could accommodate us; they told us they had one spare room, but the beds were all upside-down. We were not long in discovering that they had two clean mattresses and two pair of clean sheets, and at once proposed that these should be laid on the floor of the outhouse, which was perfectly dry and clean. No sooner said than done, and after a little reading (Psalm xci.) and prayer with the old people, we turned in with our rugs for blankets, and slept very comfortably till seven in the morning.

"*Sunday, July 10th.*—As soon as we had breakfast we pushed off and rowed a couple of miles down stream to a meadow shaded by trees, where we landed and had our morning reading (Luke vii.) and prayer beneath the shade of an oak.

"Three miles further on we rounded the bend which brought us into view of Arley, with its red-tiled cottages nestled peacefully among orchards, at the foot of the swelling slope crowned by the castle, and old red sandstone church-tower among the elm-trees. Arrived about 11 a.m., we soon found nice quiet lodgings at Mrs. Parton's, and after a wash and a stroll about the village, we sat down to dinner in the little cottage. In the afternoon we heard some Methodists preach from a cart in the meadow by the river; all the congregation (several hundreds) sat on the ground sloping up towards the church. Next morning I spent nearly two hours before breakfast in sketching a view of Arley from the other bank of the river. After breakfast, while the others read under a tree, I spent another two hours in concluding my sketch; we then went

to a shop in the village and laid in a good store of provisions. After lunching we paid our bill, and started again on our voyage.

"Not far below we floated under a fine railway bridge, and allowed ourselves to be carried down by the stream while we rigged up our awning. On our left were numerous wooded islands of all shapes and sizes, and the river swept round sharply to the left beneath a fine wooded hill to the right.

"As we rowed merrily on, we struck on a sunken rock in midstream, which made our old craft quiver from stem to stern.

"Beyond this the river turned slightly to the right. Arthur and I were rowing, and the sudden injunction 'Stand by' reminded me that we were nearing the worst rapid on the river. A barrier of rocks reached completely across the river with the exception of an opening of six feet, through which the water rushes with great force. Our coxswain just managed by putting the helm 'hard a-starboard' to get us into the channel, and we plunged down the two feet of fall in splendid style, being carried down more than a hundred yards before we could pull up.

"We landed, and it was proposed to pull back, get the boat up, and have another run down. We most of us objected at first, but seeing it was feasible, lightened her, and rolled up our trousers, two pulling the rope in front, and three pushing behind. Thus, with far less difficulty than we anticipated, we pulled her up and had a run down; then we dragged her up the other side of the river, had another run down, and finally undressed for a bathe.

"I proposed to swim down, and did so on my back, finding it delightful; all the others followed. We disported ourselves for a good time in a deep pool below, then dressed and went on.

"We rowed past Stourport to Miss Lane's cottage, and were exceedingly sorry to find her out. We kindled a wood fire in her orchard, and made an excellent tea. When we had finished, and were debating whether we should go on, a step was heard, and she appeared, not at all taken aback by our presence.

"She addressed me at once as 'Master Harold,' and

inquired after my brothers. After a good deal of parleying, in the course of which we found that the locks on the river would be shut, she said she could put us up, if we could do with one big bed and sofas.

"We could not refuse so kind an offer, and went out for a row while the room was being prepared. The moon rose clear and bright behind the dark sandstone cliff, and we enjoyed the paddle down to the lock and back exceedingly. We had our reading (Psalm ciii.) and prayer with Miss Lane, and then retired.

"*July 12th.*—After breakfast we went out in the garden and regaled ourselves on fruit. Finding that Miss Lane would not take anything for her kindness, we ordered four 'sides' (250 lbs.) of damsons to be sent to Manchester when ripe. About 1 o'clock we started for Worcester, and were not long in reaching the first lock, after which we rowed steadily on towards Holt, enjoying a delicious bivouac and bathe by the way, swimming across the river and back, and some distance along the bank. When we had passed the next lock, we plunged out a second time for another bathe, after which we rowed very slowly, reading 'Tom Brown' by the way.

"We were not long in reaching Worcester; the approach is particularly fine from the river, and the rising moon increased the splendour of the view. Close to the bridge we landed, and strolled through the streets, calling at the post-office for letters.

"As we left the town I suddenly noticed that the moon was crescent, though when we entered the station it was full. Suddenly recalling that it was the night of the eclipse, we hurried down to the river, and embarking, just succeeded in clearing Worcester Bridge before the eclipse became total. As we rowed down towards the lock the earth's shadow almost completely obscured the moon. At the lock we landed for tea, and at the brick-kilns near at hand made an immense quantity of toast in an incredibly short space of time. As we took our tea we watched with intense interest the shadow of the earth gradually passing off the moon's disc.

"Embarking below the lock, we rowed by the bright moonlight to Upton-on-Severn. The man at the helm so constantly fell asleep that we found ourselves running into

the bank. Shortly before reaching our destination we sighted a bright red light on the port side, and narrowly escaped a clumsy steamer which was towing a string of barges up stream. At 3 a.m. we reached the hotel.

"*July 13th.* — About 9.30 we rose, having ordered breakfast for 10 o'clock. Two of us went and fetched the portmanteau from the station, and before long we all appeared in civilized costume. After breakfast we mentioned to our landlord that we wanted to sell our boat, and as our price was low, he at once pulled out £2 10*s.*, and handed it to us, and thus closed our pleasant voyage."

Before leaving this college life, the outward side of which has thus been imperfectly outlined, we will turn to the diary he always kept, a few extracts from which may show us the character and depth of the inner and hidden life at this trying period of his spiritual history. Like many others, he found the studies he pursued at Oxford a great snare; and perhaps what is revealed in these notes will explain how, when so many around him fell into scepticism, he was enabled to remain firm. Some of the sentences are evidently extracts; the rest are his own.

DIARY.—1867.

"Fellowship is not prayer; it is having common thoughts and aims.

"1 Chron. xvii. David sat before the Lord; our place is much higher—that of sitting with Jesus at the 'Lord's Table.'

"Have you that enjoyment of Himself and His ways to make it a matter of *self-denying* patience in you to remain down here only because He allows you still to be away from home for a while, a pilgrim and a stranger still, where you find no rest for the sole of your foot, your affections and thoughts being in another scene than this, even above, where He is, and conflict down here your portion?

"Cultivate the habit of giving intense pleasure to others, to become habitually more unselfish and more loving.

1868.

"Be all that you have it in your power to be. You can with God's help become almost anything as a Christian. Open your heart and KEEP IT OPEN to the love of the Lord Jesus, and to the love of others, and to everything beautiful, letting it send a gush of pleasure through your heart, and thanking your Father, who gives you both the pleasure and the power to enjoy it.

"Store up the sunshine of the love of Jesus in your heart, so as to be able to shed it forth on other hearts.

"'If any man will do His will, He shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself' (John vii. 17).

"I am so to live that if asked at the close of any day, 'What has practically been the motive of your actions to-day?' my heart may naturally and at once answer, 'The love of Jesus.' I am to have Christ for my one object in everything. If my object be single, my life must be consistent.

"We cannot expect successfully to imitate Christ unless we contemplate His person, any more than a painter can reproduce a landscape without his studying it and drinking in the spirit which pervades the whole. We must take time to sit at His feet, studying His character as revealed to us in the Gospels, and being transformed, as it were, unconsciously into His image. What we want is not more knowledge of truth, but more practical carrying it out.

"If our Father were only to think of and care for us as much as we care for Him, we should be indeed neglected.

"'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.' What we need is intense abiding desire. None but abiding desires will God fulfil.

"Let us realize more and more that prayer is a power. When we pray for others, not only do we find our prayers for them answered, but also the very longing for their good put in the form of a prayer makes us more earnest, and therefore more suited to influence them.

"Gain an individual interest in those with whom you come into such close contact.

"I felt for the first time that my life is really, and must ever be, a warfare.

"If all that we feel and think and say could be heaped up together, and Jesus were to come and touch the heap with a wand that would consume all that did not proceed from love to Him, how much would be left after His touch?

"If we do all for the sake of Jesus, it makes even the most irksome things seem easy.

"What must it have been for the Lord Jesus to live thirty years without curing one sick person, or alleviating any form of human misery, while all the time He felt it so keenly, being so perfectly man? And this was in obedience, perfect obedience to His Father's will.

"Don't speak about Jesus except when you cannot help, but remember the less you can help the better for you; speaking of Him does no good unless it comes from the heart.

"*October 16th.*—Seek every day to live as you will wish you had lived when the opportunity is gone. Eagerly take every chance of showing your love to your parents, as you know not how long they may be left to you; and what will be the bitterness of your feelings when they are gone, when you know how much more you might have done to please them:

"Now is the time to form your character, to form all your habits; it will be less and less easy as you grow older. Oh, seek to live every day as if it were the last you would have on earth!

"*December 4th.*—It is no use trying to teach a Sunday-school class unless you visit them; if you do not visit them they have no interest, or very little, in their teacher. By this means my class may be made much more orderly and respectful.

1869.

"He does his work best who lives the day, not merely spends it.

"What would you think of two companions walking

together all the day and never speaking a word to each other? Yet this is what some Christians do; they walk days, even weeks, with that unseen Friend ever at their side, and never speak to Him. Dear friends, be assured you have grieved the Holy Spirit unless He every day shows you some fresh beauty in Jesus; for this is His especial work, to take of the things of Christ and show them to us.

"*January 18th.*—This year will be just what you make of it.

"*February 10th.*—Satan is immensely powerful, and he knows that if he can catch us alone he can do what he will with us; but if we stay close by our Captain's side he cannot hurt us. He has crossed swords once with Him, and has been once and for ever vanquished. He dare not try again. 'Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees.'

"*February 28th.*—Mary Magdalene at the sepulchre. What we want is that genuine love to the person of the risen Jesus which Mary had.

"*April 30th.*—Romans xii. In all matters of honour preferring one another. The closest affection for a person and the greatest intimacy with him ought never to destroy that beautiful regard and respect for him which ought always to exist. How seldom, if ever, we tell our sisters we love them, and how apt we are to say, if making one of them a present, 'Oh, anything will do for her; she is only my sister!' Is not that the very reason why you should make it as nice as possible? 'Continue instant in prayer.' How many of us in the last three days have looked up to our Father once in the course of the whole day? How much we lose by not doing so; and what a thing it is when we have liberty to go to Him, and He is always ready to hear us! Prayer is the root of everything in the way of progress in the Christian life. If we begin with that, all the other things mentioned in this chapter will follow. 'Avenge not yourselves,' the reverse of what we do by nature.

"*May 13th.*—How much good I might do in an unselfish way, by always being, as it were, on the look-out for an opportunity.

"*May 14th.*—Heard about J—— playing for money.

Received a letter from him on May 10th, which made me really think he is coming back to the Good Shepherd.

"I have found out that for a Christian moral philosophy is simply an absurdity from beginning to end. Every system that we have yet studied goes on the ground that man in himself is able to act rightly and to find out what is his duty to do. The depravity of man's nature is ignored.

"*June 4th.*—Books. There are so many books gloriously worth reading many times more than you will ever read them, that it is worse than foolish to read any second-rate books. Always have some thoroughly good book on the stocks. Make every book you read your own. Marking is very interesting in after-years.

"Lines written by a young lady in Dublin in answer to one who remarked, '*It is so difficult to speak to others about Jesus.*'

'Away with the faithless plea, which cannot abide the light;
Be wholly for Christ, and He will teach thee to speak aright.
His love shall supply the power, the measure, the mode, the theme;
Thou hast but the present hour, oh! spend every breath for Him.'

"*June 18th.*—Meeting. Unless we are conscious of 'a ripple about the bows,' we may take it for granted that we are drifting. The only thing that can preserve us from the attacks of Satan is to keep very near to Jesus, for Satan and He met in conflict, and Satan was conquered; so he is afraid to come near us if we are in His company. Our weakest point lies next to our very strongest, just because Satan can most readily turn the latter into a snare. We must be going one way or the other; we cannot be standing still. These holidays will not leave us as they find us. We need fear no contamination of evil if we are bent on doing good; it will fall from us harmless, like water from a duck's back, just as a doctor is not infected by the diseases he goes among. The best and only preservative against evil is not to button up your coat, and say, 'Oh, I hope this will not do me harm; I will not let it,' but to be aiming at good; in other words, the expulsive power of a new affection.

"*August 6th.*—Do let us watch especially against supposing that we are what we feel in times of great uplifting. We are not what we sometimes feel, but what we generally

carry out in action. Do not let us allow deep feeling to die away, and produce no effect, but let it cause action.

"*August 7th.*—The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. 'He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.'

"It is a wonderful thought that our Father is infinitely wise as well as infinitely loving, and will never make a mistake in dealing with us. Oh, to think that our present opportunities will never return! Let us seize them!

'You have but the present hour,
Oh, spend every breath for Him!'

"How we shall wish when we reach heaven that we had lived more for Him down here. Oh, let us lose no opportunity of proclaiming His love! Is there any friend you treat so badly as Him who is your best Friend?

"*November 5th.*—The love of Jesus can do anything. Paul and Barnabas were mere men who had hazarded their lives for Christ. What have you hazarded for Him? You must be content to be considered peculiar—enthusiasts if you will; for are not those who are bad enthusiastic enough about their own badness? What enthusiasm do you show for your Master? How do you commend Him if you do not show this enthusiasm?

"*November 19th.*—What are you doing in your home? Could you not make family prayer more of a reality and an influence on the daily life of the family than it is?

"*November 25th.*—Insincerity. Oh, do not we all plead guilty to it more or less? Is not your sincerity a right which your friend can demand from you with far greater reasonableness than even his own property in your possession?

"Mark v. 43. Jesus thinks of something being given her to eat. One would say this was most natural for the mother to think of, but she would be at the time so excited as to forget all about it; but He was always thoughtful, even in the smallest things.

1870.

"*January 17th.*—What a large part of life a whole year

seems! It has gone for ever. Its record is made, and cannot be altered. Oh, how I shall wish when I reach heaven that I had lived for Him as my first and only object!

"I have been too much absorbed in my work of late, and not realizing the infinitely greater importance of my spiritual life. I am very apt to be proud if I have made any effort for Christ. I want to get more into His presence, there to feel my own insignificance.

"*February 9th.*—Spoke to dear M—— about the Lord, to whom he too belongs; made a friend of him.

"If Christ be not first and last, He will always be last. The question is whether we are walking as seeing what the cross tells us,—it lifts the veil and shows us the skeleton of this world.

"*March 22nd.*—He Himself carries me on; and whatever it be, if the mind and affections are upon Him, what was hard at first is no effort as I proceed. His love, which attracted and gave me power at first to take such a position, becomes brighter and brighter when better and longer known; and what was done at first tremblingly is easy with increased courage. The only thing that can enable me thus to go on is to have Christ the object before me, and just in proportion as it is can I be happy.

"*April 20th.*—It is a terrible thing if we as Christians have not this craving, this hungering and thirsting after a greater knowledge of God; for where this is not, deadness and apathy of soul have come in. The secret of all service is a due appreciation of the Master's grace.

"*April 22nd.*—What enabled Peter to strengthen his brethren? He discovered that there was utter badness in himself when he meant best, and that there was perfect grace in Christ even when he meant worst.

"*April 30th.*—Our bodies are still the same; but the life, character, motive, means, end, are altogether new in the Christian. 'Old things are passed away; behold, all things become new.'

"*June 30th.*—Left Owen's College finally, after five years. Had a delightful trip of five days down the Severn.

"*July 15th.*—Franco-German war broke out.

"*October.*—Two months ago three letters from Professor Greenwood. I was offered a scholarship at Lincoln College,

Oxford; this I was glad to accept, and went up with S—— to try for a classical scholarship, but we both failed.

"*October 15th.*—The beginning of my life in Oxford.

1871.

"*March 25th.*—Shallow brooks babble, but deep rivers have their rapids too. The flesh is to be treated as an intruder, not as a guest; if it does rise, no quarter, no mercy is to be shown it. Crab apples below, sweet apples above; the lower shoots are to be repressed and cut off, the upper ones cultivated.

"*March 26th.*—Self-denial is one of the most important sides of Christian life. What a fool a man is to attempt to pay his debts before he knows their amount! God must be satisfied with the sacrifice of His own providing; the only question is, Are you satisfied? Christians ought to be like divers, drawing their life from a region above, and not like fishes, living with comfort in the surrounding medium. Many Christians are content that their future is assured, forgetting all about the present. It is a very different thing to judge things from our standpoint and from God's. The life of Christ is like an exotic plant flourishing in a foreign soil and under a foreign clime by the breath of Heaven. I deny that the soil (our hearts) or the clime (this world) is a bit changed.

"*March 27th.*—The more we look into the works of God with a microscope or any other instrument, the more perfect do they appear. The more narrowly we examine the works of man (though up to a certain point, if the workmanship be good, they seem to improve), the more do their imperfections become manifest.

"In the spiritual as well as in the natural world progress can only be made by means of death.

"*March 28th.*—Lecture on the Lord's coming. The people sang, 'Lord Jesus, come!' but if He were to come, would they not be surprised?

"*April 13th.*—Again I found that I had been slipping, and this notwithstanding my fancied earnestness and endeavours to get back; but it is far harder to get back than to slip away. My life from now must be a fight in a way in which

it has never been before. I have had a comparatively easy life so far, but it cannot be so any longer; I require my whole energies knitting together by His power, and I must be constantly watchful in a way I have never been before. I must prove the truth of the verse, 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.'

"*May 13th.*—'The joy of the Lord is your strength.' We can do nothing unless we are rejoicing in the Lord.

"*August 13th.*—What the Lord blesses everywhere is not great knowledge, but great devotedness of heart to Himself.

"*August 24th.*—Ask yourself every night whether you have tried to make any one happy in the day. Much loved and much forgiven.

"*October 15th.*—We must continually feed on Christ and set our affections on things above, or else we at once become absorbed with what is down here.

"*October 22nd.*—This is indeed a red-letter day in my life, for the Lord has been showing me that if I would win Christ, if I would really follow Him, I must be content to forego many things in this world,—the desires of the mind, such things as reading Shakespeare for mere amusement; things which are not wrong in themselves, but which hinder the soul from enjoying full communion with the rejected Lord. Anything which hinders in the smallest degree our communion is a hindrance. W—— truly said I have wanted to have a little communion and a little of the world. God help me to follow hard and cleave close. Hitherto I have not been ready to give up anything which may prove a hindrance. God give me such a view of His transcendent loveliness, that whatever is a check may be thrown aside!

"Oh for intense humility and constant self-abasement and a trembling fear lest I should fall! How good is the Lord to take such care of me!

"*November 25th.*—The greatest snare for a reading man at Oxford is intellectual selfishness.

1872.

"*January 2nd.*—On what grounds do I believe the Bible to be inspired? Is it from having carefully read each book?

"*February 21st.*—Is Christ the first in my heart?

"Oh, brethren, no one lives so far below his income as we do!

"*February 25th.*—Whom would you ask to explain a book you could not understand? Its author, of course. Do so with the Bible. Two men who start in opposite directions round the earth will meet at the other side. So it is with apparently contradictory truths.

"*June 8th.*—Cultivate your affections; they are susceptible of it. Warmth of personal affection towards Christ, my home, my dear mother, towards dear friends; for this is a cold world.

"*July 2nd to August 2nd.*—About the happiest month I have spent in my life. A very happy walk with ——. We prayed behind a rock on the Orme's Head.

"*July 25th.*—At Bethgelert in the sitting-room of the Prince Llewelyn. John v.

"Try and rid yourselves of all preconceived notions, and come quite fresh to these words. Such words as these were never uttered even by Mahomet, one of the most self-confident of men. We all need Christ, though perhaps the younger ones do not feel it much. Remember that Christ lived in an obscure land, belonged to a despised race, and yet there are now millions who would die for Him. He loves us with a love of which we have no idea, and knows us and understands us perfectly.

"*August 3rd.*—From this time forth by God's help I will be most scrupulously careful in keeping my engagements. I will balance up my accounts every Saturday night, and I will be up at a fixed time every morning. It is in these little ways that decision of character is formed and cultivated.

"*August 14th.*—I need to show a much more tender regard for the feelings of others.

"*October 20th.*—Thank God that I ever read that book, 'An Appeal to Christians'! It has given me some faint idea of what devotion to Christ really means. Oh, may these words ring in my ears:—

> 'I gave My life for thee,
> What hast thou done for Me?'

"*November 10th.*—Thank God, I am more and more

dissatisfied with myself. Oh, may He satisfy me with Christ! I will endeavour constantly to cultivate distinctness of utterance both in conversation and in public speaking.

"*November 17th.*—Scripture class. A truly earnest man has his eye on the goal, and not on the ground over which he runs; his heart being set on something, he is not conscious of what he is at present! If we are sure that we are doing something great, let us be certain that we are deceiving ourselves. Nehemiah was sad. A man who is not sometimes down is not much good when up.

1873.

"*January 1st.*—I have learned a little of what prayer really is, and to value my Bible more. Resolutions—By God's help I will spend every minute of time I can spare for it this year in reading God's Word. He has given me the desire to know Chist, and I am really going to learn something of Him this year. I must watch especially against unpunctuality, and improve greatly in my way of speaking. I want above all else to be able to say, 'To me to live is Christ.'

"*February 12th.*—Objects of prayer: punctuality, clearness of utterance, neatness of appearance, and gentleness of bearing.

"1. Lord Jesus, make Thyself to me a living, bright reality.

"Above all, His cross and risen life.

"2. That I may really enter into the glorious Gospel.

"3. Lord, increase my faith, that I may realize each day more that I am redeemed at an infinite price, and belong not to myself but only to Thee, and that I may reckon myself to be 'dead unto sin' and alive only to Thee!

"4. Enable me to press onward every hour and every day, and be satisfied with nothing short of constant abiding communion with Thee, and practically living Christ.

"5. Make me real.

"6. Make me like one who waits for his Lord.

"7. Give me to meditate constantly on Thy Word.

"8. Do make Thy Word continually the food of my soul!

"9. Give a constant desire at least to do Thy will.

"*February 16th.*—Scripture class. Paul was a man of one idea. Some men have one idea, like a single mountain rising from a lonely plain; others have one idea, as the topmost peak of the range. One idea is better than a leading idea.

"*February 27th.*—First meeting of our Lincoln College prayer-meeting. A——, J——, M——, and myself. I fully believe God is going to work in this college in answer to our prayers.

"*May 25th.*—Dear F—— here from Saturday till Monday. I did try to encourage him really to trust in God.

"10. *May 29th.*—Enable me at least to aim at nothing less than walking in this world as Christ Himself walked! Save me from the subtle snare of lowering my standard bit by bit to meet my miserable attainments.

"Oh, take my all and fill my heart and make me wholly Thine.

"Some one sent me the book 'Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism,' which certainly knocked me down to the very dust, showing me that my Christian life hitherto has been almost an utter farce. I have not seriously thought of following Christ with any expectation of real success, but have felt just what the author describes,—a secret idea that the standard is too high, and that I could never hope to attain it. Now I see that it must be either Christ or nothing. The devil would drive me nearly to despair if I did not know that I have God's Spirit dwelling in me, and a throne of grace to go to at all times. I am not to despair, but to be filled with faith, for the Lord tells me, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' Nothing but constant, earnest gazing at this glorified Christ, and hourly reckoning myself dead to sin, will enable me to walk in any degree as He walked. I do not expect to improve at all. I, that is, my flesh, am hopelessly bad, but I want the life of Christ to be briefly manifested in my mortal body. 'All my springs are in Thee.'

"*June.*—Cultivate courteousness and gentleness of bearing and cleanliness and tidiness in every possible way, in all of which I am more or less wanting. Let the influences of Oxford tell upon me more than they seem to be doing.

"*June 17th to 20th.*—Manchester meeting. At last God has begun to teach me that Christ is rejected and what a Christian really is. It is the first time I have ever taken a step in accordance with it. Oh, may His grace enable me to keep true to what I have begun! I shall need it hourly and daily. What a need for continual judgment of myself by the standard of Christ!

"1. *July 17th.*—Never exaggerate; always rather take something off.

"2. Never say anything to any one's discredit, unless it be with a definite object, such as to warn some one. Always say what you can say good of every one. At last it will be a positive pain to you to do otherwise.

"*July 29th.*—Such a happy morning in the woods. Talk with H—— looking out through the trees on the cornfields. 'The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. The fields are white already to harvest.' We knelt together, and he confessed what poor lights we are, and how unlike Christ, put to shine for Him, yet how little we manifest Him! Then we all separated and had a little time alone.

"*August 2nd.*—Harleyford. Had a little prayer at the end of the bridge. The wooden cross-pieces on the bridge path help us to get up; so He will help us to get up step by step.

"*Sunday, August 3rd.*—Maple Durham. We had such a happy walk together to the Reading Road. Such a happy refreshing meeting. 'The joy of the Lord is your strength.'

"11. *August 20th.*—Do so reveal Thy beauty to me that to testify of Thee may be no effort, but spontaneous.

"12. Make me a great blessing and joy to my mother, brothers, and sisters.

"13. Give me to realize more and more the height of Christ's glory and the depth of His humiliation.

"14. Save me from any more pretending that I am looking for the Lord's coming. Do enable me daily to trim my lamp and be ready for the Bridegroom to come.

"15. Do help me to be more watchful than I have ever been before; it is so terribly easy to slip; and enable me to do each thing, however little, with earnest prayer to Thee!

"*October 25th.*—God be praised! for agony of soul is better than living death; and in my extremest distress He heard

me, and has answered me above what my waning faith dared to hope. I have solemnly, in His holy presence, and seeking His constant help, vowed that I won't bear this horrid slipping any longer. God help me to be watchful in a sense I have never even thought of before. Satan is always at me, and it is only by constantly looking to Jesus that I can be kept one moment. God help me henceforth to keep my communications constantly open, and to do each little thing throughout all the day in the name of the Lord Jesus.

"*December 1st.*—R—— at a breakfast given by Mr. Christopher spoke most beautifully of the resource we have in Christ, and that our very weakness made us just the ones for Him to help. 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'

"*December 15th.*—'Home, sweet home.'

"*December 29th, 30th.*—A very happy little trip in Yorkshire. 'For who is strong that cannot be seduced?' therefore 'let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'"

PART III.

HOSPITAL LIFE, 1873—1879.

LONDON, BELGRADE, VIENNA, PALESTINE.

"Service is not doing a great deal, but following the Master, and the world and half-hearted Christians do not like this. There is plenty of 'doing' in the world, but 'If any man serve Me, let him follow Me.'"
—*Extract from Diary.*

"No service in itself is small
Or great, though earth it fill;
But that is small that seeks its own,
And great that seeks God's will."
Extract from last letter written to his brother.

HAROLD SCHOFIELD left Oxford to live in London in the autumn of the year 1873, having gained an open scholarship in science at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The following brief sketch, connecting his college and hospital life, may well introduce this part of his career :—

"In February 1874 we met at Oxford, and, needless to say, shared the same lodgings. Harold was trying for the Burdett-Coutts Scholarship. I had been to the afternoon service at Magdalen College Chapel, and brought back a Latin anthem which had been sung; the words, as nearly as I can remember, were, 'Quid prodest, O mortalis, conari pro mundanis, si cœlum negligas?' 'Why,' said Harold, when I showed it him, 'that might have been specially meant for us; we are striving just now *pro mundanis*, so let us take heed.' (I was also competing for a scholarship.) On the Saturday evening I went with him to Mr. Christopher's meeting, where he was greeted by many old friends; and to me (who regarded him with true hero-worship), it was delightful to see the affectionate respect with which others treated him. On the Sunday afternoon he took me to a Greek Testament reading, which was held by a few old friends at Lincoln College.

"In the evening Harold and I walked out to Cowley together, where he conducted a cottage-meeting. I have good reason to remember all these incidents, for they introduced me to a circle of true religious life in Oxford, and helped me when I went up as an undergraduate in the following October to take my stand as a Christian, a position I did my best to maintain as long as I remained there.

"In later years we met many and many a time for reading the Bible, prayer, and religious conversation. The time when we saw most of each other was at St. Bartholomew's; we were then continually in each other's rooms; he was house-surgeon, and I a novice, so that I looked to him for help and advice on every point; with characteristic generosity he aided me with the loan of books and instruments.

"About this time we had our delightful Italian lessons. How well I remember the enthusiasm with which he used to enter into the reading and conversation, and how he would write essays, as we each tried to do, on all manner of subjects, in very unidiomatic Italian.

"Then, too, we began Hebrew together, and made a resolution to meet every Sunday morning for an hour to work at it. I wish we had kept it up; but, like so many other good intentions, it had to give way to the frequent interruptions of hospital life.

"It must not be supposed that Harold and I talked of nothing but religion, quite the contrary. We had many other interests, as students of science, and afterwards of medicine, which we delighted to talk over, and in both of these Harold was as enthusiastic as in anything else.

"He was always busy, and yet I never knew the time when he was too much so to attend to any friend or schoolfellow who came to see him; he had always some leisure for us.

"The great secret of the enormous amount he accomplished was, that his mind was always fresh and ready to turn at once to any new subject. I can see him now, at a time when he had made the determination to complete a number of his unfinished sketches; he would come in from his rounds of the wards and go straight to work with his brushes and colours; there was no hesitation about trying this side of the table, and then the other, no taking a few minutes' rest; but almost instantly his whole being was intent upon the present occupation, which he would continue till there was only just time enough to catch a train, or meet some engagement."

The activity of his life at college was indeed wonder-

ful. Not only was he an enthusiast in anatomy, and especially in comparative anatomy, which he had so fully studied at Oxford under the late Professor Rolleston, but his zeal with the microscope was very great. We have now in our possession about fifteen boxes filled with slides cut and mounted at St. Bartholomew's, each box containing from fifty to a hundred specimens. He was an energetic member of the Abernethy Debating Society and of the Hospital Christian Association.

Outside the hospital walls he was superintendent of a large Sunday-school in the north of London, and constantly preached both in mission halls and in the thoroughfares.

The following lines tell something of the Christian side of his hospital life at this time :—

"As you know, we entered together the same year: he on the open scholarship he had won, I as an ordinary student. At the time of the examination for the scholarship, I happened to hear from one of the staff that Schofield had surprised one of his examiners by his excellence: his paper on chemistry was described as 'brilliant,' and far above the standard expected of any candidate.

"His hospital career subsequently was a most successful one; and the combination of his acknowledged attainments with the simple, fearless witness he bore to the name of Christ made the presence of such a man among the students a conscious power for good. Every one soon got to know that Schofield's Christianity was of a different stamp from that which was professed more or less by those around him. It had a true 'ring' about it. His heart was full of the love of Christ; and he was not backward in speaking of that love to others, when he could wisely use the opportunity of serving the Master.

"Students heard that he joined with others in a weekly meeting for prayer and reading the Word of God. The

mere fact that he was of the number drew some to come who might otherwise have held aloof.

"These were simply little gatherings held once a week at the lodgings of a fellow-student about a mile from the hospital.

"Many must gratefully remember the help afforded by these meetings, and recall Schofield's simply-worded and earnest pleadings for blessing on the members of the hospital staff, for the careless, thoughtless ones among the students, and for ourselves that we might walk worthy of the Gospel of Christ.

"One case I can well remember of a student who was led to seek our company, and eventually to confess his decision for Christ, through overhearing a conversation not meant for his ear. This conversation took place in the dissecting-room, where Schofield and I happened to be working on the same subject in the early period of our curriculum.

"He was contrasting death, as evidenced in the body before us, with the Christian's bright hope of the Lord's return to fetch His own to be with Himself—our meeting together in the air (1 Thess. iv. 17). What if that 'moment,' the 'twinkling of an eye,' should summon us, too, from our employment to meet Him and see Him as He is? Schofield and I happily could 'comfort one another with these words.' Not so, apparently, a listener whom we had not noticed. A fellow-student met me next day as I happened to be crossing the square in the centre of the hospital, and told me he had overheard what had been said the previous day, about Christ's second coming, and he could not get it out of his head.

"He could not understand how Schofield and I could be happy in such a prospect. What was the secret of it? He himself could only dread such a day: he feared the judgment of God. You can imagine the happiness it gave both Schofield and me to minister the gospel of God's grace to one so prepared to receive it. At this distance of time I cannot positively say what portion of the Word of God it was that brought light to his soul, but my impression is that it was that well-known Luke xv. He saw it was the Shepherd that sought the sheep, and thankfully trusted

himself to His arms. He saw the helplessness of that piece of money, and gladly owned himself as helpless. And being 'come to himself,' he turned and saw the Father's heart, God from beginning to end.

"Time has passed quickly since those student days, and those who had conversed together have been scattered over many lands. Schofield saw his path in far-distant China, and those in China who have learned to trust the Saviour's blood through his testimony may like to read the little anecdote I have given.

"We can but bow to God's dealings in the removal of such a man from active service for the Lord. One thing we know,—he is *with* the Lord, 'far better' for himself; and his removal must convey to the hearts of all who knew him a lesson which may we none of us be slow to learn."

The following paper, from the pen of Dr. C. Y. Biss, sketches still more fully his influence for good at Bartholomew's :—

"I remember well the first time that I ever heard his name. He was two years senior to me at the hospital, and so was well known there, especially in connection with his successes in prize-winning, when I came up from Cambridge, a stranger knowing no one. Consequently, when one day I heard the men at the next table to mine in the dissecting-room talking about 'a man named Schofield,' the seniors telling the freshmen about him, I listened to their conversation as I went on with my work without at all realizing at first that it was going to have any interest for me. The burden of their talk was, what a peculiar man 'that fellow Schofield was,' and what extraordinary ideas of religion he had. I could not help pricking up my ears. 'Why,' said one fellow, 'I believe he generally preaches somewhere about Goswell Road, or some precious slum, standing under a lamp-post, on Sunday evenings.' 'Oh, but that's nothing,' burst out another, whom I knew by repute as one of the most idle men about the place, a dissipated, careless fellow. 'Did you never hear' (this in a tone of great zeal for propriety and the interests of religion) 'what he once did in the

surgery when he was dressing?' (*i.e.*, doing practical surgery work). 'No; what?' 'Oh, a man was brought in one night dying from an accident on the railway, and Schofield was left to watch him. What did he do but go and get a board, and write on it in chalk, "Prepare to meet thy God," and hold it up before him. Wasn't that shameful?' No particular response was made to this obviously-exaggerated story, the men's consciences seeming, as it appeared to me, to recognize that if the man were really dying, it was as well that some one should have told him of it, and I set it down in my own mind that a true version of the story would have placed it in a very different light, and mentally resolved to inquire further about it, and look up 'that man Schofield,' on the first convenient opportunity. After a short pause, another fellow said, 'Well, there was one rather curious thing about him,—he never would stand any swearing or objectionable talk at the dissecting table where his "part" was.' 'Really!' they all exclaimed. 'How on earth could he prevent that?' 'Oh, simply in this way. You see, he was very good at his anatomy (he won all the anatomy prizes), and he always managed to help fellows when they began their "parts"; consequently afterwards, if any one used a bad word, and Schofield said, "I say, you know that's wrong; don't let us have any of that at our table; I should be much obliged if you wouldn't," the man felt ashamed to go on, and so gradually it got to be an understanding that the talk must be kept straight if Schofield was there.'

"Later on, in the great square of the hospital, I got hold of the speaker who related the story about the writing on the board, and sifted his statement a little. It turned out, as I expected, to be all second-hand gossip, and I soon saw that the truth was, that Schofield had spoken to some dying man about his salvation, and this had been dressed up with the sensational details mentioned before by the imaginations or inventions of the various narrators by whom the story must have been handed down. But another thing appeared in the course of the conversation; that was, that the zealous vindicator of propriety had a quiet grudge against the object of his story; so with carefully-concealed curiosity, and a strong inkling of what was coming, I asked

if he had ever spoken to him personally. 'Oh, he asked me to breakfast one morning, as we were both "keeping" in college, and I went; but after breakfast he began talking to me about his ideas of religion, and wanted to know if I was saved, and all that kind of thing, you know. I made a point of getting out as soon as I could, and tried to keep clear of him after that.'

"Soon after this a man asked me one day if I would join the Students' Christian Association, connected with the Medical School. I had never heard of it, and inquired what it was. He was surprised at my ignorance, and asked me how it was I had never received the notices of invitations sent to me on first joining the hospital. These, however, had miscarried, and but for his having accidentally heard of me as a Christian, and having sought me out, I should never perhaps have known anything of the association, or of Harold Schofield as a personal friend. For, on questioning him about the man of whom I was in search, I found he knew him intimately, and this was the beginning of my acquaintance with Schofield: not at the moment, for he was away on the Continent (in Servia, I think); but as soon as he returned I had joined the association, of which he was virtually the founder, and from that day we were firm friends and fellow-workers. When he finally left the hospital, the mantle of his secretaryship to the association fell on my shoulders, and remained there as long as I remained in the hospital.

"It was this Students' Christian Association that was my earliest and closest link with Schofield. His sympathies were thoroughly engaged with it. He felt it to be a most valuable means of bringing together in Christian intimacy and fellowship the Christian men about the hospital, and of strengthening them for some spiritual work and testimony within its walls; and for these objects he worked with all his heart. Finding a response in me to his feelings drew us at once into a close intimacy, and many an hour have we sat working out our arrangements for the meetings and other work connected with the association. It was in this way that I began to see, although perfectly ignorant then of the feelings and purposes he was cherishing about mission work abroad, what was, perhaps, the leading feature of his Christian character; namely, his *devotedness* to the Lord and

His service in the gospel, and his intense earnestness for the salvation of his fellow-men. United with this there was another beautiful trait,—a perfectly unaffected, direct, transparent simplicity, of which his frank, open face, his guileless look, and ready beaming smile were the natural expression. He seemed to have no self-consciousness, and never spoke of himself except when some reference to the past rendered some such allusion inevitable, and then it was made in the simplest and most natural way, without any of that ostentation of bashfulness which self-esteem so readily assumes when it wishes to add humility to the picture of its graces.

"I have never met any one who had been gifted with large natural abilities and mental powers, and had won by them distinguished successes, who seemed to be so little aware of the facts as Schofield. Work with him came as a matter of course, and that he should excel and beat others seemed to him rather their misfortune, or due to a neglect of opportunities, than his own merit.

"He had the rare power of studying hard without in the least showing that the work was a burden, or losing his calmness of spirit. He did his work, as the students' saying is, 'without turning a hair.' No doubt this was largely due to his own remarkable powers, his accurate memory, and his peculiar aptitude for abstracting himself at will from all surroundings, and concentrating his thoughts upon any point he wished to settle. But this was not all: he worked *for God* in the study, in the laboratory, in the wards; and 'the peace of God' kept his heart delivered from the worries that those feel who toil without it. And yet he never worked in a half-hearted, idle way.

"What he did he did *well*. I remember once, while I was waiting for him in his rooms, I took up one of his medical books,—one that he had used in the earlier stages of his career,—and opened it at the fly-leaf, to read with some astonishment, 'This is a truly excellent book. I have read it through six times, and each time with increased profit.'

"I could not help asking myself whether I had ever read *any* book (except the Bible) *six* times through!

"I have often been struck, on reviewing the past, with the remarkable way in which God prepared His servant, in

Schofield's case, for the peculiar work to which He had purposed to call him in due season. *Physically:* his bodily strength, ability to endure fatigue, sound constitution, and simple habits of life. *Mentally:* his remarkable talents, especially his readiness in learning languages; his large acquirements and distinguished professional attainments and skill. *Spiritually:* his love and devotedness to Christ, and his sympathetic yearning for the salvation of others,—all these features, physical, mental, spiritual, being *strongly-marked* characteristics, combine to show us how One who,—

> 'Deep in unfathomable mines
> Of never-failing skill,
> Treasures up His bright designs
> And works His sovereign will,'

fitted the workman for his work, and sent him forth worthily furnished for the toil. Why, then,—the question is hard to repress,—why was he—so specially prepared, and so manifestly sent forth to the work, so happy in it, so prospered in it—suddenly taken home? To teach us, perhaps, that He whose work it is, is, after all, independent of His own choicest instruments; perhaps also to *mark*, in this way, a life of singular devotedness, of peculiar usefulness, as it could not otherwise have been emphasized, so that others may ponder and be stirred up to a holy emulation. In this way his death may do more for the cause he loved and gave himself to than even his life singly could have effected.

"Beyond this all is mystery. Why this should be thus is one of the 'riddles' (1 Cor. xiii. 12, margin) for the solution of which 'we watch, and wait, and *wonder* till Jesus comes.'

"It will not be supposed from the tone, any more than the substance of what I have written, that he who is the subject of my sketch had no faults, nor that we were always and entirely of one mind upon all things. But my object has been to recall those things in him that were the reflection of the image of his Lord, that perhaps some may be influenced, as I would myself be, to follow him, as he, by grace, followed Christ."

In 1876 Harold went to Servia, where he had partial charge of a hospital for some months. He returned by the Danube, Black Sea, Constantinople, and Greece. His classical education enabled him to fully enjoy the sights and scenes of Hellas.

After being at home a short time he went to Paris, where he attended the medical schools for some months.

Returning to England, after taking his second M.B. degree at Oxford, he went to London, only to find, early in June, that he had been selected by the National Aid Society to go out to Turkey with medical stores and help for the wounded in the Russo-Turkish war, which had just broken out. The following is his own account of the expedition:—

"*June 21st.*—The *Belle of Dunkerque*, a smart tight little steamer of 500 tons, had already been lying in the Thames for more than ten days to take in the various stores (medical, surgical, etc.), intended for the sick and wounded, when we went aboard at Cotton's Wharf, expecting to start immediately. We found, however, that, through delay in loading, she would not start till next day at 9 a.m.

"*June 22nd.*—A little before 10 a.m. we cast off from Cotton's Wharf, and glided slowly down the Thames towards Woolwich. Colonel Loyd Lindsay and Mrs. Lindsay, Major Burgess, Mr. Porter, and several other ladies and gentlemen accompanied us down to the arsenal. Lying along side the T. Wharf, we took on board a number of Government stores, including two ambulance waggons, seven or eight dozen folding iron stretcher-beds, to sling in the ship, seven or eight thousand blankets, together with cooking apparatus, pails, tubs, mops, etc. Before parting Mr. Forbes gave us each a copy of the Bible, presented to us by the Bible Society. A copy was also given to the captain and mate and to the engineers. We are sent out by the National Aid Society, with stores to different ports of the Black Sea, to establish ambulances at different points.

"*June 23rd.*—At length, about 8.3 p.m.. we finally

weighed anchor and moved down the river, casting off a boat opposite Gravesend with Messrs. Mead and Carey on board. Till long after moonlight I paced the deck, enjoying the freshening breeze, and the unwonted sensation of steaming out to sea, after hanging about for nearly two days in the river.

"*June 24th.*—Weather was very fine all day, cool, with a fresh breeze. About 6 a.m. we passed Dover; 9.15 Beachy Head, where we signalled. At 3 p.m. we were abreast of Ventnor, and about 9.30 off Portland Bill. About 3 a.m. we entered the harbour of Dartmouth, and soon after cast anchor, after a thirty hours' run from Gravesend. Coming on deck in the bright morning sunshine, the scene was most lovely. A harbour most perfectly land-locked, so much so that it was quite impossible to tell in which direction the sea lay. Swelling hills clothed with luxuriant green, and in many places most densely wooded on one side, Dartmouth rising up the slope from the water's edge, and ending in snugly-placed villas nestling amid rich foliage. At anchor in the harbour were many private cutters, schooners, and steam-launches, and further up, the grand old *Britannia* training-ship and her consort, connected by a covered way into one huge floating school.

"*June 25th.*—At 12.30 we cast off from the buoy, and at 1 p.m. exactly, steamed away from the entrance of the sheltered harbour, steering first S.S.W., and then S. by W. There was comparatively little motion, but one or two of us found a difficulty in repressing the symptoms of 'insurrection in the midland counties.' Weather fine, but cold all day. During the night we passed Ushant, and when we came on deck were fairly in the Bay of Biscay. There was but a slight swell, the weather charming, and the sea alive with porpoises, which greatly entertained us by their gambols in the wake of the ship.

"*July 1st.*—The morning was perfectly lovely, and when we came on deck land was visible, both straight ahead and on our left. We were abreast of Cadiz, and just entering the Straits of Gibraltar.

"*July 3rd.*—The mountainous coast of Spain was in view nearly all day, with here and there distant glimpses of the Sierra Nevada. Very fine and sunny all day.

"*July 7th.*—11 a.m. We ran into the narrow entrance of Malta harbour, having made our run of nearly 1,300 miles from Gibraltar in five days, less three hours.

"*July 9th.*—We have taken fourteen deck passengers (one woman), four Maltese, three or four Turks, and the rest Arabs; they are a motley but most interesting lot, and every day I am making the most of my time learning Italian, Greek, and Turkish from one or other of them. To-day very fine. We have run 207 knots in twenty-four hours. Fine breeze astern all day. Coming on deck in the early morning, we were just at the entrance of the gulf of Athens. Zea and others of the Cyclades were in sight, and even Milo, to the south-east, was clearly visible. We steamed all day at half-speed, with a strong head wind and a rough sea, passing the fine rock of St. George's on our left. Ægina was clearly visible, the mountains of the Morea, and in Attica, Hymettus. We strained our eyes with glasses towards the Piræus and Athens, to catch a sight of the Acropolis, but in vain. At length we reached Cape Colonna, with the pillars of its ruined temple, 'Colonnus glistening bright.' Hard by is Sunium, with its silver mines, still worked to the present day. Passing between Capes Colonna and Zea, we stood straight across for the channel between Eubœa and Andros, and plunged heavily all the afternoon in a rough head-sea. We soon caught sight of the masts of the English fleet at anchor in Besika Bay, just opposite the ruins of ancient Troy. Not far off a mound marks the reputed burial-place of Ajax. There are four ironclads (*Alexandra*, Duke of Edinburgh, being the flag-ship), together with two turret-ships, the *Devastation* and one other. All decks were crowded with men trying to make out our strange little steamer, which saluted as she passed. All the ships looked in magnificent trim, and ready, even to the extent of having steam up. Altogether, they gave one the idea of vast dormant strength, quite sufficient to fulfil the somewhat ill-defined task of protecting *British interests*. Soon we turned into the Dardanelles, two long, low promontories, with lighthouses marking the entrance. As we steamed slowly up against the rapid current, a signal-gun was fired to us to stop. The captain and Mr. Young went ashore, and ascertained, to our dis-

appointment, that we must lie there all night, as we had arrived after sun-down.

"*July 15th.*—Constantinople. Our voyage of 3,400 miles is over, exactly three weeks after leaving Greenhithe. We were just sixteen days actually in motion, five days being deducted for delay at Dartmouth, Gibraltar, Malta, and Eubœa.

"*July 16th.*—We crossed to Scutari to see the English cemetery. It is a lovely spot on the rocks at the entrance to the Bosphorus. Just opposite are the gleaming Seraglio buildings with their dark cypresses, and looking out over the sea of Marmora, with its charming little islands. Here is the column 'To the memory of the officers and men of the British Army and Navy who in the war against Russia, 1854, '55, '56, died for their country. This monument is erected by Queen Victoria and her people, 1857.' This exquisitely simple inscription is Lord Macaulay's composition. It is remarkable for the entire absence of adjectives. In the evening I dined with Dr. Farrell; he is the best surgeon here, a very kind man. Showed great cordiality to our Society, and invited us down to the meeting of the Red Crescent Society next day. Saw some most exquisite little sketches, by Elijah Walton, of Constantinople and the Bosphorus. We went on board after breakfast, and were rowed by the boat from the Board of Health to the Sultan's palace. The meeting was held in a fine room in one of the smaller buildings attached to the palace. Before business began, the unfailing coffee and cigars were handed round. A number of letters were read from Smyrna, Tunis, Trebizond, etc., announcing the formation of sub-committees in these districts. Then Dr. Farrell, in a most admirably-worded address in French, briefly and clearly set forth the object of our expedition, expressed his most hearty sympathy and the hope that we would co-operate with the Red Crescent Society in every possible way.

"*July 22nd.*—We weighed anchor, and steamed out into the Black Sea; there was a slight swell during the early morning, but in the afternoon even this calmed down, and we had a beautifully calm passage.

"We have on board Peter, an Italian, who speaks seven languages, and a Mr. Kerr, a Scotchman, who speaks

Turkish; both are going to Asia Minor with us. Also a poor Softa, bound for Kostendje, to find his mother if possible. Our coal was so exceedingly bad that we could not get up full steam, and accordingly did not manage more than seven knots.

"After dinner we put in to shore, but found we had made a mistake, and had not yet reached Varna. It was a lovely moonlight night, and about eleven we sighted the light on Cape Galata. Messrs. Y—— and H—— went ashore at Varna, and brought out Dr. C—— to breakfast with us. He looked uncommonly well after all the rough work of the last ten months.

"All along the hills north and south of the bay, we could see entrenchments and many small detached camps of Egyptian troops, some landed by the great troop-steamer we had seen in Constantinople. Mr. Y—— soon arranged that Dr. C—— and I should be landed with stores for ambulance work up the country, and the rest of the day was occupied in getting out stores and making all arrangements.

"Stores landed at Varna July 23rd, 1877.

"*July 24th.*—After a good meal, we slowly wound out of Varna station with a very long train of covered trucks. For miles we went beside the large lake behind the town, close to where the old English and French camps were placed in 1854. Here Dr. C—— left me, to proceed up to Shumla and pay his respects to Mehemet Ali Pasha, commander-in-chief. After four or five hours' delay, we went on to Rasgrad, driven by my old friend of last year, the English engine-driver. After stopping at two stations, we reached Rasgrad about 1 a.m. I put up for the night in my railway carriage, and slept very comfortably. In the course of the morning, the station-master very courteously put several men at my disposal, who quickly put up our Woolwich ambulance waggon. It is very solidly constructed with tarpaulin cover, and will convey two badly and two lightly wounded. It is of course fitted up with water-bottle and canteens. A spare wheel and an extra pair of shafts complete the fittings. The town is surrounded by swelling slopes, on which are encamped between thirty and fifty thousand Turkish troops. The square camps of the cavalry are

clearly visible from my window, and Bashi-bazouks and Circassians are to be seen riding about, while along the road come constant trains of creaking country carts, drawn by plodding oxen. In the valley runs the high-road to Rustchuk. Everything is marvellously quiet and peaceful. Weather not excessively hot; plenty of breeze. Dr. C—— telegraphs that he will come over by carriage from Shumla to-morrow. To-day three big Turks came to the house where we all dine, and asked the woman for some bread. On being told she had none, they went meekly away without violence of any kind, a very model to all European soldiers. Towards evening the wounded began to arrive. An immense train of *arabas* (about a hundred) came slowly winding up the hill, each carrying one severely and three or four lightly wounded men.

"*July 27th.*—(Sent off the two waggons and two of our stretchers to Varna.) The lighter cases came first, and were rapidly placed in the train, till it was nearly filled. Among these were several very severe face-wounds. Then came a number of worse cases, till the whole platform was strewn with the poor fellows lying on the ground in every conceivable position. There were two *bim-bashis* (majors), both severely wounded, one in the groin (abdomen), the other shot through the face and close to shoulder-blade, shattering the humerus (ball not extracted). It took us a long time to dress these two cases, and give brandy, calf's-foot jelly, limejuice, to many more. Such patience I never saw. It was most touching to see those poor fellows lying there, many no doubt in pain, and only asking for a bit of bread and a drink of water. At length the train moved off for Varna, and about an hour after the water arrived.

"*August 1st.*—This morning very early we were all awakened by the clatter of one or two batteries of artillery along the road to Rasgrad. Colonel Borthwick came to see us. Spent the morning under canvas, reading, writing, etc., and seeing one or two patients. In the afternoon had a good stroll to the infantry camp on the brow of the hill, where about ten infantry battalions are encamped. The Turks have already strongly fortified their camp above Rasgrad, to guard against attack. One steep conical hill we noticed with earthworks on the top.

"*August 3rd.*—Up at 5 o'clock, packed all up, loaded ten *arabas*, and started them off for the station. Dr. C—— and I breakfasted quietly, and then rode up to the station. Making over the large tent and one small one to the five surgeons remaining at Rasgrad, we packed all our goods in a *fourgon* (except the ambulance waggon and its wondrous harness), and putting our horses into a truck, started at noon for Shumla Road.

"*August 5th.*—A most lovely day. I spent it chiefly in reading my New Testament and 'Pilgrim's Progress' in my quiet balcony.

"*August 18th.*—Started this morning for Rasgrad; stayed at an Italian house; rose very early, and started about seven in the lovely morning sunshine for the camp. Found Haireddin Bey in bed, and was directed by him up the hill, where, at the crest of the breezy slope, I found our splendid hospital marquee, and the little one behind it, the four Stafford House surgeons and the apothecary snugly ensconced within. They are attached for the present to Nedjid Pasha's division. Alongside them Mr. P—— (*Illustrated London News*) has pitched his pretty little tent. He showed me a few of his finished drawings, which are certainly splendid. One of his greatest talents lies in being able to reproduce with extraordinary speed and accuracy any view *from memory* without even the slightest memorandum.

"*August 21st.*—We heard to-day of a Cossack, near Bucharest, who, after drinking very freely, when payment was demanded, pulled out his purse to show that he had no money. While the inn-keeper was storming at the Cossack, who by this time had mounted, his horse suddenly dropped down stone-dead; the Cossack, after a few tears, appealed to the pity of the bystanders, who quickly raised a subscription, to which even the inn-keeper contributed. As soon as a tolerably large sum was raised, the Cossack thanked them and walked off a short distance, whistling to his horse, which, though apparently dead, instantly sprang up and trotted gaily up to his master, who mounted and rode off in triumph. After working hard this morning, we were only too glad of an hour's respite, as we were told that another convoy of thirty or forty would arrive very

soon at the Bulgarian school. Huyshe and Fitzgerald gave us a capital dinner at their house, and thus refreshed, Drs. C——, R——, and myself sallied forth with our great operating lamp and three stretchers to the school. Here we speedily littered down a quantity of hay, on which most of the thirty or forty wounded at once fell fast asleep. At length, after a good deal of stirring up, we managed to bring up one or two Turkish dressers with a supply of charpie and bandages; returned to the school, and set to work to dress some of the worst cases. Most of the wounded, worn out with hunger and the fatigue of fifteen miles' transport in the blazing sun, were fast asleep. We were so tired ourselves that we abstained from amputating two or three fingers which required operation, and after getting the dressers and one surgeon at work, we retired from the scene to Huyshe's house.

"*August 24th.*—We had only been dozing a short time when we were rudely awakened by a number of rifle shots in rapid succession in all parts of the town. We could tell that many were blank cartridge, but there were several bullets, and some came whizzing uncomfortably near the house, while others, with a dull thud, flattened themselves against the neighbouring walls. There were a few much louder reports which we could only attribute to big blunderbusses. A correspondent in the khan close by ordered out his horses and was preparing for flight, thinking that the Cossacks were in the town. We sallied out into the garden, and soon discovered the cause of all the senseless hullabaloo; viz., an eclipse of the moon. The Turks, in their senseless superstition, kept blazing away to scare off the evil spirit whom they supposed to be devouring the moon. This popping of rifles went on through the night, and only came to an end with the eclipse itself."

YENIKOI.

"*August 26th.*—All the Russian wounded who are left on the field have their throats at once cut by the Bashis and Circassians; it is said that the Russians do the same on their side when they get the chance, which is not often. One of the English officers saw forty Russians with their throats cut lying within a very small compass.

"This morning, as soon as we were dressed, we began work in good earnest, and by noon had prescribed for and dressed about sixty or seventy patients. The rest of the day I spent quietly reading. Went through the last half of 'Paradise Lost.' Fine sunny day, and cloudless moon at night.

"*August 29th.*—This morning we had seventy-five patients. B——, of the *Times*, came up and pitched alongside of us, proving a very pleasant companion. Dr. C—— went out in the afternoon, and rode round all the positions with the staff.

"*August 30th.*—Attended to fifty patients, as usual. During *déjeûner* up came Fitzgerald, Huyshe, and D——. We heard heavy cannonading going on to the north, and saddling our horses, rode up the valley. The head of the valley is most beautifully wooded, and here lies a village, Samamflar, in a lovely situation. We wound up the wooded slopes till the tents in the camp we had left seemed like white dots on the hillsides, and the hill bounding our valley seemed almost part of the plain beyond. Up we went, the view constantly widening as we rode up the newly-constructed road. We dismounted close to a battery on a spur jutting out over the plain, and watched the Russian battery behind the village of Hajdarkir peppering at two Turkish guns, but never hitting them. We remounted and rode along the crest of the ridge to the last great spur which sweeps down to the plain, passing on our way numerous pickets of soldiers in the brushwood. At the end of the spur four guns were in position, dominating all the plain, but they did not come into action till late in the day. We seated ourselves in the shade on the northern slope, close to a bower where were Mehemet Ali, Sali Pasha, De Torsy, Mr. Ashbury, M.P., Prince Hassan, etc. The spur on which we sat was fully 700 or 800 feet above the plain. It ran back to the east, and then trended round into a long range of heights which stretched away north and north-west; over this range, ten to twelve miles away, Rasgrad station could be seen on the extreme horizon.

"For some time nothing occurred beyond a quantity of desultory firing between two Turkish guns planted in a field

just beneath the great spur on which we were seated and the Russian battery just behind the village. The Russian shells burst close to, but none of them hit the guns. The Turkish shells were better aimed. Meanwhile, far away in front (five miles) we could see some Russians retreating from Karabasan-Koi. Three battalions of Turkish infantry now crept along close to our spur, and descended slowly into the gorge towards the town, intending to cross and enter the village. They threw out a long line of skirmishers all across the valley, and advanced close under the skirts of the wood; but the Russian gunners behind the village saw them, and threw two shells at them; both burst near, but missed them. They scattered and retreated round the back of the wood. Four more shells came whizzing along, but still none were hit, and they scattered more over the hills, forming up gradually at the foot of our spur, and sheltering and resting for two to three hours not far behind the two Turkish guns in action. Meanwhile, the Turkish guns all along the ridge towards Rasgrad were pounding away at the Russians in front, and for some hours very heavy rifle-firing went on between the villages. Another village away near the hills caught fire and blazed away brilliantly (this I found afterwards to be part of Karabasan-Koi). Fresh Russian columns were seen coming up the Forn valley towards us. At this time, about 4 o'clock, Colonel Baker and his cavalry, together with three battalions, advanced upon the flank of the Russians near Karabasan-Koi, and forced them at length to retreat.

"Meanwhile, the guns with this force opened upon the Russian battery behind the village, but the shells mostly fell short. The two Turkish guns just below us fired away briskly, and now two of the battalions advanced slowly in very open order by the old route. Between these two advances, the valley near the wood had been swarming with Bashi-bazouks, and it was most amusing to see them galloping about helter-skelter, though no one was hit by the shells thrown among them. The Turks crept on in very open order towards the wood; two or three shells thrown among them did not stay their advance at all. The Turkish column advanced steadily along the main road towards Popikoi, and

for a short time there was heavy rifle-firing in this direction, until the Russians retreated into Popikoi.

"This action, though not very sanguinary, is certainly of great importance, as it shows that the Turks are capable of driving the Russians out of entrenched positions in the open.

"*September 1st.*—I was delighted to-day to be able to start off in my *araba*, fastening my little horse alongside the three others. We drove steadily on to the first khan, where we came up with some hundreds of Zibecks; as we drove on we passed hundreds more straggling along the road in bands from fifty to two hundred, with huge fantastic green, blue, and red banners.

"These wild rascals are clad in a coloured tunic, with a large waist-band garnished with knives and pistols; below is a small pair of blue 'tights'; their legs are generally bare from above the knee to the ankle. On their heads, above a sort of loose turban, they carry a stiff fez with a very long tassel. All have very tiny water-bottles and Martini-Henry rifles. I passed through the whole 3,000 without molestation till I came to the last two bands; the first of these raised a wild whoop as I passed through, and thus apprized their comrades in front of my approach.

"As soon as I was fairly among the second band, they sprang on to the phaeton from both sides and behind, like a lot of streetboys, but unfortunately one could not treat them in the same style. I motioned them off, and two or three dropped down, but the rest clung on till their chief, who was snugly ensconced on the rugs at my side, bade them drop off. The chief still remained, though I gave him to understand I desired none of his company. At the first drinking trough he was quietly but busily unfastening my horse, preparatory, I suppose, to appropriating it. I said to him, 'Benimdir bu begir' (the horse is mine), which had the desired effect. At the half-way house I parted from him without regret, though he certainly was an interesting specimen of the 'noble savage.'

"We drove steadily on, and entered Eskidjuma just before sundown. The weather all day had been clear and sunny. Many streets we drove along were as silent and deserted as those of Pompeii. I put up at the Bulgarian khan, and then went out to the Bulgarian school, which

of course I well remembered. It is now turned into a hospital. There are seventy beds, all very clean-looking. There are only two wounded. Most of the sick have very little the matter with them.

"*September 4th.*—A very fair horse (with saddle and bridle) was knocked down to Dr. C—— for ten and a half lire (£9 5*s.*). Morning spent as usual in seeing patients. Early in the afternoon the Zibecks began to arrive, and by the evening the whole battalion had established themselves beneath the empty booths (close to our tent) vacated by the regular troops. In the afternoon we rode up to head-quarters, and spent a good time admiring the splendid landscape, I taking my farewell of it, as I have to leave in two days.

"Range after range of swelling wooded hills, some in light, others in shade; then greyer tints on the distant loftier height, and in the extreme distance a range of great mountains (Balkans) clearly visible for the first time."

We now reach the story of the Russian retreat.

"*September 8th.*—At 1 a.m. on September 7th, the First Division began to move, and by 2 a.m. news came to Turkish headquarters, and early in the morning it was decided to attack in two columns (one commanded by Colonel Baker, the other by Sali Pasha). These columns were to advance on both flanks of the Russians, and cut off their retreat by joining hands behind them. The second Russian division had attempted to march at 7 a.m., but as soon as it started was obliged to stop, as the only road was blocked up by *arabas* and waggons, the ground being very soft from the heavy rain. All day long they were stuck with two batteries of guns in the rear, and all did not get away till 5 p.m. The skilfully-planned attack of Colonel Baker and Sali Pasha was prevented at the last moment, after the troops had begun to move, by Prince Hassan, who holds the highest rank here. He has a comfortable camp and a numerous staff of drawing-room officers, who prefer to sit on a hill and look at the Russians through a telescope to descending and fighting them. Thus the Russians were allowed to slip away when within cannon shot of the Turks.

All day we heard distant heavy cannonading, which turned out to be the bombardment of Rustchuk. There can be no doubt whatever that the two batteries of guns must have been taken, and it is exceedingly probable that the whole Russian force would have been killed or made prisoners. Such a golden opportunity for the Turks may never occur again.

"*September 11th.*—L—— came up in the Rasgrad train with thirty wounded and several scores of sick, *en route* for Varna. They had all been furnished with a good meal of soup and bread at Sheitandjik. We did not get away from Caspitchan till towards 5 p.m., and consequently it was late by the time we reached Varna, where we were met by Dr. Hayes, who had brought up his transport waggons (with mattresses and light covers) to convey the wounded to the hospital. All the Turks (regulars) bore their sufferings in silence, but a Zibeck distinguished himself by his piercing yells and lamentations, which certainly did not attract to him a large share of pity. When all had been carried off, L—— and I drove off to the Hotel d'Angleterre, and were exceedingly thankful to conclude the day with cold roast duck, a good cup of tea, and a clean bed.

"*September 12th.*—Returned to Varna, and went down to the Lloyd office and found that the steamer had not yet arrived, and is not likely to start till to-morrow evening.

"Dr. Hayes called on us, and kindly drove me up to the Red Crescent Hospital. Here Dr. Cullen received us, and showed us over. It is an old stable, which has been boarded and cleaned and fitted up with thirty-five beds. Another smaller ward has fourteen, bringing up the tota to forty-nine, just about as many as one man can attend to."

CONSTANTINOPLE.

"*September 14th.*—The sun set with uncommon beauty just as we steamed out of the bay, and soon after I turned in. Though the tickets nominally include *nourriture*, it is so cleverly arranged that you come on board just too late for dinner, and land at Constantinople just too early for *déjeûner*. As it was, we had nothing but a solitary cup of indifferent tea in the evening, and another of coffee in the morning. I came on deck just as we were approaching the

entrance to the Bosphorus. This is now the fifth time I have passed along the strait, and it certainly never looked more lovely. The beauty seems to increase at every bend, and the variety is almost endless. There is an exquisite softness of tint about the hills, and in many places a great luxuriance of woods, which, together with the bright fresh water and sky, form a wondrous picture."

ATHENS

"*September 17th.*—My rooms are very comfortable, and at lunch and dinner I have the advantage of society entirely Greek, including among others an old Greek captain of eighty-five years, who fought in the Greek War of Independence, knew Lord Byron, and had dined with him twice at Missolonghi.

"*September 20th.*—This day I spent in a farewell visit to the Acropolis. I sketched until sunset, with the Parthenon glowing in warm evening light before me.

> 'Slow sinks more lovely ere his race be run
> Along Morea's hills the setting sun,
> Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
> But one unclouded blaze of living light.'

"One by one other travellers departed, and at length I was left alone. The sun had set behind the blue hills of the Morea, and after a brief twilight the full moon rose in a cloudless sky over Hymettus, casting dark shadows athwart the marble pavement. The confused hum from the city below scarcely reminded one of modern Athens, while the shattered temple gleaming in the moonlight told in voiceless words the triumphs of highest genius, the victories of the faith proclaimed by him who to the Athenians seemed a babbler and setter forth of strange gods, the revellings of sensual Mohammedan conquerors, the cry of the *muezzin* in his lonely minaret calling the 'faithful' to prayer, the ruin wrought by Venetian cannon and Turkish gunpowder, the organized pillage of the Scotchman, and the slow march of twenty-three centuries."

After returning home in August 1878, my brother started for Germany and Austria, to travel in accordance

with the terms of the Radcliffe Travelling Fellowship which he held, for the study of special branches of medicine and surgery in the Continental schools, the better to fit himself for that too brief life's work to which all this extensive training was already beginning to be consecrated.

He wrote the following characteristic letter from Vienna, on behalf of the oppressed Christians there:—

"*To the Editor of the 'Christian World.'*

"*November 28th.*

"DEAR SIR,—The following facts, which have recently come to my knowledge with regard to the sufferings endured by a number of Christians for conscience' sake in one of the leading provinces of the Austrian Empire, cannot fail to interest your readers, and will doubtless furnish them with a subject of earnest prayer. The facts of the case cannot be better stated than by a few quotations from a petition drawn up and forwarded to the Minister of Public Worship and Instruction at Vienna, in June 1878.

"'By God's providence we came into the possession a short time since of a Bible, and found in it a peace and rest of soul which the Roman Catholic Church had never been able to give us. We could not without hypocrisy remain any longer members of this Church, and accordingly determined to withdraw. We could not, however, enter the communion of any other recognized by the State, since we perceived that in all, in spite of greater or less purity of doctrine, the forms of Church government were unscriptural. In giving notice to the authorities of our withdrawal from the Roman Catholic Church, we were obliged to admit that according to existing laws we were *confessionslos* (*i.e.*, without a definite confession of faith); but that we are by no means *religionslos* (irreligious) the following facts sufficiently prove. Formerly we used to spend our leisure, and more especially our Sundays, in public-houses, in drinking, not seldom in drunkenness, in gambling, dancing, and godless, immoral, and seditious talk. Since we have

learned to know the Gospel, all is changed, and we now take delight in faithfully following our duties towards God the Government, and all men. Moreover, we delight now to spend our leisure time on Sunday and other days in the common study of God's Word.

"'On Sunday, —— 1878, while the family of H. H—— in S—— were holding morning family-worship, at which none but the family and two lodgers were present, the police appeared, drove us all out of the room, and bade the household get to work, telling them if they wanted to pray they must go elsewhere. From this time four policemen come, usually both in the morning and afternoon of Sunday, and if they find us together, even whether we are holding family prayer or not, they drive us out of the house, telling us that they have orders to remain in the room till we have separated; the police search our houses, our rooms, our closets every Sunday, as if we were suspicious characters, patrol our garden the whole forenoon, and allow no one to enter the house. On —— 1878 we were each condemned to a fine of ten florins (18*s.*), and were told that if we persisted in visiting each other's houses and praying together, we should be fined fifty florins (£4 10*s.*) each; we were even threatened with the confiscation of our goods. We are ready, if necessary, to lose our property for the sake of the Gospel, but we cannot bring ourselves to believe that such is His Imperial Majesty's will.

"'We are simple, unlearned people, and have been obliged to ask friends to draw up in our name this petition, which we hope may induce the Ministry graciously to grant us permission to conduct our family worship in liberty of faith and conscience.'

"The fines of ten florins alluded to in the petition were paid, but a few weeks later a second fine of twenty florins (£1 16*s.*) each was imposed, with the alternative of four days' imprisonment. Poverty compelled the choice of the latter alternative, and they were imprisoned four days. The police officers themselves were so ashamed at the glaring injustice of the whole proceeding, that they took their prisoners by a circuitous route to avoid passing through the village, alleging as an explanation their desire to spare the PRISONERS' feelings!

"Rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name, the prisoners began to sing hymns on their arrival at the prison, but were of course promptly called to order by the jailer. Such are briefly the leading facts of the case; their bearing, however, cannot be rightly appreciated without attention to the following particulars:—

"The law, in avowed accordance with which these Christians have been fined and imprisoned, bears the date 1854, and was enacted solely for the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, which have now ceased to belong to Austria. It forbids all meetings and discussions in theatres, assembly rooms, coffee houses, railway stations, steamers, etc., 'by which the pleasure of the public can be disturbed, or the Government endangered,' and fixes the maximum penalty at two hundred florins, or fourteen days' imprisonment. It is scarcely necessary to point out how such a measure, obviously framed to hinder political disturbance, found a sufficient *raison d'être* in the condition of these Italian provinces under Austrian sway. This law does not apply to the whole of the Austrian Empire, and even if it did, its elasticity of interpretation must indeed be unlimited, if the little private gatherings of these Christians for family worship be supposed to *disturb the pleasure of the public, or endanger the security of the Government.*

"The petition from which I have quoted has not yet been answered, and to judge from experience in similar cases, it is likely to remain unanswered for months, if not years, to come. Meanwhile, our fellow Christians are subject to constant and intolerable annoyance, and are always liable to fines and imprisonment, and this in an empire which in Bosnia proclaims religious liberty to all its subjects!

"VIATOR."

The following was written at the same time:—

"*To the Editor of the 'Times.'*

"*November 29th*, 1878.

"DEAR SIR,—In reading accounts of the frequently-recurring collisions at sea reported in your columns, one is struck far less by the number of these disasters—some of which no amount of precaution could prevent—than by

the utter inadequacy of the means at hand for saving life when such an accident has happened. Putting aside for a moment the delay which always occurs in launching the boats, the unseaworthy condition in which these boats are generally to be found, and the fact that almost every steamer afloat carries far too few boats to save both passengers and crew in an emergency, we cannot but ask, 'Why is any ship allowed to go to sea without carrying enough cork-jackets or life-buoys to supply every person on board, whether passenger or seaman?' The only ship on which I have seen this literally carried out is a small steamer belonging to the Freycinet line (Marseilles to Constantinople), in which I travelled from Piræus to Naples.

"A cork-jacket, which could easily be adjusted in less than two minutes, was placed in every berth. Of course in such a case as that of the *Princess Alice* this precaution would be useless; but in many other instances—among which that of the *Pomerania* must be reckoned, where ten to fifteen minutes elapsed between the collision and the sinking of the ship—there is ample time for every person aboard to gird on his life-belt. It is scarcely necessary to point out that such a provision will never be made by the steamboat companies, with whom the safety of the public is not the first consideration, unless peremptorily demanded by public opinion, and enforced by Government under heavy penalties.

"VIATOR."

"*February 26th.*—To-day I leave Vienna, after spending nearly five months here. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.'"

Having completed his medical studies at the leading Continental schools, and not being due in London to fill the post of house-physician to Dr. Southey at Bartholomew's until May, my brother seized the opportunity to carry out the long-cherished plan of a tour through Palestine. Leaving Vienna in February 1879, he travelled through parts of Turkey and Egypt before reaching Palestine. Landing at Jaffa, he proceeded straight to Jerusalem.

The following are a few extracts from this most delightful tour:—

"As soon as we were fairly within the west suburb of Jerusalem, which contains a large number of well-built houses of Protestants, Mr. S——, Mr. W——, and I dismounted and gave our horses to the dragoman, preferring to enter on foot. Here for the first time the pilgrim spirit strongly took possession of me, and a strange thrill passed through me, as I said to myself again and again, 'Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.' We suddenly caught sight of the wall of the Jaffa Gate with David's Tower, and the houses of Mount Zion just visible, and in a few minutes more were within. As soon as we could escape from the bustle of the jabbering crowd, Mr. F—— and I retired to our quiet little room in Christian Street. Throwing open the window, I looked down across the flat and domed roofs of the city, past the dome of the Mosque of Omar to the opposing slope of Olivet; hovering over its summit above the Church of the Ascension was one little cloud. As I gazed it faded away, and my thoughts went back to the time when on that very summit 'a cloud received Him out of their sight'; and the promise was given them as they still gazed into the blue vault where He had vanished—'This same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven.' Those of us who were not too tired went out down the Via Dolorosa out of St. Stephen's Gate (close to which a deep depression was pointed out to us as the site of the pool of Bethesda). We found the descent from the gate into the valley of Jehoshaphat extremely steep, crossed the torrent-bed of Kedron, passed close by Gethsemane, and went slowly up the side of Olivet, probably by the same road which David took during Absalom's rebellion, and on which Christ Himself had doubtless often trod.

"From the top of the minaret of the Church of the Ascension we had a splendid view. West, the whole city was visible at one glance. North, Scopus, and further on Ramah. East, the bare hills with numerous ravines, and three or four peeps of the Dead Sea, which was of a rich, deep blue, and looked wondrously near; and beyond, the

long level line of the mountains of Moab. We returned by a shorter path down the mountain, and enjoyed the sunset on Olivet from the roof of our hotel, whence we could look right down to the pool of Hezekiah.

"*March 19th.*—Necessarily a day of sight-seeing. One of our party said, 'Well, I guess I'll go a-shopping.' First, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Of course there are numberless lying traditions, but I believe it is built over the tomb of Christ. No Christian could enter the little chamber, where for centuries the tradition of Greek and Latin Churches places the tomb of Christ, without the deepest awe. I went in alone, and the words, 'He is not here; He is risen,' came to me with a new and startling force.

"The solid rock is to be seen in many parts of the church, and there are several genuine old rock-hewn tombs. Mount Calvary is, I fear, a fiction, as are the scourging-places, etc.

"*March 20th.*—We went to the Mosque of Omar, and of course had to put on slippers before entering. It is a grand platform from which the mosque rises. Within, the rich decoration and intricate designs are wonderful; all mathematical figures, not a leaf permitted. In the centre is a huge piece of rock, part of Mount Moriah, where Abraham was to offer up Isaac.

"*March 21st.*—We started for Hebron, and soon reached Solomon's pools; then winding along amid wild rocky scenery enlivened by myriads of scarlet anemones and graceful cyclamens, we turned aside to a breezy hilltop crowned by an old ruin to lunch. We passed Mamre, and rode up to the splendid old tree known as 'Abraham's oak,' then through the broad fertile vale of Eshcol, full to this day of trailing vines, which bear the richest grapes in Palestine, with little watch towers in each vineyard. At the end of the valley we saw Hebron on the hillside. Camping on the slope over against the city, we had coffee with the old Arab sheikh and the Turkish governor. I turned my Turkish to account by chatting with the latter. We visited David's pool, where the murderers of Ishbosheth were hanged.

"*March 28th.*—Two to three hours' further winding up

the hills brought us to the top of a ridge commanding a splendid view backwards to the Mediterranean; east, over the Jordan valley; forwards into the valley of Dothan, at our feet, where Joseph was cast into a pit, and where Elisha's servant saw the vision of chariots and horses of fire; over the next ridge the plain of Esdraelon, with Carmel stretching away to the sea; and beyond Esdraelon the hills of Galilee, with snowy Hermon towering high above all. We lunched in the olive woods in the plain of Dothan, and then rode on through a fertile plain level as a lake, mounted another ridge commanding a similar but nearer view to that already described, descended across a plateau, and entered a narrow winding valley which led us to Djeuin (Engannim), just where the valley joins the great plain of Esdraelon.

"In the evening an Arab drove in two donkeys, and tried to make off with one of ours; he would not let it go till felled by a blow from Bernard, and threatened with his revolver.

"*March 29th.*—Started at 6.30, and rode about two hours across the rich and fertile plain of Esdraelon to Jezreel, a filthy and most odorous village, well situated on a craggy eminence; one could well understand how Jehu could be recognized by his *driving* many miles across the level expanse. Naboth's vineyard was pointed out to us.

"*March 30th.*—Here at length I stand on the shore of Galilee, which for years I have longed to visit more than any other. I am gazing on the waters over which He once walked, where He sailed, where He fell asleep, looking on the hills which witnessed many of His most stupendous miracles, and musing over the mouldering fragments of ruined cities, which perished because they rejected Him.

"*March 31st.*—Swim in the lake; rained nearly all day. In the morning strolled along the beach to the hot springs. 130° Fahr. Saw the bathing-room; heat almost stifling; some sulphur-springs: at least half-a-dozen hot springs at different points. Much trap and other volcanic rocks; one large basalt dyke. Walked to a point whence we could see Jordan. In the afternoon hired a boat and sailed to the Jordan's point of exit from the lake. The views of the

lake and surrounding mountains, with fleeting gleams of sunshine, most exquisitely lovely. Landed across the Jordan, which leaves the lake by an exit about fifteen yards wide, gliding softly out of it clear bright water, with plenty of large fish swimming about. We crossed by *Kersa*, but could see nothing beyond a few ruined walls of the once large Jewish city (Tarichea?) which so long resisted the Romans. Sailed and rowed back, but had to 'toil in rowing, for the wind was contrary.' The rest went to Tiberias, and much enjoyed the view from the castle.

"*April 2nd.*—Most of the party rowed round the shore to *Khan Minyeh*, while six of us chartered the same boat for the voyage to Tell-Hûm, for twenty-three florins. At Tiberias we neared another boat with five ruffianly-looking fellows in it, into which they wished to induce three of us to step; seeing that this was obviously a ruse to extort more money, we resolutely refused; and at length, after taking three rowers, who chattered at least half an hour about the pay they were to receive, we got clear away from Tiberias. The situation is really lovely, and the old ruined castle and walls, shattered by the earthquake of 1837, look most picturesque, but the town is mean and filthy to the last degree. Among the ruins was seated our old friend the English clergyman, travelling alone. All of us felt truly grateful for the bright sunny morning.

"The lake looked its loveliest, as we rowed along over these waters where Christ once stilled the raging storm, where He walked and sailed. We passed within sight of Medjoel (Magdala), reminding us of Mary Magdalene, and at length drew to the shore near Khan Minyeh, and landed at Tell-Hûm (Capernaum). Dismissing the boat, we strolled about among the wretched hovels built amid the ruins of the city. All of us were surprised at the grandeur of the synagogue, of fine white stone, disentombed by Wilson. Pillars, architraves, cornices, richly wrought, lie scattered about in wildest profusion. The question forces itself on one, 'If this be not Capernaum, what is it?' It is probably the very synagogue where our Lord spoke the words in John vi., the building erected by the piety of the Roman centurion.

'Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,
Was the Saviour's city here
Lifted to heaven, thrust down to hell,
With none to shed a tear? Chorazin, where,
Bethsaida, where art thou?
His tent the wild Arab pitches there,
The wild reeds shade thy brow.'

McCheyne.

"*May 10th.*—Arrived at home in Arab dress (which I had put on in the 'hansom' on my way from the station), much to the surprise of my friends.

"*May 11th.*—The Lord's Supper. The last time at Beyrout, and the time before at Jerusalem (on Mount Zion).

"*May 15th.*—To-day I begin my duties as house-physician at Bartholomew's.

"*May 20th.*—A. J. N—— came in the evening. Mr. O—— came too. His work seems to be blessed by God. It is to be hoped he will soon get permission for a few students to have a little service in the hospital every Sunday.

"*June 24th.*—In the afternoon I went to Mrs. ——, where there was a drawing-room meeting, to hear Mr. P—— on 'the Turkish Mission Aid Society.' Afterwards I spoke about the missions I had seen in Egypt and Palestine.

"*July 3rd.*—In the evening there were about thirty at Mr. O——'s. The conference was very interesting. Mr. W—— spoke on the Bible. B—— explained very clearly the object of our Christian society. Then A. S—— told the story of Dr. D——, who was well ducked in the pond by the students because he spoke to one of the patients.

"*July 31st.*—In the afternoon I went to Harley House, Bow, 4 p.m. Lord Shaftesbury presided at the meeting, and spoke in an interesting manner. I prayed with one of the students who is going to China.

"In the evening there was a more interesting meeting than any I have been at for a long time. The missionaries spoke one after the other, and then there was some prayer.

"*August 14th.*—My brother Adolphus died at 10.15 p.m. 'I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth on Me shall never die.'

"Taken away from the evil to come.

"*August 25th.*—I began again at the hospital, but found it very hard to work well.

"*August 26th.*—Everybody is so kind.

"*September 12th.*—I visited my friend B——. He has been a missionary in China for five years, but through the illness of his wife he was obliged to leave the country. His descriptions of mission work are really delightful, especially what he told me about the conversion of his teacher.

"*September 23rd.*—In the evening I went to see B—— again. He is full of zeal for China, and I feel more and more drawn in *that* direction. I should greatly like to go there, if the Lord will make the way plain.

"*September 25th.*—I have finished the account of Protestant missionaries in China, and I feel more than ever that the Lord has shown me His will that I should go there.

"*September 26th.*—Afternoon. I went to see that old missionary Dr. Moffat. He seems strong and powerful, although he has been a missionary since 1816: full of the love of Jesus, full of zeal for the Lord. It is really soul-stirring to see such an old warrior. '*So nimm denn meine Hand und führe mich*' (So take me by the hand and lead me).

"*September 30th.*—My last day in hospital as house-physician.

"*October 23rd.*—In the evening I went to the conference of the Medical Prayer Union. Stevenson Blackwood's address was admirable.

"'Gospel committed to my trust.' 'I am set for the defence of the Gospel.' 'Things that happened are fallen out for the furtherance of the Gospel.'

"*November 4th.*—In the evening I went again to the China Inland Mission, and talked a good deal to the different members.

"*November 20th.*—In the evening a meeting at Talbot Tabernacle, to ask God's blessing upon Messrs. Sowerby and Pruen, who are going out to China.

"*November 29th.*—Went this afternoon to see T. J——, who takes much interest in China, and understands Chinese. Evening, C.I.M. meeting, where I saw Miss McP——.

"*December 3rd.*—Began work at the Medical Mission.

"*December 6th.*—Spent the day at Hendon skating. Splendid day, cloudless sky, and the sun quite warm enough. There were at least 5,000 persons there.

"*December 10th.*—Medical Mission. Went in the evening to Dr. Fairlie Clarke. The bishop spoke very well; then Dr. G——, H. C.——, and E. S——."

1880.

"SURELY I COME QUICKLY."

"*February 26th.*—My wedding day.

"*May 13th to 15th.*—Galesburg Convention. I felt as never before the absolute necessity of being guided by and filled with God's Holy Spirit if I am to accomplish *anything for God.*

"ANSWERS TO PRAYER."

"1. Whenever I have really prayed in faith for God's guidance, He has always answered me in the most marked way; *e.g.*, in travelling by rail, without any exception whatever, if I have really looked to the Lord, He has always thrown me in the company of some interesting Christian, or found me some one who would listen to a word about Christ—*e.g.*, Christians: the woman from Crewe whom I just spoke to as we were coming near to Oxford, and who wrote me two letters afterwards; the old Christian minister near Bletchley; the Frenchman between Frankfort and Heidelberg. People interested: the young medical man in 1868, who had just finished his medical course; the Wesleyan going to Reading; boys on steamer going down the Rhine.

"2. My coming to these lodgings distinctly found for me.

"3. *October 31st.*—The guard at the station just before the train came in, found him to be a Christian.

"4. *November 2nd.*—Letters written at Oxford in much conscious weakness but with prayer were the means of beginning L——'s return.

"5. Our little prayer-meeting in Lincoln, especially in its beginning and in October, when we had four new members; both B—— and M—— said they had been blessed by it.

"6. *January 11th*, 1874.—Croydon. Young girl impressed in answer to prayer beforehand; she just turned, as it were, by chance at the invitation of a little Sunday scholar, 'who never seed her afore.'

"7. Conversion of T—— before I left Oxford; and C——, together with many others, soon afterwards.

"8. *February 8th.*—Asked the Lord for grace to speak for Him in Upper Street, and had a wonderfully-interested audience, among which were some Christians. Sweet sense of His presence.

"9. *February 15th.*—Went out in company with W—— after prayer. One young man deeply impressed in the preaching, and followed us for a while; when W—— spoke to him he wept.

"10. *February 19th.*—The Lord enabled me to get up early, and led me out in special prayer for the day before me; I little knew why. Now He has answered beyond my utmost hopes my prayers for dear A—— in throwing me with him, and enabling me to speak to him about HIM.

"11. *March 12th.*—The Lord answered my prayer in enabling me to speak a little about purity to that dear lad at the Blue Coat School.

"12. *March 13th.*—How wonderfully the Lord met with me at the meeting: it all seemed meant for me as I had prayed.

"13. *March 19th.*—Met with a dear fellow Christian at Hospital Abernethian Society.

"14. *March 26th.*—Met a Christian riding on a car. Satan wanted to hinder me from giving away the tract; I should then have missed him.

"15. *March 27th.*—Dear H—— opened his heart to me; I felt a very strong impulse to go with him; thank God, I didn't resist it. Oh for grace and faith!

"16. *March 29th.*—L—— of his own accord asked me to come up and talk to him. The Lord enabled me according to my prayer to some extent to use His Word as a sword.

"17. *May 9th.*—I had been praying that I might know any more students who were Christians. V—— came up to me so nicely and offered a word of encouragement, saying he knew I was a Christian.

"18. *June 11th.*—Met W—— at Oxford, and had a very

nice little talk with him, finding him to be a humble Christian.

"19. *June 22nd.*—Met M. S——, finding him just after he came in and just when he was going out.

"20. *January 6th*, 1875.—That I might meet those to whom I could speak of Christ. A young lady who gladly read two tracts; then a party from a funeral, all Christians, most delightful to speak a word about Jesus; then H—— and the old gentleman.

"21. I pray this year that I might have one opportunity at least each day, and be able to use it, of speaking for Jesus.

"22. *January 15th.*—That my friend might have opportunity of speaking to Dr. J. B——. The opportunity was wonderfully given and used, and already the Doctor has acted on what he heard.

"23. *January 24th.*—Marked blessing on the first three Sundays, especially the third, in answer to prayer for the children's Sunday evening service.

"24. *September 12th.*—Asked the Lord, 'Take my lips and let them be filled with messages from Thee,' and He guided me into the carriage where was a young Frenchman, who was very glad to hear the Gospel.

"25. *January 6th*, 1876.—I had been looking to the Lord for money, and had just reached the last penny, when, going up to H——, found that the three guineas owing me had been made up two days before, and was paid on the spot."

(*Continuation in "Book of Prayers and Answers."*)

TEMPORARY.

"*October*, 1876.—Learning Servian.

"*December 29th.*—Many at Paris, just before train started.

"*March 30th*, 1877.—Fluency in speaking French the first time I spoke."

CONVERSIONS.

"1. H. S. W——.

"2. Man at Eynsham. He was blessed by hearing the story of the 'Prodigal Son.'

"3. A. P——, as simply as possible. He accepted and confessed Christ. 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth' (see p. 111).

"4. Man in Agricultural Hall. 'That whosoever believeth.' 'I do believe that Jesus died for me' (p. 111).

"5. Little boy at Mrs. V——'s meeting, June 1875."

In closing these reminiscences of my brother's medical life, we may here give a few extracts from private letters, principally written to the one who was destined to be his loved companion through all his missionary life.

"MY DEAREST L——,—Your letter which awaited me on my return from Oxford was a great joy. I suppose you heard that I got the Burdett-Coutts Geological Scholarship there. Prof. Philips examined us, and I know I scored by describing the Great Orme's Head, and drawing the strata there, and in Snowdon.

"Your text has indeed been a help to me. Here is mine for you. 'I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.' Now I must tell you about A——, a fellow at the hospital. He is the one I mentioned before as something like E. M—— and F——. One day when he was working near me, he told another fellow a tale with a nasty *double entendre*, and said, 'There, isn't that good, now?' I said, 'No, it's vilely bad.' He seemed a little nettled, and said, 'What a fine saint we have here!' I felt so saddened that he could tell such a tale, that I was led to pray for him, and especially earnestly on the Thursday morning. Well, in the evening I was at our Debating Society, and, to my astonishment (he had never been there before), he came. Afterwards, seeing my chance, I managed to walk home part of the way alone with him, reminded him of my taking him up, and told him that my principle was, 'Not to utter or listen to language which would make my sister blush to hear.' Then I saw I had got at him, and he said how hard it was to keep from telling such tales when you heard them at school; and then told me he was at a school where impurity was dreadful, adding, 'If eleven years at such a place isn't

enough to ruin a fellow, I don't know what is.' I told him of a school, and our friend, and he seemed much interested. Since then he has been up to see me, and I to see him. When he came to me, we had an earnest talk, and he said of his own accord how touching the poem 'Beautiful Snow' was, which I sent him from Oxford. Then we spoke of Jesus, and he seemed interested. I can't say more. Will you pray that I may be true and faithful in speaking to him of that precious Saviour whom he does not know, and do pray that I may aim not at drawing him to me, but to Jesus. Already my friend B—— has been the means of leading one dear fellow to trust in Jesus, and the change in his face tells its own tale of peace and joy in believing. We have been out together in the streets preaching the last two Sunday evenings, and have had great encouragement both times. The most precious of all was yesterday. I was giving away tracts, and a lady put out her hand for one, saying, 'You are sowing the good seed just where it is most needed. God bless you in it!' I can't tell you how sweetly the words keep coming to me over and over again. I feel they were sent by Jesus Himself just when I needed them, and she little knows what an encouragement they were to me. I will try and get on with looking out those names before I next write; don't think I am neglecting it. Do you find ever-fresh delight in reading and thinking over the Bible? Tell me where you are now. I am going through Ephesians slowly, and reading some Psalms as well, and this morning Psalm xxxiv. was a help to me. Do pray that you may get God's own thoughts about Jesus, and not be satisfied with your own ideas about Him.

"Your loving friend,
"R. H. A. S."

"*September*, 1874.

"DEAREST L——,—Last week at dinner I sat opposite to a very fine-looking old gentleman with long flowing white hair, who seemed as if he must be a man of mark. I was reading the *Christian*, and another copy lay beside me on the table; he asked in rather broken English where he could buy one. Seeing he was French, I addressed him in

French, and offered it to him; of course he accepted it politely, and we entered into conversation. I soon found that he was a Christian. We spoke of Oxford, and Mr. C——; he said, 'I studied there many years before you were born.' He wrote down his name, and asked me to go and see him some time,—M. M——.

"I recognized the name at once, and found that he was the son of M. M——, who was converted along with D'Aubigné, Felix Neff, Henri Pyt, and many others in R. Haldane's Bible-classes at Geneva and Montauban. He quite riveted my attention for nearly an hour; I asked him about Guizot, whom he knew pretty well, and who he said was a real Christian. He told me of a Baron de la Tour, who had large estates which ought to have brought in £15,000 a year, but only actually yielding £3,000, owing to the rascality of his stewards; he applied to M. M—— for a Christian steward, adding that though Christians were fools, they were at least honest. He mentioned it to a small farmer, a shrewd man, with plenty of tact, and an earnest Christian. After much prayer he agreed to take the place, which involved the oversight of three hundred men, most of them very vicious; he told the Baron that he must be allowed to turn off any one he chose. In a year the income of the estates was doubled, and went on increasing, and the last time M—— was there, one week evening, more than one hundred and eighty men were present to hear him preach the Gospel, and numbers of them had become true Christians—all through the faithful Christian steward. 'He that is faithful in the least is faithful also in much.' He kept saying, 'Nothing can save France but the Gospel; neither politics nor education can save her.' I wish you could have seen him, a really grand man, but with all the innate politeness of the nation. The first Frenchman I have seen whom I could thoroughly respect. Very kind regards to your father and mother.

"R. H. A. S."

"*March 14th*, 1875.

"DEAREST M——,—You are quite right about the reason of my not writing, but still I feel it is a great shame. You and B—— are very often in my thoughts and prayers. I am

so glad you seem to be having a happy term. I suppose the society for the Indian ladies is connected with the Zenana Mission, is it not? I am glad you are interested in it, for anything of that kind tends so to draw us out of the wretched narrow little circle of our own interests. Be sure to give my love to Aunt E—— next time you see her. Of course you know that Moody and Sankey are here. 'Wondrous gatherings day by day.' 15,000 to 20,000 in the Agricultural Hall, which would comfortably hold three or four Free Trade Halls side by side.

"I went to the 8 o'clock meeting for workers this morning with young Mr. S——. About 6,000 or 7,000 there.

"Do you still keep up your little prayer-meeting?

"I hope it is as fresh as ever. Will you pray earnestly for my children's Sunday evening service. Two girls and a boy were seemingly impressed to-night. I believe they will be saved. About ten days ago A. P—— confessed Christ in my room. It was indeed a joy, as he seems to be simply trusting in the blood of Christ."

"*October 12th*, 1875.

"MY DEAR W——,—I suppose you are just on the eve of returning to Oxford for a new term. How well I remember my feelings at such times. I wish indeed that I could be with you part of the time. I don't expect to have many much happier days than those I spent at Oxford. You have, I expect, found that your intentions of working at home have a good deal exceeded your performance; but no doubt you have done a good deal. Have you got past the stage of amazement in reading Herbert Spencer? I was amazed and almost bewildered by the vastness of his gigantic scheme; but when this a little bit subsided, I found I could detect flaws here and there in his arguments, particularly conclusions resting on a use of the same term with slightly different meanings. Still his is the most gigantic mind —I won't say the profoundest—I have ever come in contact with. I hope this vacation has been a *growing* time for you, that you have been feeding on God's Word. Do spend time and pains in studying it; above all, read it in this spirit, 'I will hear what God the Lord will

speak.' It seems more and more marvellous to me every day. I find it a great help to learn some by heart every day, so as to have something to repeat and think over whenever I am walking alone."

"ST. BART'S, *May 13th*, 1879.

"More than a year ago I made up my mind if God should grant me health and strength to be a medical missionary, and all I have seen since then has only confirmed my resolve and deepened my longing to go to that work.

"HEBREWS.

"Chap. iv. 12, 13. 'Discerner'—critic.

"Instead of our criticizing the Word of God, as many do, it criticizes the thoughts and intents of the heart.

"Chap. v. 2. The compassion of Christ is a wondrous subject. I should advise you to take a concordance and look out in the Gospels all the places where it is said that 'He had compassion.' Verse 7 is very wonderful and mysterious.

"Chap. vi. 4-6. A difficult passage.

"Observe, however, that all these phrases—'enlightened,' 'partakers of the Holy Ghost'—do not necessarily imply the possession of life; *e.g.*, every one is outwardly enlightened by Christ—every one in Christendom. Verses 18, 19, 20, specially beautiful. Lay hold of this *strong* consolation."

"ST. BART'S, *May 25th*, 1879.

"I have had a very happy day. The Lord's Supper is specially precious to me, after seeing and musing in Gethsemane and Olivet. Did I tell you the first thing I saw in Jerusalem? The Mount of Olives with a little cloud hanging over the spot where Christ ascended; as I gazed spellbound, the cloud melted away into the sky, and I thought of the words, 'Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?'

"I have been thinking a great deal, and repeating to myself Cowper's hymns, 'There is a fountain filled with blood'; 'Hark, my soul, it is the Lord'; 'God moves in a mysterious way.'

"I would send you some notes on things if I had time to write them. However, here is a little bit I have gleaned elsewhere:—

"A fire of coals, John xviii. 18. Self-sought—enemy's sifting—grievous fall—humbling memories.

"A fire of coals, John xxi. 9. Christ invited—friends tested—gracious restoration—life-long joy.

"I will send you other little bits as I come across them. Our subject at the Bible and prayer meeting to-morrow is the 'Prodigal Son.'"

"*May 26th*, 1879.

"2 KINGS.

"Compare Elijah and Elisha and John the Baptist and Christ. Elisha's miracles many of them miracles of mercy, like those of Christ; whereas Elijah's were many of them dreadfully destructive, and he himself was a stern, lonely man, like John the Baptist.

"Chap. ii. The road from Jericho and Gilgal to Bethel, I travelled over in Palestine; it is very rough, and ascends steeply all the way.

"Chap. iv. Shunem also I have visited.

"Chap. v. Naaman. Again and again as we rode beside the Abana, we felt constrained to agree with Naaman that the clear, bright river is far preferable to the muddy Jordan. Almost every spot mentioned in the Book of Kings I have visited, and many of them I have sketched.

"Chaps. viii. 19 and xiii. 23 are both very beautiful.

"Chap. xviii. Brazen serpent. How prone we are to rest in God's gifts and forget the Giver.

"Chap. xviii. 'He clave unto the Lord, and God was with him.' Connect these two.

"Chap. xix. Hezekiah's prayer one of the most beautiful in the Bible.

"I have had no time to study.

"I know nothing baser than to trifle with a girl's heart. It is what I never have done and never will do. Still, I must not speak harshly to him; it will only repel him. I must seek to win him. Oh, pray that wisdom may be granted me!"

"ST. BART'S, *May 28th*, 1879.

"Your choice of hymns coincides strangely with mine; all you name have long been special favourites with me. I thank God that we can both say with truth,—

'Were the vast world our own,
With all its varied store,
And Thou, Lord Jesus, wert unknown,
We still were poor.'

How often I have prayed—

''Mid conflict be Thy love my peace,
In weakness be Thy love my strength.'

"166, which is translated from German, 'Oh, draw me, Saviour, after Thee'; 297 (Addison), 'When all Thy mercies, O my God'—it is my life's history; 218, the hymn my father gave out only two days before his death,—

'Child of God, by Christ's salvation
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Try to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.'

"Another special favourite is Charles Wesley's—

'Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.'

Also that verse of Cowper's speaking of the love of Christ,—

'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.'

"Most of all, I want us to be linked in the prayerful study of God's Word. This afternoon we had a very nice meeting. Subject—'The Prodigal Son,' Luke xx.: Four 'cons,' conviction, contrition, confession, and conversion.

"This is what I feel I do so much need. Pray for me constantly, that I may be in spirit at least like Him whose heart was ever open to pain, sorrow, and distress of every kind. Pray for me much in my daily work, that I may not fall into mere routine, but may seize the little opportu-

nities that occur of saying a word for Jesus. Pray for me, above all, that *our* Father, who has so linked our hearts, may definitely guide our lives. Pray for me that I may be filled with Christ, and may have somewhat of His Spirit in doing my work here; pray that His love may fill me.

'O Thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.'

"The nearer we are both to Him, the more hallowed, the deeper and more sacred will be our love."

"ST. BART'S, *June 2nd*, 1879.

"You will find unfailing relief in prayer. Pour out all your heart, your every feeling, to *our* Father, who, 'like as a father pities his children, pities them that fear Him, who knows our frame, and remembers that we are dust.' Those two verses in Psalm ciii. have for long been very specially precious to me. Pray much for me, that each day I may be enabled really in some small degree to *live* Christ: I want to be filled with His spirit.

"Do pray earnestly and pray in faith for poor A——. It is the saddest thing that ever happened to me since the very dearest of all my boy friends went to the bad the same way.

"We shall have many things to pray about together through life. Let this be our first subject of united prayer. The only relief just now seems prayer. Words appear quite powerless.

"As to our meeting, I have been obliged most reluctantly to give up the thought of coming next week. I fear it will be deferred till June 18th or 19th. You see, I have to learn a lesson of patience now."

"DUBLIN, *June 11th*, 1879.

"'There is sunlight on the hilltop,
There is sunlight on the sea,
And the golden beams are sleeping
On the rich and verdant lea.
But a brighter light is filling
All the chambers of my heart,
For Thou art there, my Saviour,
And 'tis sunlight where Thou art.'"

"ST. BART'S, *June 16th*, 1879.

"My heart has been more full of praise in the last few days than ever in my life before. Do pray for poor A——, and pray very earnestly for me; for us, that we may be guided how, when, and where to begin the work which God has given us both to do. Is it not wonderful to be able to say,—

'The object of that love I am,
And carried like a child'?"

"ST. BART'S, *July 31st*, 1879.

"I am very sorry that you could not come to-day. The meeting has been far beyond my expectation—full of deep and thrilling interest. The little addresses of the six outgoing missionaries were all most affecting, and the earnest prayers afterwards I enjoyed more than anything of the kind for very long."

"FLIXTON STATION, *October* 1879.

"My mother and I went with Mr. and Mrs. S—— to the Children's Hospital, Pendlebury, yesterday afternoon to see E. S——. This is a beautiful place built in pavilions of one story, connected by long corridors; everything in the way of cleanliness and ventilation is almost perfection. We caught E—— at work with her uniform on. The work is very hard, for every child has to be bathed every evening.

"The mortuary, where the bodies are laid before being carried away, struck me very much. On the doorstep is the single word 'Asleep,' while round the walls within are inscribed two verses of Longfellow's exquisite poem beginning, 'There is a reaper whose name is Death.'

'Sweet tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a Child.'

"We went thence to A——. All inquired most kindly after you. This morning my mother and I came into town, and I came down here this afternoon to go over again the scenes of poor A——'s closing days.* I cannot tell even

* His younger brother.

you all I felt as I gazed on the little river close to Flixton church tower, where he took his fatal plunge. . . . All were very kind. I went to visit the poor old woman who nursed him; she is a real Christian, and so sympathizing, having only a few months ago buried her own husband. . . .

"Pray much for me, that I may be guided right, that God may make my way plain, and that I may give myself unreservedly to Him."

"KESWICK, *October 5th*, 1879.

"To-day has been perfect as regards weather: bright sunshine all day, and towards evening not a cloud in the sky. We had a little stroll, and saw Southey's tomb; then to Mr. H——'s, and had a nice little Bible reading (John xv.). The beauty of Derwentwater is indescribable, and I have been much more struck with it this time than ever.

"This evening we have been singing, 'Jesus, Lover of my soul'; 'How sweet the name.'

"I keep 10.30 every night."

"QUEEN'S HOTEL, AMBLESIDE, *October 7th*, 1879.

"'No sect in heaven' I know well, and think it admirable. How much less should we think of these differences if we were nearer to Christ! This morning in my Psalm came the verse, 'I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with Mine eye.' Let us look for His guidance, and we shall have it. I always keep 10.30 with you, and we meet there 'at the mercy-seat.'

"*January 4th*, 1880.

"I feel that it has been a year of countless mercies, the deepest sorrow of my life so far,* which God, I know, is blessing to me; and also my greatest joy,† so that the joy has been chastened by sorrow. Let us begin this New Year with God, and yield ourselves to Him to make us what *He* would have, which may be very different from what we would like. It is the greatest privilege I

* His younger brother's death, who died from concussion caused by diving in too shallow water in the Mersey.

† His engagement.

can imagine on earth to be allowed unitedly in such a life (missionary) to serve Him. I am taking as my New Year's text Christ's own words: 'Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world.' It is literally in the Greek: 'Lo, I am with you all the days, even to the end of the age.' He will be with us.

"Your card with the lines by Miss Havergal is lovely. I have had only five or six New Year's cards this time, but the words are all unusually beautiful.

"*Sunday.*—I have spent most of the day quietly alone reading, as I could not get out.

"We had a most delightful meeting at the China Mission yesterday. I long increasingly to go, but must wait God's time and way."

At this time he took a doctor's work for a month in Somersetshire.

"COLEFORD, *January 6th.*

"This afternoon I walked out to visit a poor woman very ill with bronchitis, and spoke to her a little of Christ. Pray much for me, that I may be enabled to use the opportunities God gives me here of speaking for Him."

"COLEFORD, *January 19th.*

"I like the change here very much, and feel it is doing me good in every way. The surgery opens at nine, and from then to twelve I am generally occupied seeing the patients who come, making up medicines for them, drawing teeth, etc. All this is excellent practice for me, and the dispensary especially. I need to be very familiar with all sorts of drugs. Then I draw and paint for an hour, and have a little stroll before dinner. After dinner I draw a little more, and then go out to visit patients. On Saturday I gave great relief to an old dame with my morphia syringe. I found both her and her husband real Christians, and much enjoyed a little talk. Further on I came across two old folk in a cottage, who were just about to emigrate to New Zealand to see their children; then visited a poor man with phthisis—all parish (pauper) cases. Entered another cottage, and saw a pretty group of children with father and mother round the fire, the smallest child just

emerging naked from a Saturday night tub. Sunday, my birthday, was a perfectly lovely day, and I determined to walk over to Monmouth. Just as I was starting, a boy with toothache appeared, and I had to extract a molar; this made me late at starting. My directions for taking a short cut were not clear, and in leaving the high-road I took a wrong turn. After two miles through most beautiful woods in the crisp morning air, I emerged in the gorge of the Wye about four and a half miles above Monmouth. It was already eleven, so of course I saw it was no use hurrying. That Sunday morning by the Wye will never be forgotten. (I was alone, and felt more than ever God's love and wisdom, dimly seen in these His lower works. Yet these proclaim His goodness beyond thought, and His power divine.) A splendid sweeping curve of the river, with wooded heights on both banks, rising in masses of soft brown and grey, broken here and there by dark evergreens. On the opposite bank to where I stood, fantastic crags and pinnacles of limestone towered aloft from the rich foliage, catching the bright golden sunlight. Above, a cloudless sky; around, a crisp, fresh air; below, the quiet rippling of the swift river. There was nothing to break the absolute stillness except this rippling sound, and the soft, stealthy pattering of rabbits' feet on the dead leaves in the wood close by.

"Was it not a treat after London? I spent a good half-hour in prayer at the foot of a tree, and seldom have I felt more the reality of God's presence. Then I walked slowly on down the lovely river valley to Monmouth, which I reached just as the people were coming out of church. I went to see P——, who was house surgeon at Bart's with me, but found him out. In the afternoon I walked about, saw the castle where Henry V. was born, also the gaol, the workhouse, the little cemetery, gave away a few tracts, and returned to tea.

"P.S.—Yesterday morning vaccinated five babies, and was anathematized by the mothers."

"*January 23rd.*

"I have so many little opportunities of speaking for Jesus. Pray that I may use them more earnestly."

"COLEFORD, *January 27th.*

"I weigh all you say, and have been praying about it a great deal to-day, but cannot for a moment think that home is my sphere, especially as natural inclination is all on that side, as well as prospects of worldly advancement, etc."

"COLEFORD.

"Yesterday morning I rode about three miles to examine the body of a poor man who had been killed by being run over. As I shall have to give evidence at the inquest to-morrow, I feel it more than ever difficult to give any real comfort, but I tried to do something. Pray that I may be able to speak more earnestly for Christ. In the afternoon I rode to visit five patients, and the horse stopped at two other houses, from old habit I suppose; this amused me very much. Altogether, I rode about seventeen miles in the day. This morning I have been to the little meeting about a mile off. These little country meetings are always so simple and real. I am sure you would have enjoyed it. After dinner I am going to walk over to Monmouth, to spend the rest of the afternoon and evening partly at ——, my old Bart's friend, and partly at Dr. ——.

"Do pray that I may be prepared every way for my work! I do my best to fit myself medically in every branch, but God alone can train me spiritually. Pray that I may be made willing to learn all the lessons He would teach me."

We may here introduce a few scattered extracts culled from his private diary, dispersed over the years 1874—1878.

1874.

"He that made me whole, the same said unto me, Take up thy bed and walk.

"The love of Christ constraineth us . . . that we should not henceforth live unto ourselves, but unto Him that died for us and rose again.

"*January 1st.*—'*Pray without ceasing.*'

"'*The joy of the Lord is your strength.*'

"To some extent I have kept my resolutions of reading

God's Word. God help me this year to treat it as His word; to read it every spare moment; constantly to meditate on it, and to use it in dependence on the Holy Ghost, both in judging myself and as a sword to others.

"1. May God help me to 'pray without ceasing,' else I shall surely fall.

"2. My health, my time, my all is a sacred trust from God to be used and improved for Him; especially do I need Him in my power of speech and composition, and by His constant help I will aim at it; also in gentleness of bearing, and general politeness, and neatness in little things, and punctuality.

"3. One thing I have begun to learn,—my absolute powerlessness to walk a single step without the Lord. God keep me from ever trying to. 'Without Me ye can do nothing.'

"*January 5th.*—A very happy day, though saddened by having to leave home and school. The moonlight ride from Oxford to London perfectly lovely, and such real prayer and communion.

"*January 6th.*—The beginning of my new life in London, on which I believe God will give His rich blessing, for I have sought it.

"1. Help me to be punctual in getting up, and to treasure the precious moments I have for reading Thy Word.

"2. Humble me in the very dust at Thy feet.

"3. Do enable me to redeem the time by being ever on the watch for every opportunity.

"Christ shall give thee light.

"Lo, I am with you alway.

"He satisfieth the longing soul.

"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he.

"*February 19th.*—This evening I had one of those moments which are worth a lifetime. The Lord has answered in an overwhelming way my prayers for dear A——. I little thought that when yesterday I was enabled not to respond to the impulse to flare up at a nasty tale he told, it would enable me to get at his heart to-day. How my heart beat as he entered the room at the Abernethy to-night; I could not well attend to the paper, and I almost

faltered when I spoke. Oh for deep humility and constant guidance to be able to point only to Christ! God save me from self-seeking, from seeking to get hold of his heart, which is a loving one, for myself! Oh to win it for Jesus! O God, hear my prayer, and enable me to esteem no sacrifice too great to gain this one soul for Thee. All is as nothing compared to the price of one immortal soul. Tell me of Thy love, which caused Thee to give Thyself for me, and for him. 'What hast thou that thou hast not received? Freely ye have received; freely give' (1 Cor. iv. 7).

"*February 21st, seq.*—At Oxford. A time of real joy and refreshment. Renewed the old links of friendship with B—— especially; he is a true fellow. The Lord is teaching me through what H—— said that I must not stop short of anything else than God's thoughts about Christ. I must not be content with the small measure which meets my need as a sinner, but must rise to the height of my heavenly calling by faith as a member of the one body of Christ. 'My grace is sufficient for thee; for My strength is made perfect in weakness.' 'Occupy till I come.'

"*March 7th.*—'Act, act in the living present.'

"*March 13th.*—The Lord met with me, showed me that my soul was declining; that I had ceased to exercise faith. How subtle are Satan's snares, and how cunningly he has altogether sapped away the hope of the Lord's coming! The Lord guided me to the same passage (Luke xii.), as under: '*Let your loins be girt about, and your lights burning.*'

"God keep me from saying in my heart, 'My Lord delayeth His coming.' Set my heart on Christ as my treasure, so that I may look for His return. All I have to see to is that my light is burning, well supplied with oil, and trimmed; then it must shine out. God will take care of that.

"'He must increase, but I must decrease.'

"'Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.'

"*April 20th.*—'Be cool, fire low, fire slow, charge home drop upon the knee.'

"*May 9th.*—V—— came home, and he knew I was a Christian, and had heard men laughing at me; hoped I would not be discouraged a bit.

"*Saturday, June 6th.*—Our first hospital prayer-meeting in A——'s rooms. Began with six men; real liberty. Most refreshing meeting. B—— read Phil. ii.

"*June 9th.*—Our second meeting; all present to the number of eight; very happy meeting. We continued Phil. ii., and found more in it than before.

"*September 8th.*—I found such a humble-minded Christian foreman. Loves his Bible; shed tears when I spoke to him of Christ. He said, 'It is little enough we can do for Him, and the time may be very short.' He seeks to bring his men one by one to Christ; told me of several who would die for Him. Told me how he stopped them swearing. His wife's illness first aroused him. He was preparing his lesson for the Scripture class when I saw him.

"*November.*—God blessed the circulars we sent out. Four new members joined the little prayer-meeting.

"*December 20th.*—Moody and Sankey. The first words I heard from Moody's lips in speaking: 'There never was a man yet that sought God but God had been seeking him long before.' He brought home with tremendous power the fact that God was there to-night, and could be found there and then by every soul that wished. 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near.' I never witnessed such a solemn scene as the long stream of strong men, women, and children, with bowed heads and silent tears, walking into the Inquiry Room.

"Three o'clock. 'I wills of Christ':—

"1. '*I will give you rest.*' Many a man in Manchester would give £100,000 for rest, but it ain't in the market. Christ will give it.

"2. '*I will in no wise cast out.*'

"3. '*Him will I confess.*'

"4. '*I will make you fishers of men.*' Many men want to follow Christ with the nets and fishes over their shoulders. Many who cast the net don't catch fish, because they fail to draw it in. You will find something in it each time, good or bad.

"5. '*I will raise him up at the last day.*'

"6. '*I will not leave you comfortless.*'

"7. '*I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am.*'"

1875.

"FOLLOW THOU ME."

"FOR GOD AND ETERNITY."

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

"HE IS ABLE."

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS."

"TO ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST."

"A SLAVE OF CHRIST."

"*January 13th.*—We prayed that an opportunity might be given of speaking with Dr. B——, and it was granted. Such a refined, classical face.

"*Wednesday, March 3rd.*—A. P—— came to see me after doing some shorthand. We fell talking. I sought to press upon him immediate decision for Christ, pointing him especially to Romans x. 9, 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved,' and left the room to pray. When I returned, he simply rose and said, 'I have confessed Jesus as my Saviour.' Then I said, 'God says you are saved.' I did not see him again for a week. He came up with joy beaming in his face, saying, 'I am trusting Jesus still, and He keeps me.'

"*March 28th.*—Mr. Moody called on all who would win a soul for Christ this week to rise. Nearly to the whole audience (15,000) rose. It was a thrilling sight. I saw a man before me who remained seated, and had a distinct impression that I must speak to him afterwards. I touched him on the shoulder, and asked him why he did not stand up. 'Are you a Christian?' 'No.' 'Do you know that you are a sinner?' 'Yes, that I do.' We sat down, and I took him to several passages: 'It is finished,' 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' and some others. He was crying nearly all the time. At last I read John iii. 14, 15; and as I came to the words, 'Whosoever believeth,' he stopped me, and said with tears, 'I do believe that Jesus died.' I said, 'Whom for?' 'For me.' Romans x. 9: 'If thou shalt confess,' etc., I showed

him. 'God says you are saved.' We went under the gallery to praise the Lord, he sobbing the whole time. 'You will excuse my crying so much,' he said, 'but I cannot help it. I'm so happy.' Could not help weeping for joy, and could almost hear the angels sing around the throne, 'There is joy to-day, for a precious soul is born again.'

"*May 10th.*—Poor F—— died this evening at 8.15, while I was at Croydon. 'O Lord, teach me the lesson Thou wouldst have me learn.' I never spoke a word to him of Christ, and now the opportunity is gone for ever.

"*May 11th.*—Prayed beside his dead body, that the Lord would enable me to be instant in season and out of season.

"*May 15th.*—H. V—— and R. P. S——. Thank God, I went to the meeting at the Y.M.C.A. this afternoon. Both men of great power, but very different. V—— a man of much greater native power and force of character. R. P. S—— read Job xi., and spoke with exceeding simplicity. What struck me most was the beautiful rest and peaceful tone of his voice, evidently the result of a habit of soul. He greatly pressed the point that the soul's attitude—not merely one definite act—must be that of trust. [I could not, however, but see that the soul's progress is more an object than Christ Himself.] H. V—— then spoke; broad, calm forehead, powerful thick-set frame; much subdued power. He prayed first an exquisite prayer. He makes no secret of his full surrender to Christ, and does indeed boast in it. Evidently one of the Lord's champions, full of the courage of faith. He spoke out with tremendous power about the way Christians disown their Father by going about the world half starved and with miserable faces, almost persuading men by their looks that they can be happier without Christ. He told of Barnum's hippodrome (25,000 on the last night, and 15,000 outside). Last meeting 7,500 rose, and testified by that act they had been saved at these meetings. Numbers of ministers had been converted. One of the oldest ministers in New York said to him, the very day before he left, with tears in his eyes, 'Well, I have learned one thing from our dear brother,—I have determined for the rest of my life to come back to the Word of God.'

"*September 20th to October 5th.*—C—— stayed with me, and impressed me very much as a genuine fellow, with much quiet, steady determination, who had counted the cost of being a missionary deliberately, and intended fully to go through with it. When one of the Society asked him what he intended to do if his purely medical work was to fall through, his characteristic reply was, 'I do not intend that it shall fall through, and so I cannot answer your question.'

"*December 13th.*—Invited by Mr. Fairlie Clarke to a medical missionary gathering. Deeply interesting. It may be that God has called me to this work. 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' 'My soul, wait thou only on God, for my expectation is from Him.'

"*December 30th.*—Drove Mr. S—— and the girls in from Whalley Bridge, and went to dinner with T. H——. L—— saw me off. Travelled to London with A—— and L——."

1876.

"*January 1st.*—Began at twenty-five years of age the habit of reading through the Old Testament once and New Testament twice every year.

"'MY SOUL, WAIT THOU ON GOD, FOR MY EXPECTATION IS FROM HIM.' 'YE ARE NOT YOUR OWN; YE ARE BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.'

"*April 13th to 15th.*—To Windsor and back with A——. We swamped just above Teddington Lock, and though everything looked bad enough, we got to shore easily on the boat. Had a narrow shave of an upset coming down; nearly ran into a boat. The whole trip was most enjoyable and refreshing. Saturday a surpassingly lovely day. I feel it has drawn us closer together and done us both good every way.

"*October 2nd.*—Started in the evening for Servia, where I spent two very happy months. God was indeed with me. In looking back, I have everything to be thankful for, especially uninterrupted good health; the facility with which I acquired Servian; and, above all, the remarkable interest and attention shown in the reading of His Word.

"*December 29th.*—Reached home at last after my long interesting journey of twenty-seven days from Belgrade.

"*December 31st.*—It has been a year to me very eventful. Goodness and mercy have followed me all through, and shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

"*February* 1878.—Finished 'Seed-time in Kashmir' (Elmslie's life, the medical missionary), and felt a distinct call from God there and then to dedicate my life to the same work; for this resolve I shall bless God through all eternity. I thank Him that He has called me to this grand and glorious work. Oh, may He Himself make me faithful, and fit me for it!"

PART IV.

MISSIONARY LIFE, 1880—1883

LONDON, AMERICA, CHINA.

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition:
God and Heaven are still my own.

"Let the world despise and leave me—
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
Oh! while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

"Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me
Were that joy unblest by Thee.

"Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favour loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me."

WE now reach the last and most interesting section of my brother's life, that to which all the rest was subsidiary and preparatory. His early school training; his numerous excursions and love for athletics; his college life, with numerous travels in Europe; his hospital career, with active service abroad in Servia and Turkey, with more extended travels in Europe and the Holy Land,—all were but means for the training of the sound mind in the healthy body that he was about to offer up a free-will offering to the Lord Jesus Christ.

I have said but little in this memoir about my brother; for I have sought to let him speak for himself as far as possible, feeling sure that could he but be placed before my readers as he lives before me, his *life* far beyond his *deeds* would be a most powerful incentive to whole consecration to Christ. My readers may miss in these pages much that they would expect to find in a religious memoir. They will look in vain for the fiery zeal, for the burning eloquence, for the hair-breadth escapes, for the glowing accounts of meetings and sermons, for the thrilling incidents that distinguish the lives of many servants of God. My brother's life did not flow in such a tumultuous stream. It was steady, it was strong, it was pure, it was deep; but it was not noisy, and it was not adventurous.

I have often thought of the blessed Master with His

thirty years of the wondrous stillness (to natural eyes) of the Nazareth life, succeeded by the three patient years of the more active fulfilment of the Father's will in going about doing good and healing all that were oppressed; and I have thought how little He was thought of on earth. Josephus, the historian of those days, dismisses His career in a sentence or two. He was to a great extent unnoticed and unknown. I have no thought of comparing my brother's life to our Lord's, save as the humblest servant may follow in His Master's steps, and catch thereby some faint reflection of the beauty that ever delighted the Father's heart; but I have noticed how, after thirty years of careful training and unceasing labour, my brother was called from his retirement by the voice of God to enter His public service; how for three years he laboured in it, giving up his life at the close in the very midst of his days and the fulness of his strength. And I cannot say that I deem him more unlike his Lord in that any interest that is connected with his memory centres instinctively round his life, round what he was, more than round anything he said or did. And it is just this that is so difficult to reproduce. Yet if the effort through its very imperfection fail in causing Harold Schofield to live before my reader's eyes, and yet turns the eye and heart by the example of his life in any way to Christ, a more perfect success will have been gained by this book, if thus the subject of it is forgotten in the remembrance of his Master.

An old friend has sent me the following, which may introduce this section of my brother's life:—

"The determination of Schofield to devote himself to medical missionary work in China was what is called by

Professor Christlieb 'the enthusiasm of a faith which overcomes the world, ready to make any sacrifice—the first condition of a true missionary spirit' ('Foreign Missions,' p. 621). That he had laid the foundation of a brilliant career at home was beyond question. Sure I am that he had more strings to his bow than most of the very best of his profession, not in England merely, but in Europe. One thing became unmistakably plain,—he had aimed at the highest standard of excellence for *Christ's sake.* Seven years before, I find he had written to me, 'Pray that we may be enabled to do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.' He had conceived that the best workmen were wanted for such a Master; and when the time came, he answered the call. From the platform of the Town Hall, Oxford, in March 1880, he told us, in his characteristically-simple way, how Mark xvi. 15 was his *commission,*—it had fastened on his conscience, had won his heart,—'Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to the whole creation.' Was it not the Saviour's special command, as risen from the dead?

"Deeply as one grieved for the departure of such a friend for that distant land, from which there might be no return, it was felt that the LORD sent him. He was a vessel meet for the Master's use, thoroughly furnished unto every good work. His heart was in the work which lay before him. It remained for us to remember him in our prayers, to ask, as himself desired, that he 'might be *filled* with power from on high, that every hindrance might be removed to God's mighty working.' The gracious Lord has heard such prayers. Do we doubt His loving hand? It is, it will be stretched out to save and rebuke the unbelief of Christians in the West. That dear one can no longer be an instrument, but his labours remain and have a tale to tell.

"Extracts from his letters will convey some of his sentiments upon matters of general interest to Christian workers. Writing to me in 1873, he thus speaks of *culture* in its relation to the Christian life:—

"'I must thank you for sending me the life of Henry Venn Elliot. I feel it is doing me real good, in showing how it is possible for a refined, cultivated, scholarly gentleman to be an earnest Christian. One believes it theoretically,

but the practical examples are decidedly rare. For my own part, I find I am sometimes in danger of underrating such qualities in a Christian; but I feel more than ever that, however worthless unless there is a new life, they are indeed important to a Christian.'

"In 1882 he wrote thus from Tai-Yüen upon Christian evidence:—

"'More and more I feel that this is no time for those who are the Lord's to be wasting their time in examining the quality of the metal of the sword of the Spirit, but in God's name to *fight with it.*'

"His own testimony in this letter shall speak for the battle in which he himself was engaged:—

"'We are so happy here in the Lord's work. No master like Him, and He gives us much joy in His service. There is a peculiar joy such as I have never felt before in being permitted to bear the name of Jesus to those who have never heard it. I can conceive no higher privilege on earth. Pray that we may be faithful, and not only preach Christ, but live Christ.

"'The absolute need for this latter I feel as never in my life before. These people notice our lives, and if they do not see that our Christianity has made us very different from them, they will not think there is much in it. We long to see souls convicted of sin by the Holy Spirit's power.'

"His opinion of the opium question is thus plainly pronounced:—

"'I am delighted to see how the agitation is gaining ground. I feel sure it will soon sweep all before it, and then the foul abomination will be swept away from England, as the slave-trade before it. If it does not go very soon, I believe God will punish us in India for it.'

"From China he watched and took a lively interest in the *signs of the times.*

"'What a wonderful time this is!' he writes. 'The Jews being persecuted in Russia; Lieutenant Conder surveying

Eastern Palestine, preparatory to their return thither; discoveries in Egypt and Assyria one after another, all proving the substantial veracity of the Old Testament history, so that the sceptics are really without excuse; France already in Algiers and Tunis; Egypt under European protectorate. What a joy to know not merely that the Lord is coming, as the early Christians did, but to feel sure that He is coming soon! I know not what we should do in this dark land without this bright and glorious hope. May we be like men that wait for their Lord! One cannot but be struck with the rising spirit of lawlessness all over Europe, which is evidently preparing the way for "the Lawless One." Also the rapid undermining of the power of Rome in all lands, and the spread of the Gospel to a degree quite unknown in any previous age.'

"The bright example of Harold Schofield is bequeathed to us. May its voice be heard in all the Churches! Very general is the feeling that the doom of Christendom is near at hand. The harvest is ripe for work in the thickly-populated countries of the East, where the glad tidings of God's love are as yet so little known. The hindrances to successful mission work come of the unbelief so prevalent among Christians at home, and of the shallow arguments of latter-day *doctrinaires*, who conceive that their schemes of prophecy forbid the expectation that our Lord will largely stretch out His hand to save while delaying His return in judgment. No place can by such believers be found for the heathen, ignorant of God, in His counsels, but what His wrath embraces!

"The commission in Mark xvi. 15 is confounded with that in Matthew xxviii. 19. The Lord forgive the glosses that His people in every section of Christendom put upon His own Word!

"A common remark in this degenerate day hinders many in their apprehension of God's mind. It is this: How can Christians combine in mission labour who would at home be in opposite camps? Whole nations are meanwhile calmly allowed to *perish!* 'Make clean first the inside of the cup and platter,' it is said, but only to the common shame of the 'Churches of God.' Few are they,

indeed, who have the mind of Christ for the present day. Widespread is the belief in the speedy return of the Lord Jesus; but little does this hope and this expectation act upon the consciences of His people. How many there are ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth of these things!

"The subject of this memoir had sat at the feet of Jesus, of Him who had said that if lifted up He would draw all men unto Him. Others will enter into His servant's labours (John iv. 38), but 'where I am,' said the Saviour, 'there shall also my servant be. If any man serve Me, him will My Father honour' (xii. 26).

"The portrait I like, and could not ask for a better reminder of your husband's face, so spirited, so sympathetic, so transparent. Well do I remember those days in London when I used to meet him. His heart was already turning towards the mission-field, and his face gleamed with enthusiasm as he spoke of what he might undertake in the name of the Master. His memory will always be to me an inspiration in my work. Alas that such souls must leave us! How much the world needs them, as an example of lofty devotion and untiring zeal. But by their removal the holy cause they loved becomes holier still to us who remain. Their Lord is left to us, and their unfinished work, which is always His work, as well. Oh! what a privilege to fill up that which is behind even of the sufferings of Christ, who gave Himself for us!"

A letter from Dr. Saunders says:—

"Walking one day with a late president of the Royal College of Surgeons, I happened to remark that Dr. Schofield had gone to China as a missionary. 'What!' he said, 'Schofield! Why he was our "blue ribbon" at Bartholomew's. He could do just as much good among our home Chinese. I wish I had seen him before he left.'

"When at Waterloo, I received a letter from Dr. Schofield, expressing his wish to see me about going abroad as a missionary. On my return to London, he came to see me, and observed, 'Your post-card written with a *red* pencil from the field of Waterloo was very interesting.' The first

question I put to him was, 'Have you counted the cost?' He replied without hesitation, with his usual happy smile, 'Yes, I have.' Then I said, 'I have nothing more to say. Go, and the Lord will be with you.'"

With regard to his selection of China as his mission-field, and the China Inland Mission as the society with which he was to be connected, I can only say that I believe the whole was the subject of Divine guidance, having been made the subject of most earnest prayer. I know he was first attracted to the C.I.M. by its Saturday prayer-meeting, in which each missionary is individually prayed for, and his special wants laid before God. The simplicity of its organization, its simple trust in God, and the absence of fixed salaries, together with long conversations with Mr. Broomhall, the secetary, all combined most favourably to impress my brother, who had long yearned for something of the sort.

At first the news of his intended departure was received with incredulity. It seemed impossible that he would willingly throw up such splendid openings as he had now secured. Having been selected by Mr. M. B——, the well-known surgeon at Bartholomew's, to assist him in preparing a fresh edition of the leading physiological work of the day, his name was well before the public, while his personal qualities and professional abilities had endeared him to many of the staff. But all this and much more was to be laid at the feet of Christ. His loved home was to be given up, and while God in His grace had given him a fitting helpmeet to be the companion of his travels and exile, his warm heart felt none the less the sacrifice he was making in leaving so many friends behind.

On February 26th, 1880, he was married to Elizabeth

Jackson, daughter of the late Sidney Vaughan Jackson, Esq., of Ballina, Co. Mayo; and after a brief honeymoon in the Isle of Wight, he returned to Town, and together with Mr. R. J. Landale, M.A., who was returning to China with him, attended a series of farewell meetings in London and at Oxford.

We give the following account of the Oxford meeting from the *Oxford Times* of March 13th, 1880, and make no apology for reproducing Mr. Christopher's earnest and beautiful address at length :—

"DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES FOR CHINA.

"A public meeting and valedictory service on the occasion of the departure of missionaries for China, in connection with the China Inland Mission, was held in the Town Hall on Tuesday. The Rev. A. M. W. Christopher, rector of St. Aldate's, presided, and there was a very large attendance, including the learned Dr. Legge, Professor of Chinese in the University, the Revs. H. G. Grey, J. English, J. McCarthy, and J. P. Barnett, Ald. Cavell, and Mr. J. R. Landale, M.A., of Exeter College, and Dr. R. H. A. Schofield, M.A., late scholar of Lincoln College, missionaries who are leaving for China.

"The hymn commencing 'Jesus shall reign' having been sung, the Rev. J. P. Barnett offered prayer.

"The Chairman then addressed the meeting, and said he wished them to understand that the object of the China Inland Mission, concerning which they would receive information that night, was simply the good of China and the Chinese. The members of that mission most earnestly desired the increased prosperity and success of every other Protestant missionary society that was labouring in China. They never interfered with any other Christian mission; they went to fresh fields. When this society was established through the instrumentality of Mr. Hudson Taylor, there were a considerable number of the provinces of China—eleven out of the eighteen—which had not in them a single Protestant missionary, and he asked them to remember that

China that day contained one-third of the human race. Let them remember that they were met in the name of the Lord Jesus, who they knew was present wherever even two or three of His servants were gathered together. They desired not to glorify any missionaries, whether those of this society or those of any other, but to glorify the Lord Jesus Christ. He was sure he might say that the desire of their friends who would speak to them that night was, that God should so bless this meeting that those who were members of the Church Missionary Society, or of any other Prostestant society working in China, should double their subscriptions to that society. He could not forget that Mr. Wolfe, an experienced missionary of the Church Missionary Society, the other day gave him most distinct testimony as to the great usefulness and the great blessing connected with the China Inland Mission. The members of this mission desired to take no subscriptions from other societies; in fact, as they knew, this mission was acting so entirely on the principle of trust in God to move the hearts of His people to help it willingly, that there was never any collection after any one of its meetings. It is trusted to God to put into the hearts of some to send help by post, or to offer to subscribe at the time of the meeting. No plates would be held at the doors, and no pressure put on any unwilling person. The missionaries of this society acted in the same spirit of faith, and went out without any promise of any fixed salary, and there was no pension promised them. Surely they must thank God that a mission came there that set them such an attractive example of faith and trust in God. That meeting would be one of very special interest. Mr. McCarthy, who would address them, had travelled right across China on foot, and had gone through the very province and the very place where Mr. Margary was murdered, and through the whole of that journey he was never once asked for his passport. What a great service he and other dear brothers who had travelled through China at the risk of their lives had rendered to the Church of Christ in proving to the Church that China is accessible, that the eighteen provinces of China were all open to missionaries, and that the people were willing to listen to those who go to them and speak in the name of the Lord

Jesus! Mr. Christopher then quoted a long extract from a speech by Lord Shaftesbury from the chair at the last annual meeting of the China Inland Mission, in which his Lordship said, after referring with approval to a statement in the report respecting these journeys, 'Now that is the very quintessence of good sense. It is one of the most sensible, most practical, and most true statements that I have ever read. It bears on remarks that I have heard made in the House of Lords, by peers who have been at the Admiralty, just and good men, who when discussing missionary operations have said, "With the missionary there is always the inevitable gun-boat." I believe that has often been the case because missionaries have stood too much upon national superiority, and there has been too much insistence upon treaty rights, and they have not sought to conciliate the people by courtesy and by kindness, and by an immediate recognition of their equality in the sight of God.' This mission sought to combine true Christians devoted to the Lord Jesus Christ, and ready to live and die for Him, of whatever denomination they might be, in a great work. The one thing desired by the members of the China Inland Mission was, that heathen people in China having no hope, and without God, without Christ, without the Holy Spirit, should be brought to know and love and serve Him who came to seek and to save the lost.

"Professor Legge, who had to leave early to keep another engagement, then addressed the meeting, and said he was in China in connection with one of the oldest missionary societies in this country, the London Missionary Society, for more than thirty years, but the longer he was in China, the less value did he learn to set upon the differences between the several Protestant missionary societies. . . . He had known Dr. Schofield for between two and three years, and he had learned to esteem him very highly as an able man and a thoroughly devoted Christian. A few months ago, when he had taken his M.A. degree, Mr. Landale, of Exeter College, did him the honour to call upon him, and he was happy to make his acquaintance. They were two good men, and such as they wanted in the China Inland Mission.

"Mr. R. J. Landale, M.A., of Exeter College, who is

about to return to China, said that he went there at his own expense to see the work of the China Inland Mission, and was so impressed by what he saw of this, that he joined the mission and proposed to devote his life to its work.

"Dr. Schofield, M.A., late scholar of Lincoln College, observed that he had often attended missionary meetings, and when he heard addresses like that of their brother McCarthy his spirit was stirred within him, when he thought of the vast numbers of heathen in other lands who had never even heard of the name of Christ, and therefore never had even the opportunity of accepting or rejecting the Gospel, but it was not till about three or four years ago, when he had read the life of James Henderson, one of the earliest medical missionaries in China, that he really felt stirred up for China, and on reading the life of Elmslie, a medical missionary in Cashmere, he had never doubted that God had put it into his heart to go abroad and labour for Him as a medical missionary.

"The Rev. Chairman then delivered the valedictory address to Mr. R. J. Landale and Dr. Schofield, who are about to leave for China, in the course of which he said that he felt that no words of his would be so acceptable to them as those which he would read from God's blessed Book. He felt that these words would be remembered by them, and would strengthen them, perhaps in time of weakness or danger, or when they might otherwise be discouraged if the Word of God had not dwelt in them richly and supported them under special trials. He congratulated them on the blessed and bright prospects that were before them. Having read the words of our Lord to His disciples the night before He suffered on the cross (John xiv. 15-17, 21, 23), Mr. Christopher asked, Could anything be more blessed than to have the Holy Ghost abiding in them, and filling them with His own blessed fruit? Three times did the Lord repeat the promise of blessing in connection with obedience to His commands, and His last command was, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.' Could anything be more blessed than that the Father and the Son should come and make Their abode with them? They knew that to get answers to prayers these must be unselfish prayers, such as the disciples used when they were

persecuted by the chief priests, when they prayed, 'And now, Lord, behold their threatenings; and grant unto Thy servants that with all boldness they may speak Thy word.' Might they remember that they themselves were an answer to prayers to the Lord of the harvest? He assured them that they would be always followed with the prayers of believers at home. In conclusion, he thanked God that they had yielded to the powerful argument in Romans x. 14: 'How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?' They had given their own selves to the Lord to do His work, to obey His command, and to seek His glory in the salvation of souls by the Gospel in China. And they had a bright prospect before them, for God's promise was sure, that 'they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever' (Daniel xii. 3).

"All present, led by Mr. Christopher, then joined in prayer for Mr. Landale and Dr. Schofield, and the meeting terminated."

The full list of meetings was as follows:—

The Town Hall, Oxford ... Rev. A. M. Christopher, M.A.
The Guild Hall, Cambridge... F. R. Harris, Esq., M.A.
Baptist Chapel, Highgate ... Rev. J. Stephens, M.A.
Metropolitan Tabernacle ... Rev. J. A. Spurgeon.
Y.M.C.A., Aldersgate St. ... George Williams, Esq.
Clapton Hall, Tottenham.

It was a very sad morning for us all when we accompanied my dear brother and his wife to the Victoria Docks, to bid them a long and, as it proved for us, a last farewell.

I did not at all like the look of the steamer they had selected, it seemed so long and narrow, and I was not surprised after to hear how ill they were on board. But Harold's radiant face shone like a sunbeam here, there, and everywhere as he collected all his luggage

together, and then stood on the quarter-deck waving us a last farewell. We now give in his own language his account of the voyage and subsequent journeys.

JOURNAL—*Commencing London, April 7th*, 1880.

"Left Victoria Docks on the morning of April 7th, in the steamship *Elysia* (Anchor Line). About noon we were fully on our way, and passed Dover the same evening. Next evening we were off the Lizard, where we took leave of Old England. Mr. Landale, like ourselves a member of the China Inland Mission, accompanied my wife and myself as far as New York, where he took leave of us, spending only ten days in America, so as to reach San Francisco in time to catch the steamer thence for China in May. Our passage was very calm for the first two days, and Mr. Landale and I took the opportunity of practising with our sextants, and succeeded in determining the latitude correctly. The voyage lasted just fourteen days, of which only four were moderately calm, so that we all three suffered more or less from sea-sickness for ten days. Among our fellow-passengers there was no one specially interesting, except a young German and a poor American lady, who was taking her husband home hopelessly ill. Curiously enough, he had been an inmate of St. Bartholomew's while I was house-physician there. The surgeon of the steamer turned out to be one of my old dressers at the hospital. We were accompanied by numerous four-footed passengers in the shape of rats, whose rodent nature was sufficiently attested by their gnawing my wife's shoes and my books. On Sunday evenings Lord A. P. Cecil preached to a small but attentive audience in the saloon. We greatly enjoyed reading the Book of Acts with him, and singing hymns whenever the weather permitted it. On nearing the American coast we had both fogs and snow, but saw no ice. All on board were delighted on the morning of Wednesday, April 21st, to see a long heavy cloud bank to the west, out of which the low coast line of Long Island gradually came into view. The water was now dead calm. Sandy Hook, with its lighthouse, was soon passed.

"*May 5th to 9th.*—We stayed in Chicago at the Tremont House, which, according to an inscription at the entrance, has been thrice burnt down,—1839, 1849, and in the great Chicago fire of 1871. It is a very large hotel, with five hundred rooms; but that is not much thought of here, as there are several others with seven to eight hundred rooms. The day after our arrival we went to the daily prayer-meeting at the Y.M.C.A., where we met Mr. Revelt, brother-in-law of Mr. Moody, and found, to our great delight, that Mr. Moody was to preach in Chicago on Sunday, May 9th. This decided us to stay over till Monday, especially as the Illinois State Sunday-school Convention is to take place at Galesburg on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, May 11th, 12th, 13th, and both Moody and Sankey will be there. We went daily to the noon prayer-meeting, but did not much enjoy it. There seemed to be too much speaking and too little prayer. One evening we spent with some friends from Ireland who live here, and were greatly interested in hearing of Racine on Lake Michigan. It is by some termed the Rugby of America. Its late head-master, who was greatly and universally beloved by the boys, was called the American Arnold. Chicago is in many respects the most wonderful city in the world. In the rapidity of its growth it is quite without parallel. Less than fifty years ago Indians lived on its site; now it is a city as populous as Manchester, and much larger. It was almost destroyed by fire in 1871, so that most of the modern city is but eight to nine years old. On Sunday evening, May 9th, we went to hear Mr. Moody preach in the North Side Tabernacle, a substantial building which seats about two thousand. Of course it was well filled, and the attention throughout was profound. The last time I heard him was in the Camberwell Hall, five years ago. He looked a little older, but otherwise scarcely altered. The same immense breadth of chest and strong, well-knit frame, the same quick, commanding glance, the same marvellous pathos, and, above all, the same wondrous spiritual power. 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap' was the text which he illustrated by examples drawn from his own experience, in his inimitable manner.

"*May 10th.*—The early morning found us at Rock Island

on the Mississippi, having spent the preceding night in a Pullman car. We had taken a lower berth, and the air was so close that at the end of our journey we felt very uncomfortable, and later on in the day all the usual symptoms of sea-sickness developed themselves. At Rock Island we spent our time very pleasantly in a walk along the great railway bridge which here spans the Mississippi to Davenport on the other shore. The river is little short of three-quarters of a mile broad, and the current rapid. We saw several most curious steamers with only one paddle-wheel aft, and a huge timber-raft. This huge bridge, which carries both road and railway, is built in sections, one of which, while we were crossing, swung open to allow a steamer to pass.

"In the afternoon we reached Galesburg, a very pretty little country town of about 14,000 inhabitants, situated amidst very rich foliage. We had come thus far out of our course to attend the twenty-first Annual State Sunday-school Convention for the State of Illinois, which occupied the three following days, and which to us was by far the most interesting gathering we had attended for very long.

"Mr. Moody had travelled overnight in a lower berth in a crowded car, and suffered from sea-sickness just as we had done, being obliged to defer his first address in consequence.

"The Convention, which lasted from May 11th to 13th, was the twenty-first of a series of annual conventions of Sunday-school workers from all parts of the State of Illinois. From several long statistical tables pasted in the Convention building, we gleaned the following items of interest:—Out of thirty-eight states in the Union, only two (Colorado and Delaware) have no Sunday-school organization. There are in the United States 78,046 Protestant Sunday-schools, 853,100 teachers, and six and a half millions of scholars. In the State of Illinois Sunday-schools are more completely organized than any others in the Union. In every one of its one hundred and four counties there is held an annual convention of Sunday-school teachers, and in many of the townships similar annual gatherings are held. Reports were of course read from each of the six districts into which the counties are grouped, and

this and much other necessary business was attended to by the various officers elected at the Convention. But the main interest of the meetings—to us at any rate—centred in Mr. Moody, whom it was intensely interesting to see thus at home, surrounded by many of the men whom he had been instrumental not only in leading to Christ, but also into active Sunday-school work. We conversed with him several times, and were especially struck with the kindly glance of his eye.

"*May 11th.*—First day of the Convention. In the morning, after singing and prayer, Major Whittle gave an address on 'Jesus: His Person and Work.' The singing was most admirably led by Mr. McGranahan, who for the last three years has occupied Mr. Bliss' place as a singer, beside Major Whittle. The peace and calm of his face as he sang and the expression were alike beautiful. Mr. Case, of Chicago, also led the singing at several meetings. After the various officers of the Convention had been appointed, and an address of welcome had been delivered, Mr. Needham, of Chicago, gave a Bible reading. The evening was partly taken up by an admirable address on the Christian life by Mr. C. M. Morton, of Chicago, himself a monument of God's grace (for he was once the victim of drink). He spoke especially on a 'good conscience' and 'faith unfeigned.'

"*May 12th.*—Second day of Convention. The morning was occupied by an address from Mr. Moody on 'The Bible,' followed by a number of others, all most interesting. One of the local pastors (Mr. Thain) invited us up to dinner, and many most kindly asked us to stay at their houses. In the afternoon Mr. Jacobs gave an admirable survey of the history of the Bible during the last five hundred years (1380 to 1880), the former date being that of Wycliffe's translation. Mr. Moody followed with an address on the 'Workers in the Vineyard,' insisting on the necessity for consecration, concentration, faith, courage, sympathy; and concluded with a marvellously graphic sketch of the life of St. Paul. In the evening Mr. Moody gave an address of great solemnity and power on 'The Holy Spirit's Work,' pointing out the need of all Christian workers being '*filled* with the Spirit,' if they were to be successful. Mr. Moody also preached in the open air.

"*May* 13*th.*—Third day of Convention. In the morning the Conference met an hour earlier than usual for a special prayer-meeting, at which Mr. Moody spoke. An adjournment was then made to another building, where he asked me to give a short address; he then spoke on the exhaustless theme, 'What Christ is to us,' in a most touching way; numbers in the audience were again and again melted to tears. In the afternoon, after a number of reports of work had been read, the whole audience and many of the townspeople adjourned to the beautifully-wooded grounds of Knox College, from the steps of which Mr. Moody addressed an audience of fully 3,000 on 1 Cor. xv. Many of the students were seated at open windows above his head. He preached the glorious Gospel with all his wondrous power, and during the address many were in tears; at the close numbers raised their hands as a sign that they wished to be prayed for. At the closing meeting in the evening, a number of short addresses were given (mine among them), and the Conference broke up; its results will doubtless be felt and seen all over the State of Illinois. I could not but be struck by the contrast between it and many Sunday-school meetings at home. Instead of discussions on methods of teaching and rewards and punishments, we had such subjects as, 'Jesus: His Personal Work,' 'The Bible,' 'The Holy Spirit.'

"*May* 14*th.*—We left Galesburg for Rock Island, to continue our journey west. At Rock Island we crossed the Mississippi, and all night travelled across Iowa; when morning dawned, we found ourselves still in Iowa, traversing a rich country, undulated and well cultivated. At Council Bluffs all the railway lines converge to the great bridge which spans the Missouri.

"*May* 17*th.*—All day long vast sandy wastes with salt incrusting the soil, and generally no other vegetation but the grey sage-brush.

"We passed late in the afternoon through a fine rocky gorge (Weber Cañon), and at Ogden left the main line to go up the small branch line to Salt Lake City, where we were glad to rest after travelling without intermission four days and three nights.

"*May* 18*th.*—After viewing the huge tabernacle said to

seat 12,000 and two other Mormon places of worship, we drove up to a splendid point of view, whence we could see the Great Salt Lake and the magnificent snowy mountains behind the city. On the way back Brigham Young's tomb and the houses of several of his wives were pointed out to us.

"The city is beautifully laid out—wide spacious streets, well planted with trees, with streams of water running here and there, and splendid views of snowy mountains. Before sundown we were back at Ogden, and speeding along the Central Pacific Railway, along the shores of Salt Lake towards San Francisco.

"*May 19th.*—Very barren uninteresting country, clothed with sage-brush.

"We saw many Indians, miserable-looking creatures with broad faces—thick features; very thick black hair.

"One gentleman created a great sensation by carrying off one of the papooses into the train. The stations are veritable little oases in the dreary desert, and show what might be done if the country were only irrigated. At Reno, close to the Sierra Nevada, we stayed overnight, and started by morning train for San Francisco.

"*May 20th.*—We ascended steadily, through splendid mountain-gorges, clad with great pines, and at length reached a summit of 7,200 feet above the sea. The snow-sheds in this part of the railway continue with only trifling breaks for more than twenty miles; they are constructed chiefly of wood, and the cost of keeping them in repair is enormous. The descent of 7,000 feet into Sacramento Valley was through the most magnificent pine-clad cañons.

"Crossing this plain towards the city of Sacramento, we were surprised and charmed with the English look of the fields and trees. A few hours' journey from San Francisco the whole train was conveyed across by a huge steam ferry-boat to the other side of the river. At Oakland we ran out in the train to the station, which stands on a wooden jetty far out in the bay. After a short run in a ferry-boat, we found ourselves rattling along the ill-paved streets of San Francisco. Chinese swarm in all the streets, and live in a separate part of the city, to the number, it is said, of 60,000. Almost all the washing of the city is done by them, and the prices are consequently cheaper than in the

eastern states. We found but little to interest us in San Francisco, and being heartily tired of the American mammoth hotels, contented ourselves with viewing the Palace Hotel at a distance. The city is very hilly, and abounds in tramway lines, on which the car is drawn uphill by means of an under-ground chain.

"*May 22nd.*—At noon we started for Japan by the steamship *Gaelic*, a 'White Star' steamer chartered by the Occidental and Oriental Steamship Co. She had an English captain and officers, and a crew composed entirely of Chinese. Besides about twenty-four saloon passengers, we had nearly two hundred Chinese and a large number of sheep of a fine breed, which are being imported in large numbers into Japan from the United States. Among our fellow-passengers were Colonel Crawfurd, who is engineer of a new Japanese railway in the island of Yesso, and three American consuls. One in particular, Mr. Wingatt, U.S. Consul of Foochow, interested us greatly by his account of Chinese life and customs. A little opium-smoking room had to be reserved for the Chinese on board. Many of them are wealthy merchants, but even these, though they spoke English well, preferred to travel in the steerage with their fellow-countrymen. One of them showed us with evident pride a splendid musical box, and was very particular in exhibiting the bill for it, showing that it cost him over £50. The passage of 4,600 miles lasted exactly twenty days, and the weather on the whole was very fine, so that hardly any one suffered much from *mal de mer*. On the two Sundays when service was held, the captain asked me to preach in the cabin. On Wednesday, June 2nd, we were in long. 180° W., just half-way round the world from London. We were just twelve hours behind London time; and from this point, as the longitude was east, we counted time in advance of Greenwich, dropping a day out; thus we dropped Thursday, and called the next day after Wednesday Friday. On the return journey, in the same way, a day is intercalated; and if the ship happens to reach long. 180° on Sunday, there will be two Sundays in one week. Numbers of large gulls followed us all the way, and once we saw an albatross; also a whale and a few porpoises. The phosphorescence was often marvellously beautiful. We only spoke one ship the

whole voyage. On the evening of Friday, June 11th, the cry of 'Land!' brought us all on deck, and straining our eyes westward, we saw the great purple peak of Fusi-Yama, in Japan, standing out clearly defined against the golden sunset sky. By reference to his chart, the captain ascertained that we were 130 miles distant from the mountain, which is an extinct volcanic cone, 13,000 feet high. In the grey morning we saw the huge peak streaked with snow, far above the clouds which rested on all the lower hills. The sail up the long bay of Yeddo to Yokohama was most lovely. The mountain-lines were wondrously varied, and conical forms predominated, clearly indicating the volcanic origin of the whole region. The shore on both sides of us was clad with verdure marvellously bright and fresh, all the more so to us whose eyes had not seen the land for three weeks; the waters of the bay were dotted over with Japanese junks and boats of all sizes. As we steamed slowly into the bay, salutes were fired from the *Iron Duke*, the British flag-ship, to some other ship of war that had just arrived. About noon we landed, and soon found ourselves in a large airy room, at the Grand Hotel, Yokohama, commanding a really lovely view over the bay. In the evening we had a stroll on the 'Bluff,' a richly-wooded eminence where most of the missionaries and other foreign residents live. The richness and freshness and variety of the verdure I have never seen equalled. Certainly no artist could do justice to it.

"*Sunday, June 13th.*—Dr. Gulick, agent of the American Bible Society, called us to see a native congregation of about a hundred, who were listening with evident attention and interest to the address of Mr. Ballagh, an American missionary. It was curious to see the doorway lined with rough wooden pattens, whose wearers sat in their stockings within.

"In the afternoon there was a missionary prayer-meeting, and in the evening Dr. Gulick asked me to preach next day. He very kindly asked us to make his house our home during the rest of our stay in Yokohama. We saw a good deal of the native town as we drove or walked about, and were especially struck with its great cleanliness; there are certainly very few English towns

which in the cleanness and smooth, swept condition of the streets will compare with Yokohama or Tokio. The foreign settlement of Yokohama is a considerable town in itself, with well-built houses and many pretty gardens. Along the front, facing the sea, is a fine carriage-road. The whole is separated from the Japanese city by a canal purposely dug as a boundary. Until quite lately most of the European nations of which there were citizens in Yokohama kept up foreign post-offices; the English one remained at work the longest; but so excellent is the Japanese system, that even the English post-office has at length been closed, and all foreign letters now pass through the native post-office. The Japanese are, as a rule, very small; the men are several inches shorter than an average European, and the women are quite girls in stature. There is a wonderful uniformity of type: hair and eyes always dark, and face sallow. They seem to be light-hearted, cheerful, and rather superficial in character, and in some respects certainly merit the soubriquet, 'French of the East.' They ape European fashions in a most ludicrous manner; and one may sometimes meet a man with an old pair of Wellington boots, clad in the native blue gown, and the whole surmounted by a battered lady's hat. The babies are carried about from a very early age by their mothers or sisters like bundles on their backs, and it is most piteous to see their little sleepy heads bobbing from side to side as they are carried along. One of the most remarkable objects in the Japanese streets is the 'Jinricsha' (man-power carriage). The jinricsha is a sort of sedan-chair on two wheels, drawn by a man who runs in the shafts like a horse. The distances that these jinricsha men travel are very great. One gentleman whom we met travelled forty-five miles in eight hours, the same men running with him the whole way. They are usually built only for one person, but in Tokio we found some wider ones, and rode together at the imminent risk of breaking the springs. We had a most delightful drive with Mrs. Gulick in the neighbourhood of Yokohama, and saw large quantities of rice under cultivation. The surface of the paddy-fields is kept constantly moist, so that the soil is of the consistency of soft mud. When the young plants have reached a certain size, they are transplanted in rows.

The fresh green of the growing rice is most lovely, much like flax, only brighter.

"*June 15th.*—Went by rail to Tokio (Yeddo), which is the modern capital of Japan. The line runs close to the shore of the bay of Yeddo, which near the capital is only deep enough for small boats. The carriages are in size about the same as English, but in arrangement like the American railway-cars. We visited a most interesting American mission school for girls, much like one we had seen in Yokohama. They sang and recited both in English and Japanese, and understood quite well a short address (in English) which I gave them. We then called on Dr. Faulds, who kindly showed us over his medical mission hospital and dispensary, which is evidently thoroughly efficient. All that can afford to pay, pay about one shilling for the consultation, and a smaller sum for each subsequent visit, but they are not given any preference over the non-paying patients. There is only one other dispensary for the poor in this immense million-peopled city. Dr. Faulds takes care to keep the medical part of the work within bounds, so as to utilize to the full the numerous opportunities for preaching the Gospel to the patients. He told me of some very sad cases of young Japanese who had been educated in England, and who seemed to have brought back no real mental training and plenty of vices. One in particular, who was a high wrangler at Cambridge, had, on returning to Japan, sunk immediately into dissolute habits.

"In the afternoon we visited Assakusa, where there is a large and most revered Buddhist temple. In one part we noticed an image of the Virgin and Child—or what would pass for it, so closely allied is Roman Catholicism with idolatrous heathenism. All the worshippers before kneeling down to pray throw a few cash into the huge collecting box. In one part we saw a wooden figure of a goddess of healing, whose features are rubbed almost flat by various worshippers, who rub that portion of the image which is diseased on their own bodies. The whole interior of the temple was so strange and grotesque, that without the aid of pictures it could not be adequately described. We sat down in a little tea-shop, and made signs for something to drink. The man immediately produced a bottle of Old

Tom gin, which he evidently supposed to be the Englishman's favourite beverage. We next visited Nyeno, a very large and most splendid park right in the heart of the city. Here are the tombs of many of the ancient dynasty of Japan, and here the final battle was fought in the rebellion of 1868. An enormous iron image of Buddha, twenty feet high, attracted our attention, and close by was a Japanese student sketching. In the evening, before returning to Yokohama, we visited Shiba, another beautiful park with many ancient temples.

"*June 16th.*—Visited Dr. Simmons' Japanese hospital, which is most pleasantly situated on the slope of a hill above the town. The cleanliness of everything greatly pleased us. The patients lay on thick wadded mats. Many of the wards were separated by movable partitions composed of wooden frame-works with paper stretched over them. We were much surprised to find that in many respects mission work is much less advanced in Japan than in China. Missionaries can only go a short distance from the towns without a special pass, which must be renewed every few months. The New Testament has only just been published a few months ago in the Japanese character. In the afternoon we bade farewell to our kind friends, and went on board the *Takasago Maru*, of the Mitsu Bishi Company (Japanese), for Shanghai.

"*June 17th.*—All day we were coasting along the shore of Japan.

"*June 18th.*—About noon we reached Kobe, a seaport of moderate size, most beautifully situated. The verdure all round was charming. The hills which rise close behind the town are most varied in outline, and evidently volcanic in origin. We visited old Mrs. Gulick—the mother of our kind friends at Yokohama. She has five sons, all missionaries, and even now takes a warm interest in all mission work. She was converted under Finney's ministry in the United States, and went out fifty years ago with her husband as the first American missionaries to the Sandwich Isles. During the afternoon we visited a most interesting American mission school for girls, and after tea returned on board our steamer. Next morning coming on deck, we find ourselves gliding along among the numer-

ous islands which stud the Inland Sea of Japan. This sea separates the larger island of Niphon from the smaller one in which Nagasaki is situated.

"*June 19th.*—All day we steamed along the calm waters of the Inland Sea. Great numbers of islands of all sizes, from small isolated rocks up to those many miles in circumference, are visible in all directions. All the larger islands were beautifully green, and many were cultivated up to the very summit. The nearest approach to it which I have seen is the group of islands off the west coast of Asia Minor, near Patmos.

"*Sunday, June 20th.*—We still found ourselves in the Inland Sea, but crossed wider and rougher stretches of open water. Sometimes the passage between two islands was so narrow that one could have thrown a stone ashore on either side. Entering the harbour of Nagasaki, we passed the island of Pappenberg, where two centuries ago many Roman Catholic Christians were flung down the rocks during the fierce persecutions in which thousands of Christians perished. When the Romanist priests returned two centuries later, they found that the people had preserved the images of the Virgin and Child and portions of the Church prayers. Just at sundown we anchored in the lovely landlocked harbour of Nagasaki. My friend Mr. W. Andrews, of the Church Missionary Society, kindly urged us to stay over the week till the next steamer for Shanghai should arrive. We went ashore with him at once, and stayed with him from June 20th to 28th, which gave us ample time to see something of Nagasaki and the mission work there. Nagasaki is a thriving town of from 40,000 to 50,000 inhabitants, situated in a long valley among beautifully-wooded hills. The European residents are not numerous, and their houses line the shore at the end of the harbour, which is one of the most completely landlocked in the world. Among the buildings of Nagasaki none interested us more than the new Temperance Hall, lately opened by Mr. Andrews for the sailors of all nations, who have hardly any other place of resort than the rum-shops. It is much like one of the coffee-palaces now so popular at home, with addition of sleeping accommodation. We met several Christian sailors who came to meetings at Mr. Andrews'

during our stay, and had some very interesting meetings with missionaries. Mr. Booth, an American missionary, narrated to me the following story, which I give nearly in his own words :—

"WAKASA, THE FIRST JAPANESE CONVERT BAPTIZED.

"About the year 1854 an English New Testament was picked up in the Bay of Nagasaki, and came into the possession of a Japanese Government official named Wakasa. For a long time all that he could find out about it was that it was a foreign book about God. At length, through the medium of a Chinese New Testament, he was able to read it for himself. He induced three other men of high rank and a servant to engage with him in the study of the Bible. Dr. Verbeck, the American missionary, lived two days' journey distant, and the only safe means of communication was a faithful servant. Those were troublous times. Had their secret been found out, they would have paid for it with their lives. In 1866 Wakasa came with his brother to Nagasaki, and they were both baptized by Dr. Verbeck. About 1872 Wakasa died. In May 1880 Mr. Booth (American missionary) was present at a service in the native mission-chapel (Nagasaki), and says: 'My attention was drawn to two Japanese women, who were very attentive throughout the whole service. I saw them wiping the tears from their eyes. After the preaching I noticed them go into the chapel-keeper's house, and supposed them relatives of his. Their names were Koomatchero O' Kiu and Miyanaga O' Suga. I found that they went into the chapel-keeper's house to converse about Christianity, and remained till a late hour. Next day,' continues Mr. Booth, 'I received word from them that they wished for an interview with me. They came at the hour appointed, and introduced themselves, the younger one as the daughter of Wakasa; the elder one had been a nurse in his family. They told me how faithfully Wakasa had taught them of the true God, how they had learnt a few portions of the Gospels which Wakasa had written out for them in "Kana" (Japanese), and how for more than fifteen years they had daily prayed to God in secret, asking for the things they needed. The daughter said that she had been in the habit

of going daily to her husband's storehouse to pray, so that her children would not disturb her. Wakasa had taught them that if they believed in Jesus Christ they should be baptized; but they had not found the opportunity till now. The younger woman told me she came to Nagasaki to live four years ago. She knew no missionary or native Christian to whom to tell her wish, and she had been putting off looking for one till now; but as her husband was very soon to move his family in business to Osaka, she felt that she could not leave Nagasaki without making the effort to be baptized. She therefore sent for her old nurse, who had been praying for an opportunity to come to Nagasaki for this purpose; the old nurse left her school, by which means she had supported herself, and came as one in search of a great prize. These women set out together to find a Christian; they knew not where to go, and for some days went about to no purpose. Finally, they chanced to pass the mission book-store, and on seeing the books, stopped to examine them. They read a little in the New Testament, and discovered the story of the Cross which years ago they had learnt from Wakasa. Their joy was unbounded when they found they could read about Jesus for themselves.

"'After giving substantially the above account of themselves, they asked if I would baptize them. They wished me to appoint as early a day as possible, as they would soon have to leave Nagasaki. I tried to persuade them to remain several weeks to be further instructed; they expressed their wish to know more of the doctrine, and regretted that they could not remain and be taught; then referring me to the words of Christ, "Whosoever believeth and is baptized shall be saved," with tears they besought me to baptize them. During the days which intervened before their baptism they came once, sometimes twice, daily to hear more about Christ. On May 6th, 1880, in the presence of the younger lady's husband and several others, they were baptized. At the close the husband asked several questions, and expressed his desire to know more of Christianity. We can never forget the expression of peaceful joy which shone in the faces of these women when they went away: our hearts were full to overflowing

with gratitude to God. When they left Nagasaki they received a letter to native Christians and to an American missionary at Osaka. They each purchased a New Testament complete with a number of tracts. I also gave them a number of others to give away to their friends and kindred, some of whom they said were anxious to learn about the true God and Jesus Christ.

"'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.'

"*June 28th.*—We left our kind friends in Nagasaki in the evening, and early in the afternoon of June 30th found ourselves passing through the mighty waters of the great Yang-tze-kiang River. Passing the bar at Woosung, we steamed up the river and reached Shanghai at 7 p.m.

"*July 1st.*—Our first night in China we stayed at the Temperance Hall, which has ample accommodation for sailors, and a large number of better-class rooms like an hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Dalziel, who work among the sailors in Shanghai, called the morning after our arrival, and escorted us to the mission house, which was our home during the week we stayed in Shanghai. Mr. Hudson Taylor, director of the mission, and two other missionaries were there, all in Chinese dress; one of them was our friend Mr. Landale, whom we had parted from in New York—of course in European costume, and whom we now met in Chinese dress, with shaven head and long pig-tail. Shanghai is in its external aspects a model European colony; the number of foreigners who reside in the foreign settlement is about two thousand. Along the 'Bund,' facing the river Woosung (on which Shanghai is situated), runs a fine broad road well planted with trees; on one side are the 'Hongs' (houses and warehouses) of the merchants, many of whom make their fortunes by selling opium to the Chinese; and on the other, smooth turf slopes down to the water's edge. At anchor in the river are several European gun-boats, while nearer in shore are the opium hulks,—large floating warehouses of this baneful drug, the very mention of which should make every Englishman ashamed of the disgraceful conduct of the Government in forcing it upon the Chinese at the point of the bayonet. The river presents a lively scene from early morning till late at night. Crowds of native junks are

anchored off the native town. Lower down are one or two great mail steamers; sailing boats and steam-launches move rapidly to and fro; and large numbers of native boats of all sizes—some propelled by sculling at the stern and side; others, by rowing with both hands and feet—pass in and out of the Suchan creek. One or two skiffs rowed by Englishmen look strangely out of place as they skim along. The gardens along the river-side are most beautifully laid out. All about the foreign settlement 'jinricshas,' which have been introduced lately from Japan, run in large numbers. Those who cannot afford to ride in them can be accommodated with wheel-barrows; they have a large wheel in the centre of the frame-work, and a large shelf at each side, large enough to carry one passenger or a large box. The weight being almost balanced over the wheel, the barrow-man can employ all his strength in propulsion. Some of them have two men and a donkey in front; and in some parts of the country a sail is hoisted when the wind is favourable.

"There is a most interesting work going on in Shanghai among the sailors. Mr. and Mrs. Dalziel have a room especially for them at the mission house; here a daily meeting is carried on, at which some sailors are generally present. On Sunday afternoon we went on board H.M.S. *Encounter*, and had a most interesting service, at which about eighty to ninety of the seamen attended, quite voluntarily. God is blessing the work, and many have been lately converted.

"At almost all the treaty-ports in China there are Christian laymen, many of them in the Chinese Customs Service, who work in this way among the sailors, and not without much manifest good.

"The same day we heard Mr. Muirhead preach; he is one of the veterans, having been at work in China for about thirty years. At the evening service we heard the following story from Mr. Adams, of Nankin:—

"A Chinawoman at Nankin caught a large water-snake and kept it in a basket. A man bought it for 600 cash (about 2*s*. 3*d*.) and set it at liberty. This is what the Chinese term a meritorious deed, and is supposed to secure the favour of the gods.

"During our stay in Shanghai the rain moderated the heat; but though the thermometer did not rise above 85°, the dampness of the air rendered the heat oppressive. We had an opportunity of seeing something of the native town, and also the fine hospital of the London Mission, which is at present under the care of Dr. Johnston.

"We were very glad to leave Shanghai early in the morning of July 9th for Chee-foo, where we are to spend the two hot summer months, and commence the study of the language. For the latter purpose we have engaged a teacher for six dollars (£1 10*s.*) a month, which is considered quite a good salary. He is a Christian, and fortunately for us, is quite ignorant of English.

"The *Haeting* made a speedy passage (forty-eight hours), and we landed at Chee-foo very early on the morning of July 11th, and went straight to the house of Mr. Ballard (of the Chinese Customs Service), where we and our teacher are at present (August 23rd) staying.

"Chee-foo is one of the most delightful watering-places I have seen. Like Scarborough, it has two bays separated by a rocky headland, on the summit of which are the Consulate and many of the best houses of the European residents. The Chinese town is not very compact, but with the surrounding villages, contains some thousands of people. The west bay is full of Chinese junks, many of them war-junks. On board of these the sailors may be seen drilling in Western style, though one can hardly suppose them so ignorant as to think them of any use against an ironclad. One day we saw a number of the men swimming in lines in the bay, and carrying on a sham fight in the water to the sound of gongs.

"Chee-foo is probably one of the healthiest places in China, and its climate is considered by many superior to England. Of course the sun is extremely hot during the months of July and August; but the nights are seldom oppressively hot, and thus one is able to bear the heat of the day. The province of Shan-tung, in which Chee-foo is situated, is about as large and as populous as England. It is celebrated as containing the birthplace of Confucius. A large number of missionaries of various societies, both American and English, make this place their headquarters, and during

the cooler months of the year itinerate in the interior of the province.

"*July 22nd.*—In the evening lovely moonlight walk round hill. Dr. Nævius called in the afternoon, and showed us his most ingenious one-wheeled carriage with which he makes inland journeys.

"*Sunday, July 25th.*—The Lord's Supper with Mr. and Mrs. Ballard. Afternoon, went with Mr. Judd out to the *Monacacy;* gave away tracts, and had a short service; about twelve present. Evening, Mr. Judd spoke beautifully on Malachi iii.

"*August 23rd.*—In evening many Chinese boats illuminated with lanterns went out about one mile, putting down paper boats at intervals with small tables and food for the spirits of the drowned. Gongs are beaten to summon the spirits to the feast.

"*August 24th.*—About sixteen missionaries and others to tea and spend evening.

"*Sunday, August 29th.*—Went on board *Foxhound* with Mr. Judd. Men very attentive and interested. L. and I then went with Mr. J. to *Wolf,* but found the men at work washing, so could not preach in German as I wished. Mr. Judson preached in the evening. Psalms xxxii. and li. Six sailors from *Foxhound* present; eleven in all. At Union Chapel, Mr. T. Taylor, L.M.S., on 'Justification.' Clear and powerful. Afternoon to *Wolf.* Preached in German to whole crew and officers on 'Brazen Serpent.' The Lord helped me. Mr. J., L., and I then went to *Foxhound,* where we had a nice little service. Two in irons. 5.30, the Lord's Supper. Evening, Mr. Judd on Barabbas and Christ.

"*September 6th.*—Afternoon, monthly missionary prayer-meeting. More than twenty present; real spirit of prayer; delightful.

"*Sunday, September 26th.*—Very happy day. 10 a.m., went on board the *Alert.* John ii. About half ship's company present at the preaching; all the officers. 6.30, we had the Lord's Supper. Seamen's Hall in evening. Mr. Pearse preached on Moses. Hebrews xi. Rank, riches, reputation, and prospects.

"Our life here is quiet and uneventful. We spend a

good part of each day, except when the heat is extreme, in studying the language, and are making steady, though not rapid, progress. Most of the servants in the house are Christians. Our teacher (a Nankin man) conducts Chinese worship for their benefit every morning. Many of our most beautiful English hymns have been well rendered into Chinese, in a style which, though despised by their learned scholars, is appreciated by the common people, as being readily intelligible.

"The singing, though often hearty, is to a musical ear often painfully discordant, but from their faces one may see that they are often making melody with their hearts if not with their voices. A very favourite hymn is 'Jesu ai o' ('Jesus loves me').

"Reading of the Bible and a short exposition, followed by prayer, concludes the morning worship.

"We bathe almost daily, as the sea is close at hand.

"On Sunday afternoon we generally go out with one of the missionaries to preach on one of the American gun-boats. We had a most interesting service on board the *Richmond* (American flag-ship), at which fully a hundred of the men attended.

"*October 2nd.*—Miss M—— to tea in evening. Showed my magic lantern. Our servants greatly entertained and made vain attempts to catch the moving fish on the sheet.

"*Sunday, October 3rd.*—Lord's Supper early. Preached in Union Chapel: 'Three Appearings.' Afternoon to the *Alert;* about thirty men attended the service. Evening, twelve sailors at Seamen's Hall. Some impressed.

"*October 19th.*—Spent afternoon at Mrs. Leyenberg's. Saw Mr. Thomson, an American missionary from Shanghai; also Mr. Hargreaves, a Wesleyan missionary (Kwan-tung) from Rochdale.

"It was decided that we are, if possible, to start next week for Tien-tsin, *en route* for T'ai-yüen Fu.

"*October 23rd.*—Preparing to start. C.I.M. prayer-meeting in evening.

"CHEE-FOO, *October 30th.*

"We are now on the point of leaving the port where we have spent more than three months very pleasantly.

This evening we hope to start by steamer for Tien-tsin (the port of Pekin), whence, after staying a day or two with some of the missionaries, we start on our overland journey to T'ai-yüen Fu, the capital of the great province of Shan-si (West Hills); lat. 37° N., 113° E. The overland journey can be accomplished in two weeks, but it will probably take us nearly three. The first four or five days we travel by boat as far as Pauting Fu, where there is an American mission station; thence we shall probably travel on mules or in a mule-litter. We hope to settle for the present either at T'ai-yüen Fu (the capital) or at Ping yang Fu (the second city in importance). For fully six months after our arrival my chief work will be the study of the language. If I make good progress in that, it will be possible to begin medical work before the summer.

"Both at T'ai-yüen Fu and Ping-yang Fu there are several missionaries of the China Inland Mission, and at T'ai-yüen Fu some missionaries of the Baptist Mission; but there is at present no medical missionary in either city. There are already some converts in each city, and at Ping-yang Fu a man was severely flogged for no other reason than because he was a Christian.

"We have now learnt enough of the Chinese language to feel intensely interested in it. The following facts may interest those who have not paid any special attention to the subject:—

"Though the dialects of the spoken language are so various that a Canton man would not understand a word spoken by a native of Pekin, the same characters are used over the whole Empire and in the adjacent countries of Corea and Japan; and inasmuch as they represent ideas and not sounds, they are equally well understood by men speaking widely different dialects. Thus in Europe the numbers 1, 2, 3 convey the same idea to the minds of men of different countries, though the Englishman, Italian, and Russian call them by widely different names. In Chinese the character for 'man' conveys to the mind of every Chinaman that reads it the idea of a 'human being,' though one man calls it *ren*, another *reng*, and another *yin*. Most, if not all, of the characters were probably originally hieroglyphics, and in many even now rude resemblances can be traced.

"Abstract ideas are conveyed by combining characters representing concrete objects; thus, *nü*=woman, *tz* = child. The two combined mean *good*. Again, the characters representing *water* and *fire* are combined to express the idea of *extinguishing*. The literary language differs much more from the vernacular than is the case in most European languages, and has crystallized into a distinct style, called the '*Wen-li*,' or classical style. It is exceedingly terse, and consequently often obscure; hence the enormous number of commentaries on the Chinese classics. If read out aloud it is more unintelligible to an illiterate Chinaman than Wycliffe's Bible would be to an English plough-boy.

"One great advantage of Chinese is, that it is quite destitute of grammar, and the only parts of speech which are clearly defined are pronouns and numerals.

"The Mandarin dialect, which we are now learning, is not only the official language in every part of the Empire, but also the vernacular with more or less variation over the whole of North China, north of the great Yang-tse River.

"The rumours of a possible war with Russia have brought out prominently the Chinese conception of the world. The true Chinaman considers the world as consisting of one great central kingdom—(China) Chung-kwo, *i.e.*, Middle Kingdom; and Wai-kwo, Outside Kingdoms. When a war takes place between a foreign power and China, it is but natural to conclude that the foreigners are rebelling against their rightful sovereign, the Emperor of China. Their extravagant belief in the power of medicine is well illustrated by the following, which happened to a friend of mine who has recently returned from the interior. He was called in to see a man who had committed suicide by hanging, and had been dead three days when he arrived, evidently with the hope that he would restore him to life. On another occasion he was asked to prescribe for the daughter of a mandarin who was very ill; this he declined to do, as he was not permitted to see the patient. After her death he was called in, in the hope that he would restore her to life.

"One day he was explaining to his teacher the mode of restoring suspended animation in the case of those who had been immersed in the water; when he had finished, the

teacher said, 'What would you do if the man were quite dead?'

"During our stay here in Chee-foo I was asked to give a lecture to the European residents on Cairo and the Great Pyramid, and a second one on the Holy Land, also to show a magic lantern, which is a much greater rarity here than at home. The sailors' meetings here have been very interesting. We have had a weekly prayer-meeting for the sailors in our house, at which several have always attended, among them some bright, earnest Christians. They are all marked men, and have to stand a good deal of ridicule on board ship, but do not seem to mind it much. The meetings on the gun-boats on Sunday have also been very interesting.

"There are ships of various nationalities in Chee-foo; among others, German. The captain of the *Wolf* gladly gave his consent to a short service with the seamen, reminding me in his letter of an excellent bye-law to the effect that no preaching is to exceed half an hour's duration. A large number of the Christian sailors whom we met had been converted at Shanghai and other ports in China. As I have said, there is hardly any treaty-port in China where one or more earnest Christian laymen are not working among the seamen, both in the cause of temperance and the Gospel. The following authentic story illustrates one or two features in Chinese life:—

"Two Chinamen, one carrying a load of dry fish and the other a load of wood, met on a narrow bridge, and as neither would give way, they jostled each other, and each lost his load in the river. They appeared before the magistrate, and each claimed damages, which neither was able to pay, having lost all his worldly goods in the river. The magistrate told them to sit down and wait a little, and sent out his servant for some wine, having previously ascertained the value of each man's load ($\$5 = £1$). As soon as the wine was brought, he had it carefully measured, and found that he had been served with short measure. He angrily summoned the wine-merchant, who loudly protested that it was his first offence, and begged to be let off from punishment, saying his trade would be ruined. The magistrate with much apparent reluctance consented to commute his sentence into a fine of 10,000 cash (about

$10 = £2), which was immediately paid. 5,000 cash were handed to each of the claimants; they departed well satisfied, while the wine-merchant went home thankful that he had got off so easily.

"The following, which happened four or five years ago, proves that in China, as everywhere else in the world, the Gospel is the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth.

"STORY OF MR. NYNG.

"A few years ago Mr. Stevenson, of the China Inland Mission, visited the city of Dzing-yüen, in Che-kiang (one of the eastern provinces of China), where as yet the Gospel had never been proclaimed. One of the first Chinamen who called on him was Mr. Nyng, a gentleman of good birth and a literary graduate, who was well read not only in the literature of his own country, but also in many European books of science which had recently been translated into Chinese. The many new facts thus brought before him suggested various questions to his mind, and he came to Mr. Stevenson to have his difficulties solved. The missionary gave him the desired explanations, and then producing the New Testament, asked him whether he had ever read it. He replied, 'I bought one with several other books in Shanghai; but though I read in it several times, I found little to interest me; indeed, I could not understand what was the object of the author of the book, whereas the scientific books which I bought were to me intensely interesting.' Mr. Stevenson referred him to 1 Cor. ii. 14: 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned,' and said, "You are unconsciously proving the truth of the book itself; I was once like you. No book possessed so little interest for me as the Bible, until God by His Holy Spirit enlightened me, and then it became to me the most interesting book in the world. If you pray for the enlightenment of God's Spirit, you will soon find it become interesting to you.' Mr. Nyng said he did not know whether there was a God, and if there was one, He was certainly wise enough to enlighten him without being prayed

to. 'Well,' said Mr. Stevenson, 'if you will not pray for yourself, I will pray for you.' Mr. Nyng went home, saying to himself, 'This is a very remarkable thing. Here is a foreigner, whom I never saw till to-day, who feels enough interest in me to pray for me, and I will not pray for myself. There can be no harm in trying, if what he says is true.' He took out the New Testament, knelt down, and said, 'O God, if there be a God, give me light on this book.' He began to read in the Gospels, and soon became very much interested; the interest grew as he read, and he could not rest till he had read the whole volume through. The light of the glorious Gospel shone into his heart, and he became an earnest and consistent Christian. Not long after his own conversion, his wife and two children also were baptized. He lived from fifty to sixty miles from the nearest European missionary, but in spite of the sneers and opposition of his own countrymen, especially the literary classes, he constantly preached Christ in the streets of the city where he lived. God blessed his faithful preaching, as the following instance will show.

"One day as he was preaching as usual in the streets, he said, 'Jesus is such a mighty Saviour that He can save the greatest sinner in the world.' A notoriously bad man, who was passing, was struck by these words. He was the head of a large gambling establishment some miles from the city, where gambling and all sorts of wickedness were carried on in defiance of the magistrates. Stepping up to Mr. Nyng, he said, 'Do you know me?' 'Of course I do; every one within fifteen miles of here knows you.' 'Can your Saviour save me?' 'Certainly He can.' 'When?' 'Just now.' They had some further conversation; the man went home, and that very night turned all the gamblers and other bad characters out of the house. He at once opened his house for preaching of the Gospel, for which purpose it has been used ever since, and from that day to this he has showed the reality of his conversion by a godly, consistent life.

"T'AI-YÜEN FU, SHAN-SI, NORTH CHINA,
February 2nd, 1881.

"On November 1st, 1880, we bade farewell to Chee-foo, and the many kind friends whom we had learnt

to know there during our first three months in China. Twenty hours' steaming across the Yellow Sea's muddy waters brought us to the mouth of the river Pei-ho, and we naturally supposed that in the course of four to five hours more we should land in Tien-tsin, but were kept beating about on the bar for nearly four days. At length, by dint of discharging a large part of our cargo into lighters, and by the coincidence of a high tide with a favourable wind, we managed to float clear by a few inches, and were soon steaming up the tortuous channel of the Pei-ho towards Tien-tsin, passing the Ta-ku forts, which were captured by the French and English in 1860. The country on both sides was one vast alluvial flat as far as the eye could reach, apparently very fertile, and we were agreeably surprised by the large numbers of trees and the prosperous appearance of the villages.

"Tien-tsin, which is probably best known in Europe as the scene of the atrocious murder of French nuns by the Chinese ten to twelve years ago, is now one of the most thriving of the ports in China open to foreign commerce. The river, which is not more than half the width of the Thames at Westminster, is crowded with foreign shipping and native craft of every shape and size. The foreign settlement is not nearly so large as that at Shanghai, but the 'Bund' (or broad drive along the river) is a fine broad road well shaded with trees. The native city is very large and populous (probably more than 500,000). As a missionary centre, it is of very great importance, for it is the port of Pekin, and the most important port in North China. Quite recently a contract was signed for the construction of a line of telegraph overland from Tien-tsin to Shanghai. A telegraph has been working some time between Ta-ku (at the mouth of the river) and Tien-tsin, and it certainly is a strange sight to see the wire passing over the houses in the native city towards the Viceroy's Yamen. There are a good many missionaries, both American and English, at Tien-tsin. During our stay we were very kindly entertained by Dr. Mackenzie, medical missionary of the London Mission. He was one of a number of young men who were led to decide for Christ through Mr. Moody during his first visit to England, and soon afterwards began

medical study, so as to qualify himself to be a medical missionary. He has worked at Han-kow for three or four years. At Tien-tsin there has been much prayer for medical work; but when he arrived there less than two years ago, there seemed to be no great opening for the work. Not long after his arrival Lady Li, the wife of Li-hung-chang (governor of the province), one of the most influential men in China, was declared to be dying by the native physicians who had been attending her. As a last resource her husband sent for Dr. Mackenzie. Through God's blessing on the means employed by himself and Miss Howard (an American lady doctor) Lady Li recovered. Li-hung-chang's delight and gratitude took a most practical form; for he at once assigned to Dr. Mackenzie a large temple in the city for medical work, promising at the same time to pay for the necessary drugs, instruments, and native assistants. At this temple Dr. Mackenzie attends four afternoons a week, and generally has from one hundred to one hundred and fifty men as out-patients, while Miss Howard attends to the women. It was found impossible to treat in-patients here efficiently at such a distance from the doctor's house, and accordingly a new hospital for in-patients has just been completed near the missionaries' houses. The building of this hospital marks an epoch in the history of medical missions in China, for it is, I believe, the first in China built in thorough Chinese style, and *entirely with Chinese money.* Li-hung-chang himself offered 1,000 taels (£250) for the building-fund, and the rest was contributed largely by grateful patients (Chinese). I had the pleasure of seeing and helping in both the dispensary and hospital work, and was greatly struck both with the triviality of many of the complaints for which the patients sought relief, and also with the stoical manner in which they endure suffering.

"In the hospital, which is now in full working order, there is daily reading and explanation of the Bible and prayer in Chinese, and among some of the most degraded of the patients there have been won jewels for the 'Saviour's crown.' One man who was a notorious bad character has been brought to Christ, and has given evidence of the reality of the change by seeking honest employment. On

Sunday I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Lees, of the London Mission, preach to a Chinese congregation in the native city, and though I could not understand much, was greatly pleased to see the marked attention and interest with which the address was followed throughout. The singing, though not very musical, was very hearty, and several familiar English hymns were sung in Chinese to our own tunes. Walking back through the great crowded city, one could not but be struck by the massive walls, gates, and towers.

"The next stage of our journey (by native boat up the river to Pauting Fu) occupied nearly four days. Mr. Drake (of the China Inland Mission), who accompanied us, made all necessary arrangements, and we soon learnt that in China, as in most Oriental countries, *time* is an important element in bargaining for boats, etc. The boatmen knowing that we had a good deal of luggage, would only reduce their original demand by about twenty per cent., notwithstanding a liberal expenditure both of time and breath on our part. We tried the Chinese method of a middle-man, but in vain, and at length struck a bargain for about double what would be paid by a Chinaman in the same circumstances.

"On November 9th we bade farewell to our friends at Tientsin and started up the river with two native boats. Boat-travelling is certainly by far the most comfortable way of journeying in China, and is, one need hardly say, greatly preferable to springless carts or wheelbarrows, which, with donkeys, mules, mule-litters, and sedan-chairs, constitute the chief alternative modes of locomotion. Our boats were about half the size of an ordinary English canal-boat and much more lightly built. In the centre was a small cabin which served as sitting-room and dining-room, and another for sleeping, also a servants' cabin. Three men on each boat propelled us, sometimes rowing, sometimes punting us along, sometimes towing from the bank, sometimes when the wind was favourable sailing with the aid of a large and very ragged sail. Provisions were abundant, especially fish, and we could not but admire the many ingenious ways the Chinese have of catching them; one is by small labyrinths skilfully constructed in shallow water, into which the fish swim, but cannot find

their way out. We passed numerous villages and two or three great walled cities, and though we were all dressed in Chinese costume, attracted great attention. The people must have seen foreigners before, but still, again and again, the whole population stood for an hour on the bank, when we stopped, to stare at the 'foreign devils.'

"The current is slow, as the ground is very flat, and a rise of a few feet in the river lays the country under water for miles, like one vast lake; we were pleasantly surprised at the abundance of trees, and some of the villages, even to an English eye, looked quite picturesque. Towards the upper part of the river, we came to several barriers formed by boards, sliding up and down in grooves in the stonework, at each side. At each an angry altercation took place, which became quite violent at the last barrier; there is no regular charge, at any rate for foreigners, and at length, after a great deal of reviling on both sides, a quarrel which in England would have ended in blows resulted in nothing more serious than the repeated cursing of the ancestors of both parties. Early on the fourth day of our boat journey, we reached Pauting Fu, the provincial capital of the province of Chi-li. Here Li-hung-chang stays for a few months every year; some time ago he wished to connect it by telegraph with Tientsin, but the jealousy of the Pekin Government prevented the scheme from being carried out.

"At Pauting Fu we were kindly entertained for two to three days by the American missionaries, who have lately been reinforced by the arrival of a medical missionary. The International Sunday-school Lessons, which are regularly translated into Chinese, are used by them weekly in their Bible-lessons as at home.

"*March 4th*, 1881.—At Pauting Fu we bought a quantity of glass, which further in the interior of China is a scarce and expensive commodity, most of the windows being papered. Returning with the Chinese servant from the shop, he was plied with numerous eager questions from the people who followed us. 'Who are these foreigners?' 'Where do they come from?' 'What have they come for?' 'Where are they staying?' 'Where are they going to?' 'How long will they stay in the city?' 'What have they been buying?' 'Glass.' 'How many panes have they

bought?' etc., with many other inquiries which at home would be deemed impertinent, but which in China are quite the order of the day. The necessary arrangements for our overland journey to T'ai-yüen Fu took up a good deal of time; the contractor with whom we bargained was evidently well practised, as most of them are, in the art of over-charging. By dint of much patience and persistency we reduced his first demands by about twenty-five per cent. He was a consummate actor, and at several stages of the negotiations said he would be reduced to beggary if he were to take us for the sum named, and more than once rose with an affronted air and rushed to the door, pretending to break off the proceedings. It was arranged that my wife should ride in a mule-litter, while Mr. Drake and I either walked, or hired donkeys from stage to stage. The distance from Pauting Fu to T'ai-yüen Fu is nearly three hundred miles; and as some friends may like to know the expense of these overland journeys, I append the prices paid by us. The charge for luggage, which was carried most of the way on mules' backs, was forty-two cash per Chinese catty, or rather more than twopence per English pound, the mule-litter for the through journey of three hundred miles £5; the hire of donkeys cost generally less than a halfpenny per mile. We were pleased at the methodical way in which everything was done; when the bargain was once concluded, a written agreement was drawn up, and a copy given to us, specifying that the contractor was responsible for loss or damage of luggage in transit; each article was weighed, and the weight clearly marked on it. Our friend the contractor then insisted on being paid the whole sum in advance, but this we of course objected to, and it was finally arranged that one-third should be paid in advance, one-third on the journey, and one-third on arrival. On the morning of Wednesday, March 17th, we bade farewell to our kind friends the American missionaries, and wound slowly out of the crowded city streets, passing at length beneath the great archway in the wall and a second great arch in the bastion. The walls, like those of most of the prefectural cities I have seen in North China, are from forty to fifty feet high and very thick; they would certainly offer a very serious obstacle to an army even with heavy siege artillery. The country from Pauting Fu to

Hwai-lu is one nearly unbroken plain, while the road from Hwai-lu to T'ai-yüen Fu passes through several ranges of hills which separate the provinces of Chi-li and Shan-si.

"The mules and donkeys appeared to be very hardy and capable of carrying heavy loads; three hundredweight is not considered an excessive load for a full-sized mule. The donkeys showed their sagacity in various ways. Not unfrequently at the beginning of a hill they would lie down as a gentle hint to the rider to dismount; and one in particular on reaching the inn in the evening, if there was any delay in taking off his load, deliberately tossed it off, and lay down to rest. The mules on the whole proved wonderfully sure-footed; and in spite of the many steep rocky places in the road, the mules which carried the litter only fell three or four times on the whole journey.

"We generally started from the inn at 4 or 5 a.m., travelling often two hours or more before sunrise, and pushing steadily on for five or six hours, almost without stopping, then a midday halt of two hours to rest and refresh both man and beast, and then three or four hours' more journey before reaching the resting-place for the night. The usual rate of travelling is a little more than three miles an hour, and the day's journey from twenty-five to thirty-five miles. The inns in North China are, as a rule, greatly superior to those met with in the central and southern parts of the empire, and those on the great roads leading from Pekin into the provinces are very superior to those found on the cross-roads.

"We were on a main-road, and found the inns at all the regular halting-places better than we had expected. A description of one of the best (at Hwai-lu) will serve with very trifling modifications for all. Entering from the street, we pass through three court-yards, one beyond the other, all partly filled with carts and mule-litters, the mules and donkeys being sheltered and fed in sheds round the yard.

"Round the third or inner court-yard are a series of one-storied buildings for the accommodation of travellers; the rooms at the sides are inferior, but the building at the very end of the yard, raised on a platform reached by a few steps, contains the best rooms, which we at once engage.

One of the rooms, to our surprise, is quite neatly papered, and another has wall-paintings with some admirable drawing of birds and trees. The rooms are lofty and very well lighted, for the whole front is occupied by the door and windows, which are papered, not glazed. The floor is of brick, there are chairs and tables, and in the bedrooms—as in every house in North China—a k'ang. This is a raised platform about two feet high, built of brick, and stretching entirely across one end of the room. In a small arched recess in the front of the platform is a fireplace, the floor of which is fully two feet below the floor of the room. The fire being lighted and kept burning all night by mixture of coal and clay, the hot air passes from the fire beneath the k'ang or platform (which is quite hollow), and passes out into a flue at the far end of the room, and so through a chimney into the open air. The surface of the k'ang is thus warm for many hours, and the Chinese spread their bedding (wadded with cotton wool) on the mats which cover the warm k'ang, and thus keep warm all night. Some k'angs are very large, and furnish a warm surface large enough for thirty to forty people to sleep upon. A missionary on one occasion had to share a k'ang with thirty-seven Chinese.

"The bill of fare at such establishments is usually very limited. Hot water and tea can be obtained everywhere.

"Sometimes little else is to be had besides lao-ping, a flabby pancake, made of oil and flour, and carried in the innkeeper's hand. Another favourite dish is '*mien*,' which consists of long strips of flour paste, not unlike macaroni, boiled in water.

"Of course a great variety of dishes can be obtained from the cook-shops (of which there are plenty in every Chinese town), but we did not patronise them to any great extent. With the help of our foreign stores and a little cooking-stove, we generally managed to make a good meal, for we seldom failed to buy mutton, bread, and eggs in the cities. Every few miles along the road there are eating-houses, where sweet potatoes ready cooked can be bought, also 'persimmons,' a very luscious fruit, in colour and appearance like a tomato. Meat pies are also to be had, and small cakes of several kinds, bearing a distant resemblance to muffins and Eccles-cakes.

"The hotel bill for one night, rooms, attendance, and hot water (without food), is about twopence per head.

"We were all dressed in native costume, but always attracted considerable attention in passing through large villages or towns. When we entered the inn yard for our midday halt, we were generally followed into it by a promiscuous crowd of one hundred to two hundred people, who tried persistently to get a sight of us at lunch, and seemed especially amazed to see us wielding knife and fork instead of chopsticks. On more than one occasion they made peep-holes in the paper windows, in order to be able to watch our proceedings more satisfactorily.

"*March 29th*, 1881.—On such occasions, when the curiosity of the crowd became too obtrusive, various methods had to be resorted to to clear the inn yard. Sometimes it was sufficient to remind the innkeeper that we should consider him responsible in case any of our things were stolen from the mule-litter by the people. Sometimes a few sentences appealing to their good-feeling, and reminding them of the rudeness of their conduct (which would have been quite lost, probably, on an English crowd), had the desired effect. We were especially interested in finding how easily they were cowed by simply eyeing them in silence. Two of us fixed our eyes intently on one of the foremost and rudest; for a few moments he would pretend not to notice it, then would glance uneasily from side to side, like a wild animal, look very sheepish, and finally retire; when two or three of the rudest had thus been turned back, the rest would disperse. The same plan often proved most effectual as we passed through towns in preventing us from being followed by a crowd. Sometimes when at our midday meal, the sudden, unexpected appearance of one of us at the door was sufficient to produce a panic, and all would rush helter-skelter from the yard, as if they really believed us to be what they constantly called us, viz., foreign devils.

"The roads, across the level plain of Chi-li, were tolerably good, though several inches deep in dust. The road along which we travelled across the hills which separate Chi-li from Shan-si was exceedingly rough, little better than the rocky bridle paths along which one travels in Palestine; often it lay along the dry bed of a mountain-torrent, strewn

with boulders, sometimes over extensive surfaces of bare rock, deeply worn by cart-wheels. The present track follows in the main the course of the magnificent, wide, ancient road, paved throughout with huge blocks of stone; long stretches of this paved road are still to be seen, which fairly rival the best Roman roads in Europe. Several of the rivers which are now crossed by miserable temporary erections were spanned in ancient times by great stone bridges high above the water, many arches of which still remain to attest both the engineering skill possessed by the Chinese in ancient times, and the disgraceful selfishness and neglect of the present officials. Many broad swift rivers on the plain of Chi-li we crossed on temporary bridges only a few feet above the water: the roadway and millet stalks underlying it are removed or washed away every year by the spring floods, and ferries used instead all the summer; in the autumn the roadway is repaired, and the traffic over the bridges resumed during the winter months. Incredible as it may seem, the mountain roads are actually traversed by carts (of course springless). Any ordinary vehicle would be shaken utterly to pieces by two to three days' travel on such a road, but these Chinese carts are in many ways extraordinary, if not unique; they are *very* solidly made: the axles are very thick, and the wheels placed more than a foot away from the body of the cart; without such an extra, broad base it would be impossible to avoid constant upsets, as one wheel not seldom drops down two feet clear. The jolting is fearful, and it is most ludicrous to see a cartload of Chinese going down one of these steep places, continually bumping against the sides of the cart or each other; they sit all day, going up or down the steepest places, submitting to be banged about to any extent, and refusing to get out and walk, though blue with cold; they have paid to ride, and ride they will, even under circumstances which to a European would be unendurable.

"The whole country we passed through from Pao-ting Fu to T'ai-yüen Fu (and indeed the whole of North China) is covered with a peculiar yellowish-brown loam; the enormous quantity carried down by the waters of the Hoang-ho gives its name (Yellow River) both to the river and the sea into

which it flows. Instead of the clear, sparkling mountain-streams one is accustomed to at home, most of the rivers and even small streams are quite muddy, though we were delighted to find some exceptions. The action of frost and water has split up the loam into numerous very narrow ravines from 100 to 200 feet deep, from the vertical sides of which the loam is constantly 'flaked' off; the road runs sometimes at the top of one of the intervening ridges, sometimes at the bottom of these deep gullies, for many miles, completely shutting out all view both in front and at the sides. The loam furnishes not only the mud of the rivers, but the dust, which when the wind is strong obscures the whole sky; these dust-storms, of which we had two in our ten days' journey, are sometimes quite as dense as a thick London fog. In the absence of goggles, we found a handkerchief tied over the face a most desirable protection to the eyes. The wind among the hills was far keener than anything we had felt at home, and one day it was so cutting, that in spite of our thickly wadded clothes, we found it impossible to ride more than a few minutes at a time, and could scarcely keep warm by brisk walking.

"We reached Hwai-lu on Saturday night, after four days' journey from Pao-ting Fu, and were very glad of the rest and quiet of Sunday. On the way passed through a high-walled prefectural city, the main street of which was fully three miles long; we noticed a large Romish church, but here, alas! as in all the other cities and villages in our journey, with their tens of thousands of inhabitants, there is not one single missionary to preach the glorious gospel of Christ.

"Leaving Hwai-lu on Monday morning, we reached T'ai-yüen November 27th; most of the way our journey lay through the hills, the highest elevation on the road (as indicated by my aneroid) being 3,750 feet. The hills themselves appeared to be about 5,000 to 6,000 feet high. We met very large numbers of men carrying loads of earthenware and iron jars, slung from the ends of a pole neatly balanced across the shoulders, also, for the first two or three days at least, immense numbers of donkeys, mules, and ponies all laden with coal from the mines in the hills; two large lumps of coal formed a donkey's load; on each piece its weight

was clearly marked in white letters. One day we met many strings of camels, seven or eight in a string, with deep-toned bells on their necks, whose sound contrasted agreeably with the tinklings of the mules' bells; the camels, too, were laden with coal, which abounds both in these hills and in the province of Shan-si.

"The lower hills were cultivated to the very top in horizontal terraces, just as in Palestine.

"The road passes through five 'T'ien-men,' or Heavenly Gates, at each of which is a temple with an old priest at the entrance beating a gong and holding out a plate for contributions.

"The scenery in some of the deeper mountain gorges was very fine, especially near the 'Great Wall,' through which we passed by an archway; its huge square towers are visible for many miles along the top of the hills.

"Villages abound every few miles along this road, some of them presenting a most peculiar appearance, for the houses are excavated in the side of the hill; at one of the inns our bedroom was a cave in the hill side, with a window and door at the entrance.

"On the last day of our journey we descended from the hills on to the upland plain in which T'ai-yüen Fu is situated. Many of the villages through which we passed were more than half deserted, the empty houses, with broken roofs and crumbling walls, and the silent streets giving sad evidence of the terrible havoc wrought by the famine two years ago; in the four provinces of Shan-si, Shen-si, Ho-nan, and Shan-tung it is estimated that 9,000,000 people died of famine.

"We halted for our last midday meal at a small town about fifteen miles from T'ai-yüen. As we neared the inn, one of our large pack-asses, forced to go to one side by a cart which had drawn up in the very centre of the road, upset a street-stall loaded with basins of soup, rice, mien, cakes, and other Chinese dainties. The owner of the cart, whose position in the road was one chief cause of the mishap, at once tried to drive off, but our old muleteer promptly seized his horse's head, and held on firmly in spite of the violent threats, curses, and even lashings of the driver. Meanwhile, the angry owner of the street-stall

promptly took our donkey into custody, as the ostensible cause of the mischief. A large crowd of course collected, and at length our old muleteer let go his hold, and the cart drove off, leaving us to pay all damages; we got our mules into the inn-yard, and attempted to release the donkey. By pointing out to the bystanders that the donkey was hungry and needed lunch, we induced the irate stall-keeper reluctantly to let go his hold, and after a good deal of parleying with him came to terms, paying him more than double the value of the damage.

"The last few miles of our journey across the great plain of T'ai-yüen, we were delighted to notice the evidences of careful cultivation on every hand; there is a good deal of artificial irrigation, the water being drawn from wells. There is a great abundance of trees, which gives the country almost an English aspect. At length two great pagodas on a neighbouring hill showed that we were near our journey's end; and later in the afternoon we entered the huge arched gateway of T'ai-yüen Fu, and in a few minutes more reached the house occupied by Mr. James, of the China Inland Mission, which was to be our home.

"We were most thankful to reach our destination in health and safety, and to enjoy once more the privileges of Christian fellowship. As soon as our boxes were unpacked, and our stoves, etc., put up, we resumed our Chinese studies, which had been interrupted for a full month (since we left Chee-foo).

"*June* 10*th*.—A brief description of the city in which we are now living will probably interest my friends, as it is likely to be our home for some time to come. Those who are acquainted more or less from previous reading with some of the characteristics of China will no doubt excuse the insertion of many details intended for the benefit of those who are not.

"The province of Shan-si (West Hills), of which, as already said, T'ai-yüen Fu is the capital, is about the size of England and Wales, and is estimated to contain a population of 14,000,000. As will have been seen, it suffered severely, especially the southern half, in the awful famine that devastated North China three or four years ago. In T'ai-yüen-Fu alone more than 7,000 people died of starvation, and in

the southern parts of the province the victims numbered hundreds of thousands, if not millions.

"The province is rich in metallic ores, and coal is found of good quality in the hills in many parts. All the province is a good height above the sea-level, and the great upland plain of T'ai-yüen is nearly 3,000 feet above the sea. This great plain, at the northern end of which the city is situated, is more than one hundred miles long, richly cultivated, and abounding in cities and villages, not one of which as yet has a single preacher of the gospel, native or foreign.

"The province contains about ninety hsien (or counties), each with its county capital. Every one of these cities has been visited at least once during the last eighteen months, and Scripture portions and tracts sold or distributed. The only two cities in the province which have as yet been permanently occupied as mission stations are T'ai-yüen Fu, about the centre of the province, and Ping-yang Fu, at the south end.

"At Ping-yang Fu (which is two hundred miles south of this) about twelve men have already been baptized; some of them are very earnest in spreading the gospel among their own countrymen in the villages: the best proof of their sincerity is that they do this voluntarily without pay, and some of them at considerable personal sacrifice.

"The city of T'ai-yüen, like every other 'fu' city in China (with very few exceptions), is surrounded by a lofty wall. The space enclosed by the wall is almost exactly square, each side of the square being about two miles in length. A friend and myself walked entirely round the city soon after our arrival, and found the distance about eight miles; the wall is in perfectly good repair all round, varying in height from thirty to fifty feet, broad enough on the summit to drive two or three carriages abreast, and faced outside with brickwork the whole way round; there is also a huge fosse outside the wall.

"Each side has one or more gateways with gigantic gates, which are opened at sunrise and closed at sunset; over each gateway is a large broad tower with a number of rusty cannon, many others being scattered at intervals along the walls. Outside each chief gate is a bastion with a temple in it, and a second side-gate. Fully half the ground within

the city-walls is under cultivation, and at this season of the year, when cornfields abound on all sides, and vegetables of all sorts are springing up from the dry brown soil, the scene within the city-walls is very pretty, especially as there are large numbers of fine trees in almost all parts of the city. The change from winter to spring is sudden and wondrously beautiful, far more striking than in England, for there is no grass, nothing green, in fact, to be seen from November till April.

"The population is variously estimated, but it is probably about 40,000, of whom a few hundreds are Mohammedans, and some Roman Catholics. Our own house is situated in a very quiet part of the city, with plenty of fields close by for an evening stroll, and within easy reach of the city-wall, on the top of which one can take a walk at any time, and enjoy the view of the city with the gleaming river at the foot of a range of mountains a few miles away.

"The houses resemble in their general arrangement the old Roman houses disentombed at Pompeii much more closely than any modern European house. Ours is a fair specimen, and may therefore be worth a short description. The whole premises are surrounded by a high wall, and there is only one entrance, with a little porter's lodge. The porter's functions are very important, as he has not only to keep out disreputable characters, but admit the patients at proper hours to the Dispensary.

"Crossing the garden, which contains two vines (buried all the winter), several fruit-trees, and plenty of potatoes, beans, and other vegetables, we walk up a walled court, opening into which on either side are two courts surrounded by buildings; each court is complete, with kitchen, etc., and can be shut off at will as a separate house. On one side is the Dispensary operating room and out-patients' waiting room for men, the court on the other side being used for women, both out and in-patients. At present, until I can speak the language fluently, I see out-patients only on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons; the usual number at present is about thirty to forty men, and ten or twelve women. Since January 1881, more than five hundred different patients have been seen and treated, many of course returning several times for medicine. I have also

had a few in-patients, but the accommodation for these at present is limited; a few operations have been done under chloroform, some of which have succeeded well. One poor man, who had spent above £50 on native doctors with no relief, is now quite well after undergoing an operation. The men and women are assembled separately; one of the missionaries gives a short gospel address (which sometimes is listened to with great interest) before the medicines are dispensed; all who can read receive gospel books and tracts. The Old, Old Story is quite new to most, if not all of them; will you all, my dear friends, who read these lines, pray earnestly that their hearts may be touched by God's love and opened to receive His message of pardon and peace through Jesus Christ?

"A number of men apply every week for anti-opium medicine to help them in leaving off this dreadful vice of opium-smoking; this medicine is sold, all other medicines being given gratuitously.

"Some have been enabled to leave off the habit, but of course it is difficult to ascertain whether the cure is permanent. The cases have been of every variety, both surgical and medical, including one patient who applied for medicine for his brother, who had a very bad temper; another man told me that his was a 'beef disease,' for he had had pain in the stomach ever since eating a piece of beef about three years ago.

"A poor little girl two years old, who had been bruised by a fall, was brought to me with seven distinct sores caused by the native practitioner, who had burnt her face in three places, and also cauterized each limb!

"The climate appears to me very healthy: it is much drier than England, and though the cold in winter is very severe, it is less trying than the damp cold of an English winter. The extreme heat of summer only lasts two months, July and August, and is tempered both by rain and clouds obscuring the sky. Even in summer the nights are not generally comparatively hot, as in Central and Southern China.

"There are at present ten missionaries (all told, including wives of missionaries) in the city—Mr. and Mrs. Richard, of the Baptist Mission; all the rest being members of the

China Inland Mission. There is a Boys' School and Girls' School, begun after the famine; in each school several have professed faith in Christ, and given good proof of reality in their changed life. The week of prayer at the beginning of 1881 we observed by holding a series of daily meetings, which were greatly blessed.

"*July 1st.*—The seclusion of this inner court is particularly delightful after the blazing heat of a summer's day; a large part of it is shaded during the summer months by a quantity of matting lashed on to a framework of poles.

"There is an impression in some quarters that the missionary who lives in the far interior away from European civilization must feed chiefly on rice, which, at any rate in this part of North China, is far from being the case. Here, as in other parts of the empire, the all-important question 'Have you eaten rice?' forms the customary salutation, which is appropriate to almost any part of the day. The following list, however, will show that a good many articles of food besides rice are procurable here.

"Maize, millet, and corn are abundant, also good mutton and beef, fowls, eggs, pheasants, partridges, and hares. An abundant variety of vegetables, including potatoes. In the summer peaches, apricots, apples, pears, and splendid grapes are very abundant. We have not yet been a year in this part of China, and one cannot therefore speak from experience of the effects of prolonged residence in this climate, but as far as one can judge at present, it appears to be very healthy.

"The Chinese year, like our own, contains twelve months; but these are some of them twenty-nine days and some thirty, and so they are obliged to intercalate a month occasionally; they do this generally about twice in five years. Accordingly, New Year's Day with them falls sometimes in our January, sometimes in February, sometimes in March. This year (1881) it fell about the beginning of February; it is the great national holiday. Business is almost entirely suspended for a fortnight; and as all the shops are shut, it is necessary to lay in a good store of provisions beforehand if one wishes to escape starvation. There is a great deal of visiting among friends and acquaintances, making of presents, feasting, gambling, theatrical performances. On the fifteenth of

the first month there is a grand exhibition of lanterns in the cities, which is considered a great treat by the country people, who flock in from the surrounding villages.

"In Shan-si, though Protestant missionaries have only been settled three years, Roman Catholics have been at work for many years. The friends of missions at home, when speaking of the few foreigners in the interior of China, are apt entirely to overlook the fact that several hundreds of French and Italian priests live in the interior. One of the Italian priests (in Chinese dress) called here one day, with two or three Chinese attendants, who spoke a little Italian and Latin; they came for medical advice and medicine. The conversation was quite a Babel, for the priest addressed Mr. J—— in Chinese, his wife in broken French, and me in Italian, interlarded with a few Chinese words and an occasional Latin expression. There is a small Mohammedan community here numbering a few hundreds, and we went one day to visit their mosque. It has no minaret, and though built chiefly of wood, is the same shape as the mosque of El Aksa in Jerusalem and some of the oldest mosques in Cairo and Damascus, viz., in three long parallel divisions (which might be termed nave and side aisles). It was wonderfully interesting to see this old building, thousands of miles from the cradle of Islamism, built in the same pattern as the oldest mosques, which are, it is well known, copied from the older Christian basilicas. The priest gabbled over passages of the Koran in Arabic, translating them into Chinese for our benefit. We were interested to find that he, like most Moslems, spoke of Jesus with great respect, though of course regarding Him as inferior to Mahomet. In the western provinces of China—Yunnan, Sz-chuen, and Kan-suh—there are very large numbers of Mohammedans; here, as there, they keep Friday as a holy day, abstain from pork, have regular prayer times every day. Their women are not veiled, as in Turkey, Egypt, and Syria.

"A curiosity in the medical part of the premises is a swallow's nest in the ceiling of the operating room built against a central beam; this, several of the patients have told me, is a proof that the room is a 'lucky place.' It now contains five nestlings. We had a large window made in the south wall of this room some months ago; the landlord gave

his consent readily to the proposed alteration, only stipulating, with true Chinese conservatism, that if we left the house at any time, the window should be removed, and the wall rebuilt! He would no doubt have objected strongly to a window in the north wall, as all the bad influences are supposed to emanate from this quarter. The universal prevalence of this belief is well illustrated in this city by the fact that in almost every house here that I have seen, the best rooms are built with an aspect due south, and there are never any windows in the north wall. In our own house, the best court in which we live is furthest removed from the porter's lodge, and can be shut off at will from the rest of the premises. It is paved, and has a fine tree and several bushes in it; buildings round three sides. The best rooms are lofty and airy, and we found required hardly any alterations to make them quite comfortable. We had the k'ang (stove-bed) removed in the largest room, but this innovation was only permitted on the understanding that it should be rebuilt if we left.

"The extremes both of heat and cold are of course greater than in England. In the winter the thermometer falls often below zero, and the winds are very keen and biting; but there are no fogs, and the cold, being much drier, is more endurable than that of England; there is very little snow in the winter. Even in December and January the sun is often very hot in the middle of the day, and there are some days in which it is hardly safe to go without an umbrella. It seems as if the peculiar clearness of the atmosphere allowed the solar rays to act through it very easily. For months together during the autumn and early winter there is hardly a cloud in the sky, but glorious bright weather, and a wonderfully exhilarating effect in the air, which is felt indeed all through the year. It seems to stimulate the nervous system, and one certainly requires more sleep than at home, and cannot endure such prolonged hard mental work. The chief drawbacks are dust-storms, which come on occasionally, darkening the air almost as much as a November fog.

"During July and August the heat is trying, the thermometer standing usually about 80° in the shade, and sometimes rising above 90°, but the heat is much tempered by

heavy falls of rain and breezes, and even at its worst, is never so trying (because of its dryness) as the damp heat of Central and Southern China.

"I find great evidence of the activity of Roman Catholics in China. Their presence cannot possibly be ignored by any Protestant missionary. It is fully three hundred years since the first Romish priests set foot in China, and their adherents, in spite of many persecutions and some massacres, are still to be numbered by thousands in almost every province of China proper (except Kwang-si). It should never be forgotten, on the other hand, that Dr. Morrison, the pioneer Protestant missionary, did not reach China till 1808, and that the work of Missions in China scarcely began till fully thirty years after that. Many of these priests are most earnest and devoted men, and there can be no doubt that many of their Chinese converts, in spite of all the mists of Romish error and superstition, have learnt to know Jesus Christ the Saviour. There are several Italian priests living in this city, besides the old bishop (who has lived more than forty years in China). They have a large compound in the north part of the city, with a seminary for the training of native priests and a good-sized Romish church, built only ten or twelve years ago. The church-tower was looked upon with great suspicion by the Chinese, who said that it spoiled the luck of the city; there was considerable excitement, and the tumult might have become serious had not some one circulated a report that the priests could signal to Pekin from the top of the tower.

"On Sunday (June 26th) a very fine comet made its appearance, and has been distinctly visible every clear night since, its angular distance from the Pole Star constantly diminishing. The last great comet, in 1858, coincided with the great Tai-ping rebellion, and the Chinese are considerably excited about this one, believing it to portend some dire calamity. One of the highest officials here invited Mr. R—— up to show his magic lantern with astronomical slides, and give a lecture on comets. The opportunity has been thought favourable to circulate a small book on astronomy, by Mr. John, of Han-kow, and several hundred copies have been given away in this city.

The medical work goes steadily on. We have two out-patient days, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, the rest of my time being chiefly given to the study of the language. Sometimes one of the missionaries and sometimes our native evangelist gives the address which invariably precedes the treatment of the patients. I should like again to ask your earnest prayers that many who come for bodily healing may learn to know the Lord Jesus Christ as the Great Physician. Last week our native evangelist gave a most earnest gospel address, in which he insisted with great force on the fact that the gospel belongs no more to England than to China, but is God's message to all mankind. I could not but feel how unutterably sad it is that there are still hundreds of great cities and towns in China without a single witness for Christ in them, and hundreds of Christians at home who might come out and spread the knowledge of Christ among these millions who have never heard of Him.

"*December 7th.*—A Chinese gentleman and two under-officials called to see the foreign doctor. They had no special ailments, but the two younger ones asked for a prescription that would make their beards grow like mine.

"*December 8th.*—Prayer-meeting. Mr. Richard read an interesting essay on Buddhism by Rhys Davids.

"*Buddha's First Sermon.*

"'There are two extremes' (said the Buddha) 'which the man, who has devoted himself to the higher life, ought not to follow—the habitual practice of those things whose attraction depends upon the passions, especially of sensuality, and the habitual practice, on the other hand, of asceticism or self-mortification, which is not only painful, but as unworthy and unprofitable as the other. But the Tathagata has discovered a middle path, which avoids these two extremities, a path that opens the eyes and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to higher wisdom, to full enlightenment—in a word, to Nirvāna; and this path is the noble eightfold path of Right Views, High Aims,

Kindly Speech, Upright Conduct, A Harmless Livelihood, Perseverance in Well-doing, Intellectual Activity, and Earnest Thought. Wherever there are the conditions of individuality, there are the conditions of sorrow.' Men are like bubbles on the stream of existence, according to Buddha.

"'The entrance to the noble path is narrow, and the path long; the chief difficulties are ten in number, and are termed the ten fetters.

"'1. The delusion of *self.*

"'2. Doubt, indecision.

"'3. Dependence on the efficacy of rites and ceremonies.

"'4. Bodily passions.

"'5. Ill-will towards others.

"'6. Desire for a future life in a material body.

"'7. Desire for a future life in an immaterial world.

"'8. Pride.

"'9. Self-righteousness.

"'10. Ignorance.'

"Salvation, according to Buddha, is a subjective change produced in the life. All reference to God, to sin, to a future life is excluded.

"*December 9th.*—Chinese meal at Mr. Richard's, cooked by Mohammedans. Many dishes really excellent. Boned chicken, cold, very good soup, mutton rissoles, ducks' eggs; we ate it with chopsticks.

"*Christmas Day, December 25th.*—Mr. Turner arrived in the morning, having performed the journey from Ping-yang Fu in a little more than four days. Meeting at Mr. R——'s. I showed the magic lantern in evening at the Girls' School, Haitzpien; Mr. Turner explained: the girls seemed greatly to appreciate it.

"'Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.'

"*New Year's Day, January 1st,* 1881.—All the community to dinner at Mr. Richard's.

"*January 3rd.*—Beginning of the week of prayer. Thanksgiving meeting.

"*January 4th.*—Confession and humiliation.

"*January 5th.*—Prayer for the Church of God.

"*January 6th.*—Prayer for the young and their teachers.

"*January 7th.*—Prayer for nations and their rulers.

"*January 8th.*—Prayer for Christian Missions.

"*Sunday, January 16th.*—My first Chinese service. John x. Vocabulary excessively limited; fairly well understood.

"*February 1st.*—Sky very dull and overcast. Two days ago a young Chinese 'hopeful' came to me for instruction in photography, and also for some means of causing his beard and whiskers to grow.

"*February 14th.*—Instead of going out to see the lanterns, we showed the girls a magic lantern, which went off well. Great fun with the lion, T—— roaring, and L—— seizing their hands from behind the sheet when they tried to stroke the lion's paw.

"*February 15th.*—A second magic lantern exhibition for the men. Mr. Cameron spoke earnestly and pointedly to them about Christ.

"*February 28th.*—Chinese meeting to consider the proposed formation of a Tract Society. None but Christian colporteurs to be employed.

"*March 2nd.*—Prayer-meeting. Animated discussion; the proposal to employ none but Christian colporteurs was outvoted, and Mr. P—— and I said we could not join a society on these principles.

"*March 3rd.*—Various pourparlers. In evening at Mr. R——'s we agreed to form a society for printing and publishing, leaving the distribution to the missionaries individually.

"*March 18th.*—Went with Mr. J—— to the chief druggist in the city and afterwards to a wine-shop and grocer's. We were offered tea or hot water in all. On the way saw the 'lucky tree,' regarded as such because rain once fell there when there was a drought; on the wall close by were many papers posted. It is a great place for prayer. On another wall were notices telling of supposed answers to prayer in the healing of sickness, prayers offered in an idol-temple whose virtues are extolled. The druggist's shop was wonderfully like an English one; large numbers of drawers: a beautifully clean counter with many steel-yards. We had tea before inspecting the various samples of drugs. Among others were nux vomica, liquorice, camphor, poppy heads,

digitalis, catechu, mustard, etc. Among curiosities of the Chinese pharmacopœia, of which there are very many, we saw tigers' bones and dragons' teeth. The head druggist is also a doctor, and was most affable. All were paid for at the time and sent properly tied up in neat parcels next day. At the wine-shop we tasted two kinds of spirits; one, the strongest, appeared to be fully as strong, if not stronger than brandy. One could not but be very much struck, walking about the streets, by the crowds of people, all ignorant of the true God and Jesus Christ.

"*March 24th.*—Mr. T——, Mr. L——, and I, visited the large new printing establishment. The building cost 3,000 'taels' (about £750). The frame-work is wooden, round three sides of an oblong, beautifully painted green, red, yellow, blue, etc. Two stories with a nice balcony. A complete new edition of the classics is being printed here, and we saw some stored in the upper floor; our host was careful to point out N.S.E.W. and also sundry trap-doors in the floor which to me seemed extremely likely to furnish some fractured bones ere long. In another room were stored thousands of wood blocks cut on both sides. We then asked to see the printing (Shwâh shū = brushing-books), and were shown into another court where several boys were playing. Their faces were daubed with ink, and we surmised that they were the printers. One little fellow who was hard at work printing, they said, could produce 1,000 impressions in a day; he indignantly corrected this and said 2,000. After a wonderful amount of salutation and bowing, we departed. This place was built by a special grant from Pekin. Twenty thousand copies can be printed from one block. Kite-flying very common.

"*March 25th.*—Afternoon went with Mr. J—— to visit our stout friend the money-changer (a Mohammedan). He kindly accompanied us in our cart to their mosque. We were met at the door by the ahong (priest), a most excitable man. He showed us into his own room in the outer court and brought down part of the Koran in large Arabic letters. He began reading at a prodigious rate in Arabic and explaining in Chinese, remarking that they believed only in one God, but we believed in Jesus besides. He showed me another book which contained the Mussulman's brief

creed in Arabic. Then into the mosque; in front is a small building surmounted by a tower, which ought to be used to summon the 'faithful' to prayer, but is not. The mosque is solidly built of wood, three parallel portions, just like a Greek basilica and many ancient mosques. The further aisle is the most sacred place, and is carpeted and railed off. A little pulpit for prayer. Many Arabic texts and a number of Chinese scrolls. No image or idol. Emperor's tablet. Wonderfully pure from idolatry. They abstain from pork-worship on our Friday. About 800 present.

(Copy of letter to Dr. Draper.)

"April 20th.

"DEAR SIR,—I have lately read with great interest your book (International Science Series) entitled 'History of the Conflict between Religion and Science.' The subject is naturally one which interests me deeply, as I am by profession a medical man, and am here in China as a Christian missionary; I trust therefore that you will excuse the liberty I am taking of addressing to you a few remarks which have occurred to me in reading your book. My quotations are from the eleventh edition (Kegan Paul & Co., London).

"P. 185.—You assert that Noah did not know of the existence of America; allow me to point out that this proposition, from the nature of the case, is incapable of either proof or refutation, and therefore must be termed a pure assumption.

"P. 222.—'The incidents contained in Genesis from the first to the tenth chapters have been obviously compiled from short, fragmentary legends of various authorship.' Such a statement, which to many thousands of Christians is not obvious, surely requires a proof, but none is furnished.

"P. 224.—'Christianity in its earliest days, when it was converting and conquering the world, knew little or nothing about the doctrine of the Atonement.' This statement is contradicted by numerous passages in the Acts and Paul's Epistles, also by the well-known passage in 1 John, 'He

is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.' To any careful reader of the New Testament it is manifest that the Apostles and their contemporaries preached the doctrine of the Atonement, however much many fathers of the Church may have neglected it in later centuries.

"P. 283.—'When in imagination we restore . . . the sounds of voices *not inferior in their melody to those of heaven.*' How is it possible to compare earthly music with that of heaven, unless we have heard *both?*

"P. 293.—'In modern times the influence of the pulpit has become insignificant.' It is notorious that the preaching of Finney, Moody, Spurgeon, and many other preachers of less note has been the means of transforming permanently the lives of thousands; can such influence fairly be termed insignificant?

"P. 314.—'The introduction of the saw-mill gave wooden floors to houses.' This clearly implies that wooden floors either were not or could not be made without saw-mills. The Chinese have sawn up planks and made wooden floors whenever they wanted them for centuries past without saw-mills at all.

"P. 314.—'The manufacture of glass gave windows, making *possible* the warming of apartments.' The Chinese used paper for windows for many centuries, and in North China apartments have been warmed by k'angs for ages, when the inhabitants of Northern Europe were little better than savages.

"P. 316.—'Whiter and finer bread.' This, I presume, is meant to be considered an improvement on the coarser bread previously in use. Every practical physician knows that brown bread is much more wholesome than that made from fine, white flour. 'Tobacco.' This, surely, is hardly an improvement.

"P. 316.—'In many towns the *aqueduct* was substituted.' This was no modern improvement, but an inferior copy of the magnificent aqueducts built hundreds of years previously by the Romans. 'Ceilings, which in old days would have been dingy.' In China the ceilings have been papered for ages past, and regularly whitewashed in the better houses.

"P. 318.—'The great American discovery of anæsthetics.' It surely is unfair to claim anæsthetics as a purely American discovery. It is true that ether was first used in surgery in America, but chloroform, which in Europe certainly takes equal rank, was introduced both into surgical and obstetric practice by Sir J. Simpson.

"P. 320.—'Indestructibility of matter.' The words 'by human agency' should be appended.

"P. 321.—'Guided in an elliptic orbit by destiny.' The question occurs—What is destiny? It is not usually enumerated among the forces of the universe.

"P. 321.—'I have said nothing of the establishment of hospitals.' It is surely unfair to claim the foundation of hospitals as one of the benefits conferred by science on mankind, when it is a notorious fact that hospitals have never been founded in any country apart from religion.

"P. 323.—'Laying the foundation of physiology on chemistry.' It is scarcely necessary to remind so distinguished a physiologist as yourself that physiology rests as much on physics as on chemistry.

"P. 329.—'It is plain therefore that of professing Christians the vast majority are Catholic.' No mention has been made of the Coptic, Nestorian, and Syrian churches in Egypt and Asia Minor. These, together with the Greek Church and all the Protestant bodies in England and America, make a total which falls but little short of the Romish.

"Hoping you will excuse the unavoidably critical tone of this letter,

"I am,

"Yours very truly,

"R. H. A. SCHOFIELD."

"*April 8th.*—Mr. James and I went up in a cart to see the Romish priests; they live near the north gate of the city. Large piece of ground walled in, from 300 to 400 yards square. Dogs barked fiercely at the heretics. Photographed two groups and then the three foreigners, the old bishop, seventy-three years of age (forty-one years in China), and two priests: Way-seing-seng, who had visited us, and another Italian, on whose face sensuality was plainly stamped.

"We then walked through the church, and could hardly believe we were in China. Gorgeous high altar and some side-shrines, pictures of stations of cross, confessional, holy water, and all other paraphernalia except an organ. This church was begun in 1868. Thence into the seminary, where are nineteen young Chinamen, training to become Romish priests; all were reciting the Latin grammar in loud tones; they have a nice clean dormitory, divided into little stalls, each having one. A large harmonium, on which one of them played tolerably. Some music near was set to the words in Latin: 'God hath highly exalted Him and given Him a name above every name.' One of them read it very correctly in Latin and gave me the sense in Chinese. Several had beautiful gentle faces, and one could not help thinking that many were better than their teachers.

"I cannot but believe that some at least among their converts, in spite of all Romish errors and superstitions, have found Christ. We conversed a good time with their head Chinese priest, who has written some books.

"*Sunday, June 19th.*—Service to consecrate our little Harold to the Lord. Mr. R—— spoke.

"*June 20th.*—Went to photograph a poor mandarin who was very ill.

"T'AI-YÜEN FU, SHAN-SI, NORTH CHINA,
"*March 13th*, 1882.

"The ever-increasing demands on my time by the growing medical work, and the necessity of giving as much attention as possible to the study of the language, must be my excuse for allowing eight months to pass before sending another circular letter to my friends. Since my last letter was dated July 1st, 1881, I may as well begin this one without further preface by a few extracts from my diary referring to the last six months of 1881.

"*July 2nd.*—We visited a new theatre, which is almost finished; the woodwork is very substantial, and there is an excellent gallery round three sides; it would make a fine chapel, and perhaps may yet be used for the worship of the one true God.

"At the back is a large hall where we saw various idols

in course of construction; they had a sort of wooden skeleton, and the trunk and limbs were moulded in clay; the feet and other parts of the body were not yet dry, and many were propped up by planks to prevent them toppling over on to the floor. Some were being painted, and both the modelling and painting showed considerable taste and skill; alas that it should be perverted to that which dishonours and disobeys God!

"*August 16th.*—During the warm weather in the long summer evenings, we have had daily Gospel-preaching at our gate by one of the missionaries and our native evangelist. Many seemed interested, and several have come in to inquire further, and carried away books and tracts with them; the only abuse has been from some literary men who live not far off. One evening one of them said, 'Does not the foreign devil doctor live here? tell him to come out and prescribe for us.'

"In some of the central parts of China, *e.g.*, the province of Che-kiang, the epithet 'red-haired' is applied to everything foreign; thus we have the grotesque combinations of 'red-haired chapel,' 'red-haired religion,' 'red-haired doctrine,' as well as 'red-haired food' and 'red-haired spoons.'

"The epithet 'foreign devil' (yang-kweitz), richly deserved by us on account of the opium-traffic, did not, I believe, originate with it, and is very commonly used all over China. Even here, where the people are more than usually well-disposed and friendly towards us on account of the famine relief, one cannot go the length of a busy street without hearing it called after one. It is often used quite innocently, but very often also with the deliberate intention of insulting the foreigner. As an illustration of how current it is among the children, I may mention that on one occasion the child of a money-changer in the city, whose father had promised to take her to see the missionary's house, came into the room with great delight, saying, 'Papa, papa, I am going to see the little foreign devil' (the missionary's little child).

"On another occasion two of us went to visit a gentleman who was dying of consumption; two little girls about four and five years old were playing on the doorstep, and seeing

us approaching, ran in to announce our arrival to their father (the doorkeeper) as follows: 'Papa, papa, the foreign devils are come.' The next moment we heard them being well beaten, though no doubt their parents had taught them to call foreigners by this name.

"*August 17th.*—Fra Athanasio came to consult me medically; and after prescribing for him, he began discussing, saying that Protestants only dated back three hundred years, etc. I tried to show him that all through the centuries there had been bodies of Christians who had adhered to the Word of God, and refused to submit to the usurped authority of Rome. I tackled him on the monstrous impertinence of the Romish Church, forbidding the clergy to marry, especially as Peter himself was a married man; this he could not answer. Also I told him what a solemn thing it was to oppose the circulation of the Word of God. I finished by telling him that his church never had been and *never* would be Catholic, but was Romish.

"In the afternoon, the Mohammedan priest (or ahong) came for medicine for a relative. Thus we have had heathen, Romish priest, and Mohammedan priest.

"*August 22nd.*—The last day of the great Mohammedan fast of Ramadan, when during forty days they may not touch food till after sundown. We went in the evening to see the mosque, which was most brilliantly illuminated with hundreds of lanterns of every size, shape, and colour. The heathen Chinese were kept at a respectful distance, and looked on with quiet admiration, while we were accommodated with seats at the very door of the mosque, and could see the worshippers within all dressed in white.

"*September 10th.*—Three gentlemen belonging to the province of Che-kiang called; one, who is particularly sharp and intelligent, is going to accompany the Embassy to Paris next spring.

"*September 11th.*—In the afternoon a gentleman from the province of Gan-huy came for medicine; he also asked whether he could be cured of opium-smoking; this led to a long talk, in which we tried to set before him Jesus as an all-sufficient Saviour from the present power as well as the future punishment of sin. He seemed a good deal intertested.

"*September 12th.*—An official who lives close by came to

thank me for taking his photograph: afterwards four officials called, and were much interested in seeing our white-haired, blue-eyed baby; they looked at all our foreign things and asked all manner of questions, *e.g.*, whether we had fortune-tellers in our country; whether we could predict the future by feeling the pulse; whether we had been mandarins in England; whether we could guarantee a man's life (they had heard of life insurance); whether we could cure opium-smoking, etc., etc.

"*September 20th.*—Cut down all the grapes from our vine to-day, a hundred and twenty bunches; twenty-four had already been stolen. The total yield for the year must have been about 112 lbs. = 1 cwt., and they just filled a large clothes-basket."

"*September 22nd.*—Two gentlemen from the province of Hu-peh called. We heard to-day that a proclamation has just been issued by the Chinese Government in Pekin extending to Protestant native Christians the same privileges which have long been accorded to the native adherents of the Romish priests, viz., complete exemption from all taxes levied for the support of idolatrous rites and ceremonies.

"*September 27th.*—Seven Chinese gentlemen called, three of them to consult me medically.

"*November 1st.*—Went out with Lao Yang (our native evangelist) to visit the son of a Mohammedan money-changer in the city who is quite mad, shouting at the top of his voice, abusing his father, and reciting the classics as hard as he can. [About three months afterwards he completely recovered.]

"Visited another patient, an old man with a fractured thigh, and Lao Yang was able to put the gospel simply and earnestly before him and his friends.

"*November 3rd.*—A poor little boy, who was brought in an almost hopeless state a few days before, died of dysentery in our little Mission Hospital. Our landlord, who is a most superstitious man, wanted of course to conform to the usual Chinese custom of letting off crackers to drive the spirit away, so that it should not do any harm to the inmates of the house. Though he was unable to point to any harm that had resulted from the neglect of this precaution in the case of a poor man who had died a few months before, he

still pressed his request. We, of course, refused to permit anything of the kind, which would immediately have compromised our position as Christian missionaries. The landlord then requested that the body should be put in the coffin outside our gate. The little wasted body was put into a rough box, and borne away on men's shoulders to the mining village among the mountains, some of the people on the road, of course, saying that the 'foreign devil' had killed him.

"Some time after this a servant next door died, and I was called in just as he had breathed his last, probably with the hope that I would restore him to life. As soon as they clearly understood that I could do nothing, they busied themselves with dressing up the body in the best clothes (such as the deceased probably seldom wore during life) for burial.

"A few days afterwards another death of a servant occurred two doors off. According to custom, a large piece of white paper on a wooden frame (white being the mourning colour) was put outside the door, with an inscription stating the name, birthday, and age of the deceased. Next day we saw a man at work digging a large hole in the wall of the house, and on inquiry found that this was made on purpose to carry out the coffin through; being a servant, his body was not worthy to go out through the main entrance. After the funeral, the hole was soon built up again with mud bricks.

"*November 24th.*—Bought a large cow and calf for 43,000 cash = £6. The cow gives about five to six pints per day, which is thought very good by the Chinese. By using a hydrometer to take the specific gravity, we soon discovered that our man was watering the milk; he appeared rather nonplussed at this unexpected foreign method of detecting his tricks, and said that the milk was thin, as the cow had been drinking a great deal lately.

"*December 8th.*—A number of us went out in carts to visit the tomb of Mr. Whiting, an American missionary who died a few weeks after his arrival here of famine fever. He came to take part in the distribution of relief during the awful famine four years ago. The Chinese officials, soon after hearing of his death, voted 400 taels = £100, to

cover expense of removing his body home to America, but it was thought better to bury it here. The plot of land given for the purpose is on rising ground, a little more than a mile outside the east gate of the city. The view from this spot on a clear day is really magnificent. The city, surrounded by its great wall and towers, lies at one's feet; behind gleams the river, running south to join the great Yellow River; beyond is a fine range of mountains; while south the eye ranges over the vast plain of T'ai-yüen, crowded with towns and villages, which is said to contain a population of 3,000,000, among whom is not one solitary preacher of the gospel, native or foreign. Little any of us thought, on that lovely bright afternoon, that in a few weeks' time one of our little band would be laid to rest in the same lovely spot.

"On the way back we visited two large cemeteries where many of the victims of the famine had been buried, and also a cave where were a number of coffins awaiting transportation. Many are buried only temporarily, it may be for several years, till their friends can raise the necessary funds to transport the coffin to the native province of the deceased. The Chinese consider it quite right and proper to do this, even though in raising the money the whole family should be reduced to beggary, and burdened with debt for many years.

"*December 11th.*—General Mesny arrived from a long journey of eleven months from West China across the great desert of Gobi to Hami, in East Turkestan. He came out to China when quite a boy, lived in China twenty-five years, and married a Chinese wife; he is probably better acquainted with the people, and especially the officials, and their language and customs, than any foreigner at present in China. He was in the Chinese army for some time, employed in putting down a rebellion of the Miaotz (aboriginal tribes in the province of Kwei-chau). He is a native of Jersey, far more of a Norman than Saxon, and speaks French as well as English. He stayed some three weeks in the city, and gave us many interesting details of his journeys in all parts of the empire.

"*December 26th.*—Showed my magic lantern to the girls in the Mission School here, and was delighted with their

ready and correct answers, quite equal to those of many of our Sunday scholars at home.

"*December* 31*st*.—End of week—and end of year of numberless mercies. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.'"

(*Copy of letter to "Illustrated London News."*)

"*To the Editor of the 'Illustrated London News.'*

"T'AI-YÜEN FU, SHAN-SI, NORTH CHINA,
September 26th, 1881.

"SIR,—In the *I.L.N.* of June 18th, 1881, appeared a paragraph headed 'Jacob's Well in Palestine,' accompanied by an illustrative wood-cut.

"On carefully reading the account by Mr. Charles Barclay of his visit to the spot, one naturally concludes that he intends to represent his clearing the mouth of the well as a discovery of what was previously unknown. His communication is described in your journal as 'relating to what seems an important discovery concerning a point of Biblical archæology,' and this is but the natural inference from his own words. He speaks of a 'dark irregular opening which has long been looked upon as the true mouth of Jacob's well,' and adds: 'It has been reverenced by travellers without number, who little dreamt that, hidden beneath the débris scarcely four feet distant, was the true opening of the well.' In April 1879, when I visited the spot in company with several friends, a German party rode up, halted for a moment, not even dismounting while the guide told them that Jacob's well was there, and then rode on. Such casual observers as these, glancing through the ragged opening in the roof of the vault, might have supposed that the 'dark irregular opening in the floor of the vault' (mentioned by Mr. Barclay) was the mouth of the well, but no one who took the pains to examine closely could fail to find the well's true mouth—a circular hole, in a large block of stone, grooved by ropes.

"I was not satisfied with peering down into the vault, but climbed down into it, and removing a few loose stones, found the true opening of the well, just as Mr. Barclay

describes it when he repeated the same simple operation two years afterwards. Some of my friends also descended the vault, and we examined with great interest the true mouth of the well, dropping a few small stones down, both to form some idea of its depth, and to see if there were any water in it.

"My only apology for occupying so much of your space is that the spot is one of such sacred and transcendent interest to every Christian.

"Your obedient servant,
"R. HAROLD A. SCHOFIELD."

"REPORT OF THE MEDICAL MISSION AT T'AI-YÜEN FU, SHAN-SI, NORTH CHINA, FOR 1881.

"'Preach the kingdom of God and heal the sick.'

"Soon after my arrival in this city I was enabled to open a small dispensary, with accommodation in the same compound for ten to twelve in-patients.

"The number of patients soon became considerable when it was known that a foreign doctor had arrived, and as soon as they learnt to come on regular days and at stated times the preaching of the Gospel was begun.

"*Evangelistic.*

"Our object from the first has been, by means of medical help rendered to the Chinese, to undermine the prejudice with which they regard all foreigners (missionaries included), and above all to use the opportunities which this work so abundantly affords of preaching the Gospel of Christ to those who have never heard it.

"On the afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday, when the Dispensary is open, we begin work with a short (private) Chinese prayer-meeting, after which one of the missionaries or our native evangelist usually addresses the male out-patients (twenty to fifty in number), telling them plainly that inasmuch as the soul is incomparably more important than the body, we seek first to point them to the great Physician who alone can save their souls, before using medicines and other means for the relief of their diseases. At the same

time one of the lady missionaries seeks to put the Gospel in the simplest possible language before the female out-patients in their waiting-room. The patients, men and women, are then seen and prescribed for individually.

"It is very difficult for us who have read the Bible and heard the Gospel from childhood to realize the state of mind of our patients, many of whom hear the Gospel for the very first time in their lives, and who have been brought up to worship heaven and earth, their ancestors, Confucius, and various idols, and who are ignorant of the very existence of God and the revelation of Jesus Christ.

"In such soil as this there must be much patient sowing, and much earnest believing prayer, before the harvest can be reaped, but it is none the less sure.

"We have often been encouraged by the genuine interest with which the preaching is listened to, and the readiness to accept and read tracts explaining the Gospel.

"A week never passes without some Roman Catholics appearing among the patients, and they of course listen with more interest and intelligence than the rest, and being familiar with the outlines of the story of Christ's life, some of them are of real help in giving explanations to those who are quite ignorant.

"We also have daily reading of the Bible with exposition and prayer for the in-patients; many have learnt a simple form of daily thanksgiving, and one, who has been an in-patient for several months, has expressed a desire (which seems genuine) to become a Christian.

"The results are with God, and will be manifest in His time.

"*Medical.*

"The total number of *different* patients treated during the year has been 1,851.

IN-PATIENTS.

Medical	13
Surgical	27
Total	40

OUT-PATIENTS.

	Men.	Women.	Total.
*New Cases	1555	256	1811
Old ,,	1349	328	1677
Total attendances at Dispensary			3488

"*Suicidal Attempts.* By far the commonest method of committing suicide in this city is to swallow opium. In one case we arrived after the patient was dead, but in all cases actually treated (eleven in number during the year) recovery took place. In addition to those who applied at the Dispensary for relief, a number of cases were successfully treated by other missionaries in the city. Sulphate of zinc was usually the emetic used; this, with the stomach-pump and the administration of a strong decoction of coffee, usually sufficed. In one of the worst cases atropia was injected subcutaneously, but with no marked benefit. Most of these attempts are made by young women who fall out with mother-in-law or husband. In such domestic quarrels suicide is regarded by the Chinese as the most awful revenge that they can take, for the spirit of the dead person is always supposed to injure the living who has been the cause of the suicide. The fear of this awful result is evidently far more prominent in many cases, than a love for the unfortunate victim.

"*General Remarks.* The patients have been of every class and creed, though the lower classes naturally preponderate: native patients, Buddhist, Tauist, as well as Mohammedan and Romish and Italian priests, have applied for medical aid. A good number belong to the class immortalized by Molière in his 'Malade Imaginaire.' Such patients will complain of a slight itching in the tip of one finger, or that they snore loud at night, or that they have a bad temper, more for the sake of trying what the foreign doctor's medicine is like than anything else.

"One went so far as to ask for medicine for the children in a distant town, who, he feared, might in the course of a few months fall ill.

"In examining a Chinese patient, feeling the pulse is considered a most important operation, and it is generally

* This includes 284 opium-smokers.

advisable to conform to the native habit of feeling both right and left in succession.

"Every patient has a theory as to the cause or nature of his disease, and these theories being much more elaborate than those popularly current in England, it is sometimes a matter of extreme difficulty to arrive at the actual symptoms from which the patient suffers. Even if the disease is successfully treated, it is advisable in addition to furnish some explanation of its nature to the patient, and if no other relief can be afforded, the mental relief given to the patient, by a theoretical explanation which appears plausible, is by no means to be despised.

"As a people the Chinese are exceedingly amenable to reason, and they will often consent to a foreign plan of treatment, operative or otherwise, when carefully explained to them.

"They as a rule bear pain very well, though of course they fully appreciate the relief afforded by chloroform. In the case of eye-operations their power of remaining perfectly still is greatly in their favour.

"The Chinese are often said to be ungrateful, but our experience here certainly contradicts this idea. A large number of patients have brought such tokens of gratitude as the following—eggs, tea, cakes, wine, potatoes, apples, melons, flour, rice, etc., etc.

"Their money-value is of course generally small according to European ideas, but they unquestionably prove that the people appreciate the kindness shown.

"One of the most striking differences between Chinese and English hospital practice is the total absence of that large proportion of wounds, bruises, and other more serious injuries due to drunkenness; in this respect the effects of alcohol are incomparably worse than those of opium.

"Small-pox, it is well known, is endemic in China and as common as measles or scarlatina at home. A very brief residence here would serve to cure the most violent anti-vaccinator. The enormous number of eyes totally blinded, not to speak of lives lost, would certainly prove convincing to any one amenable to reason.

"Vaccination is gradually spreading, but inoculation is still practised, and I recently heard of a native practitioner

who inoculated one hundred and sixty cases, of whom one hundred and thirty died. Of course the results of vaccination will never be thoroughly satisfactory till it is taken up and made compulsory by the Government.

"The climate of this part of North China differs from that of England mainly in the two following particulars: (1) there are much greater extremes both of heat and cold, the thermometer here ranging from 0° F. up to 100° F. in summer.

"(2) It is in winter much drier: the rainfall is much less than in England, and scarcely any falls during the autumn and winter.

"R. HAROLD A. SCHOFIELD."

"1882.

"'Lo, I am with you all the days, even unto the end of the age.'

"*Sunday, January 1st.*—Mr. Richard gave us an admirable and most powerful address on God's majesty and the fulness of Christ's redemption.

"*January 2nd to 7th.*—Week of prayer.

"*January 20th.*—A very sad day. Strange that little Mary Landale should be born on L——'s birthday, and her mother died on mine.

"*January 21st.*—Funeral. Long black dress with sash of white. Read 1 Corinthians xv. Mr. R—— spoke beautifully at the English meeting on 'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain,' saying that if we all were stirred up to live more for Christ, then her going would be a gain. We formed and walked in front of the hearse to the grave, about a mile and a half outside the east gate, beside Mr. Whiting's. Ladies in carts. Mr. Richard spoke to the assembled Chinese, and then we sang 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' which, to my thinking, never sounded as sweetly before. It had been sung at her own mother's grave. Hard afternoon's work with patients.

"*February 8th.*—Sore throat and fever. Very weak; all day in bed. Teach me 'how frail I am.'

"*February 10th.*—Got up in morning. Went out with L—— in cart to see the new Fu'tai, who was to enter

the city about noon. Preached to Yamen servants. We went along the road and saw the procession pass us, several men bearing huge knives, then the Fu'tai's chair and a number of horsemen. All the higher officials had already arrived, and all paid their respects to him. Saw them all pass one by one in their chairs.

"New Fu'tai less than forty years old; most forbidding expression. Were very much struck by the quiet demeanour of the crowd.

"*February 11th.*—Very nice prayer-meeting in evening. Mr. Li, a sub-perfect, came to consult me about paralysis. Six or seven years ago he is said to have got the attack when praying four days and nights for rain.

"*Sunday, February 26th.*—Our wedding-day (two years ago). Goodness and mercy have indeed followed us, and God has granted us more happiness than I thought possible in this world. 'The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow therewith.'

"*March 3rd.*—It was agreed at the close of our Chinese week of prayer, at the New Year, that we would each pray daily that native evangelists might be raised up in the province. Working a good deal at photography last week. Shops beginning to open again; most of them will open after the fifteenth, and then business will be resumed. We have had a great many New Year's cards sent in.

"*March 4th.*—Messrs. Pierson and Stimson arrived in the afternoon with the mail. In evening we went out, taking little Harold with us in the cart to see the lanterns. The streets were beautifully and most tastefully illuminated. Great crowds, fireworks, bonfires, etc. Afterwards called in to see the American friends at Mr. Richard's.

"*Sunday, March 12th.*—Very nice meeting in morning; more than thirty present, over sixteen adult Chinese. Mr. Pigott really got their attention. Kao, I feel sure, has God's Spirit working in his heart. Li I had a long talk with on Thursday, John xiv. On Friday he went all through 'Cen tao chi men' (Mr. Burns's 'Peep of Day'), giving me a complete outline of it to-day. Acts ix. and xxvi. He saw the difference between Peter and the Lord, though both raised the dead. 'Ah yes,' he said, 'Christ possessed the power, but Peter had to pray for it.' Praise the Lord! I feel sure He is working in

two hearts at any rate. I think they will soon come out for Him. Strong impression that W—— E—— H—— will soon be called to mission-work in China."

"T'AI-YÜEN FU, SHAN-SI, NORTH CHINA,
"*July 4th*, 1882.

"Again nearly four months have slipped by since the date of the last journal I sent to my friends; the constant and often urgent claims of the growing medical work must be my excuse for this long delay. The extracts from my diary included in this letter begin with January 1882.

"In T'ai-yüen Fu we began the New Year with a week of prayer, having a special subject for each day: thanksgiving, confession, prayer for the Church of God, prayer for the young and their teachers, for all nations and their rulers, and lastly for Missions.

"Thus we were enabled to be one in spirit with Christians meeting with the same objects in all parts of the world.

"*January 8th.*—We began to hold regular Sunday morning services in our out-patient waiting-room for the in-patients, the boys in the school, and our servants and teachers, together with any of their friends who liked to attend.

"Mrs. Landale was taken ill shortly after her confinement, with intermittent fever, from which she had previously suffered when living at Ning-po, in Central China. In less than a week she died, but before she left us, we were privileged to witness such a triumph over death as I have never seen before.

"For some days she suffered great pain, and weakness and weariness were often distressing, but two days before the end an interval of freedom from pain, and preternatural clearness of mind and vividness and force of speech, were granted her.

"She immediately began speaking of the joy of going home to Heaven in a manner that made me quite sure the end could not be far off, although, from her physical condition, her recovery did not seem hopeless.

"'I always had a fear that natural death would be dreadful, but I have none now! It will be so nice to be in heaven. Why, you could not grudge me to go, could you?'

"When asked whether she would not like to stay for the sake of her husband and little babe, she said, 'I would like to stay if He will let me stay with you, but He knows best; He knows when the work of each one is done.

"'I am very tired, so tired; when I get to Heaven Jesus will send down some one quick to open the gate, won't He?

"'There' (in Heaven) 'we do not need the revelation of His word, because we have Himself.'

"To one of the missionaries who came in to see her she said, 'You see, the Master has called for me first before any of you.

"'I have not done very much here, but I think Jesus knew I was not very strong. I think Jesus will forgive me, will He not? He knows I love Him, does He not?'

"To us all she said, 'Work for Jesus.' To a pastor in Ning-po she sent the message: 'Put Jesus first.'

"To one whom she feared was yet unsaved, she sent the message: 'Tell him that nothing else will do when he comes to the valley of the shadow of death: only Jesus can make it light.' To the girls in the Mission School here, she sent the message: 'Tell them, they have often heard about Jesus, and if they do not believe on Him, they will be without excuse.'

"To a native friend in Ning-po who was much troubled with doubts, she sent the message: 'Trust only in Jesus.' When various remedies were being employed she said, 'Why are you all so anxious to keep me from going? I am going home, you know; and it won't be very long now. Expressing her wishes with regard to the little babe, she said, 'That our little one should know Jesus, that is the first thing; and you will try and teach her not to despise the Chinese, but to try and find what is good in them: and let little native children come and play with her sometimes; in God's sight we are brothers and sisters.'

"She smiled very joyously at the text, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' She sang through Psalm xxiii. with her husband, dwelling especially on the last verse: 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and *I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.*' She asked us to repeat, 'When thou passest

through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.' An old favourite hymn was repeated, and she joined with a clear voice in repeating every line:

'Tossed with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear?
'Tis I, be not afraid.'

"These are a few of the last words she spoke on earth, but a mere record of them can of course give no idea of the peace and rapturous joy that shone in her face, and of the complete triumph over death that was granted her. To have stood by such a death-bed marks an epoch in one's life: it makes Heaven a reality in a way that nothing else can, and is a more striking testimony to the power of Christianity than volumes of evidences.

"At the funeral, as we were in native dress, we were able to dispense with many of the paraphernalia of an English funeral; all of us who walked wore black gowns with a white girdle; the ladies of our community followed the procession in carts. Instead of the hatbands and gloves given away at an English funeral, bits of white cloth were used.

"We left the city by the east gate (no burials are allowed within the city), and slowly mounted the slopes which rise up towards the hills which bound the great plain of T'ai-yüen Fu. The grave was close by that of Mr. Whiting, an American missionary who died here of famine fever during the terrible famine five years ago. From this spot there is a beautiful and extensive view over the whole city, with the gleaming river to westward and the great western hills beyond, while to the south the eye ranges over the north end of the great plain of T'ai-yüen. We gathered round the grave, the Chinese looking on in mute astonishment while we prayed. Mr. Richard, the senior missionary, gave them an address, after which we sang 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' which sounded strangely beautiful. The Chinese, who have not, alas! our sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrec-

tion, could not understand why we did not care to have the body conveyed home to England. The chief mourner, according to Chinese custom, wore a gown of very coarse material, reminding one strongly of the sack-cloth of Scripture.

"*January 26th.*—Cu-huei, one of the native Christians from Ping-yang Fu (two hundred miles south of this), was this morning married to Su-mæ, the eldest of the girls in the Mission School, who for some time had lived a consistent Christian life. The betrothal and the presents given by the bridegroom to the bride were all according to ordinary Chinese custom; the marriage was according to Christian usage in England, the questions asked being almost identical with ours. A lunch was provided for the foreigners, and a good feast for the Chinese. The occasion was to all of us one of peculiar interest as the first Protestant Christian marriage that has taken place in the province of Shan-si.

"*February 10th.*—The new Fu-t'ai (governor of the whole province) is to enter the city from Pekin to-day. We went some little distance outside the city, through the south gate, by which he was to enter. A large but remarkably orderly crowd lined the road for nearly a mile outside the city. As usual on such occasions, we were kept waiting far beyond the expected hour. The crowd, very unlike an English crowd under the same circumstances, required no police to keep it in order, but kept itself in order. The five chief officials of the province came out in sedan chairs, while the smaller fry, both those in office and the numerous expectants of office, came in carts. At last the big man himself arrived in his travelling sedan, preceded by a small body of horsemen and men carrying large knives on poles. He alighted, and was received by the assembled officials at a large house by the roadside. From here, after a brief pause for tea and cakes, the cavalcade entered the city, the new Fu-t'ai riding first. He is less than forty, and one of the first scholars in the empire.

"*February 18th, Chinese New Year's Day.*—At 3.30 a.m. we went out to see the officials (all who are present in the city) assemble to worship the Emperor's chair. The various lanterns, of all sizes and several colours, formed a pretty

sight. At the further end of the innermost court was a building containing a chair which represents the Imperial power. All the officials, great and small, bow towards this in token of loyalty. This ceremony is repeated annually before daybreak on New Year's morning in every provincial capital in the empire.

"During the New Year's holidays, when the whole population is given up for a fortnight or so to feasting, merry-making, gambling, etc., we had a second week of prayer, the meetings being this time in Chinese. One special subject of prayer was, that God would speedily raise up native evangelists and pastors (men of this province) to carry on the work among their own countrymen. Already (July 12th) two men, who have turned from idols to God, have been given us in answer to prayer.

"*March 6th.*—We dismissed our gatekeeper to-day for exacting an admission-fee from one of the patients some time before. He was very angry, denied the charge, saying that he had borne a blameless character from his youth up.

"*March 8th.*—This morning two of the elder girls in the Mission School here were baptized; they gave a good clear confession of Christ before several Chinese women. Joy and praise filled our hearts; these are the first Chinese that have been baptized in connection with any Protestant mission in this city. They have since led a consistent Christian life.

"*March 19th.*—We rose at 1.30 a.m. and went with Mr. Pierson (Messrs. A. Sowerby and Stimson being on in front) to the great Confucian temple to witness the worship of the mandarins, followed the stream of citizens which flowed steadily eastward to the new Confucian temple, which is situated near the east wall of the city within a few minutes' walk of our house. We went to witness the dedication ceremony, which takes place in the early morning hours (3 to 5 a.m.), all being finished before the first streak of dawn. It is of course well known that Confucius is highly venerated in China, but few who have not lived here can have any conception of the depth of reverence with which he is regarded by all the scholars of the empire. The eighteen provinces of China proper contain in all about 1,200 hsien or counties, and each of these has its Confucian

temple; they vary of course immensely in size and magnificence, but the plan is the same in all, and therefore a brief account of the new Confucian temple here will serve for all the rest.

"There are three great courts or quadrangles in the main part of the building, arranged in a line, one behind the other. The outer one is simply surrounded by a wall, and through a fine richly decorated gateway one enters the middle quadrangle; this, like the first, is paved with diamond-shaped tiles; round the three sides are one-storied buildings, all the woodwork of which is most richly painted and decorated with a marvellous variety of colours: this court might be roughly compared to the cloisters of our cathedrals. In the centre is a beautiful ornamental bridge in white stone, over a deep pool. Passing through the triple gateway, we enter the inner court, which forms the temple proper. This quadrangle is about the size of the great quadrangle of Trinity College, Cambridge. At the further end is the great building containing the tablet of the sage himself. The huge roof of this building, with its beautiful sweeping curved lines, is very imposing; the ornamentation, both within and without, is truly gorgeous, and much of it displays exquisite taste. In front of this great building is an extensive stone platform surrounded by a balcony, which is reached by flights of steps leading up from the general level of the quadrangle. The two sides of the quadrangle are bounded by long narrow buildings containing the tablets of the seventy-two chief disciples of Confucius. Immediately behind the chief temple is another much smaller one dedicated to the parents of Confucius. According to Chinese doctrine, they have the place of honour (the innermost court), and yet their temple is far smaller than that of their illustrious son. At the east and west sides are residential colleges for scholars, and for the instruction of pupils. While the people were assembling, before the ceremony began, we had an opportunity of quietly inspecting the various buildings; to our surprise and horror we found no fewer than twenty-nine animals laid out dead for sacrifice to the sage and his various disciples. In the main building were a horse and an ox, while all the other animals were sheep and pigs. In the great temple there

were a large number of stringed instruments, while on the platform in front were large numbers of gongs and bells arranged in frames. All the scholars were dressed in blue. Music was performed at intervals, and when the master of the ceremonies cried out, all the assembled mandarins, great and small, fell down and worshipped. This was repeated again and again; while many of the officials, each accompanied by two attendants, worshipped at the shrines in the side-buildings containing the tablets of the seventy-two disciples of Confucius. There was much repetition and to a Western mind monotony in the ceremonial; still it was deeply impressive. Witnessing this imposing ceremonial, one could not but feel that nowhere in the world has Christianity had to meet a mightier foe than in China. 'Worshipped the creature more than the Creator.' It is hard for the proud Confucian scholar, with twenty-two centuries of literary tradition at his back, to humble himself and enter the kingdom of heaven like a little child, by the same gate as the ignorant beggar in the streets. The impressiveness of the scene depended not a little on the vast temple area, and one could not but be struck by the difference between European and Chinese architecture. The latter depends for its effect both on the massiveness of the building, and on the vastness of the space enclosed, but not at all, as in our great buildings, on the height of spire, tower, or dome.

"*April 2nd.*—The last three days I have visited the son of the chief city magistrate, who is ill with diphtheria.

"*April 15th.*—A hundred and thirty-five patients this afternoon.

"*May 3rd.*—More than a hundred and fifty patients applied for medical aid this afternoon; for such a number our present out-patient waiting room is utterly inadequate, and we hope to be able to enlarge it or build a new one.

"*May 17th.*—The eclipse of the sun began just as we were finishing our usual Wednesday afternoon work among the patients.

"The majority of the Chinese are quite ignorant as to the cause of the phenomenon, and suppose that some monster is devouring the sun. During the whole time of

the eclipse they were beating gongs and firing off guns to drive the monster away; this method appears, of course, entirely successful.

"We had a really splendid view of the eclipse from first to last, as the sky was perfectly cloudless. It began at 3.20 p.m. and ended at 5.47 p.m. local time. It approached to totality, but at the period of greatest obscuration the sun was still visible as a small crescent which gave out much heat and light. The sky had a peculiar sickly livid tint which was very strange. The image of the sun received on a screen through a little pin-hole was of course a crescent; and the shadows of the spaces between the leaves on the ground (which are generally little circles) were little crescents.

"The patients and our servants were all delighted to look through our smoked glasses, as they had no means really of watching the eclipse themselves.

"*May 20th.*—The new provincial governor has ordered the city magistrate to prepare maps and plans to enable him to divert the flood waters during the heavy summer rains and thus prevent them from entering the city. Several of the under-officials have been out in carts; but, as none of them have the smallest idea of surveying, the affair was a most absurd fiasco. At last they applied to Mr. Richard, one of the missionaries here; he kindly with telescope and sextant made a survey for them, while I took a few photographs of that portion of the ground.

"*July 1st.*—The month of June has been very dry and most unusually hot, the thermometer being above 100° in the shade for several days together. If rain does not fall soon, there is considerable fear of the crops failing.

"*July 4th.*—Mr. and Mrs. Stimson (American missionaries) arrived. They were accompanied by Mr. Stanley, one of the senior missionaries of the American Board in North China.

"This is the beginning of a new mission. All the first members are from Oberlin Theological Seminary, where a number of the students have banded themselves together for work in China. One or two more families are expected here before the winter; they will probably stay here for a time to learn the language, and then move out into one or

other of the cities which abound on the populous plain of T'ai-yüen Fu.

"Our new friends are a most welcome addition to our little missionary community here, which just now numbers sixteen (not including children). The people are friendly, the door is widely open, and even now there are a dozen or more large cities and towns within two or three days' journey of this without one solitary preacher of the glorious Gospel, either foreign or native.

"*August 1st.*—The month of July has been very rainy, and this has delightfully tempered the heat, and caused everything to look beautifully fresh and green. One day nearly two inches of rain fell in little more than an hour. Several evenings each week, Mr. Pigott and I have been out on the street preaching, and we have invariably had many attentive and interested listeners. There is of course no difficulty in getting a good number together: in almost any street where there is traffic, fifty or a hundred persons soon collect to stare at the foreigner. One feels very thankful for the liberty to go freely anywhere about the city and preach the glorious Gospel of Christ. It is necessarily in many points different from street-preaching at home. In order really to get the interest and attention of the people it is advisable to single out several individuals in the crowd and ask their honourable age, name, occupation, how many children they have, etc.; you are then sure to be plied with similar questions, and also to be asked, 'What is your honourable country?' 'How far is it from here?' etc. On one occasion the statement that it was more than 13,000 miles away drew forth the naïve remark, 'Why, it would take us ten years to go there.' Another in the crowd took up the point, and a vigorous discussion ensued; after an elaborate calculation they came to the conclusion that they could walk to England in a year and a half, and were then not a little surprised to find that we could come in as many months.

"Among other very common questions are the following: Have you any sun in your country? Any social distinctions? Any domestic animals? Do you plough and sow, as we do? Do you grow opium there? One man said, 'Why, we can understand *their* language'; another answered, 'You silly fellow! don't you hear they are speaking *our* language?'

My beard occasions great discussions, and my age is variously estimated at fifty to eighty years. When they find out my real age, they are lost in amazement. After answering many such questions, and when their curiosity is partly satisfied, it is possible to interest them in the old, old story, so new to them, of Jesus and His love. They are always interested in the story of His miracles of love and mercy, and owing to the teaching of the Romanists, not a few who are quite heathen are familiar with the fact of the crucifixion of Christ. Such seed-sowing is necessarily broadcast, but we feel sure it will produce a harvest in God's time. What is needed above all else is the Holy Spirit's power to convince them of their sinfulness and need of the Saviour whom we preach. Will you, my dear friends, earnestly pray for this? Already many whom we have met on the street have been to inquire, and two or three are under Christian instruction, and we are trying to help them to give up opium-smoking.

"Five or six of us hope to leave this in a day or two, to pass a few days at a temple in the hills where it is very cool.

"T'AI-YÜEN FU, SHAN-SI, NORTH CHINA,
"*October 18th*, 1882.

"*August 3rd.*—We started in the afternoon for our long-intended holiday among the hills at the temple of the Heavenly Dragon (Tien-lung-san). Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Miss Lancaster, and ourselves formed the party. We had mule-litters for the ladies, and two carts for the rest of us, including servants and luggage. We crossed the Fen-ho (a tributary of the great Hoang-ho—Yellow River) two or three miles outside the city. Fortunately the water was low, and the mules forded it without difficulty. All of us were delighted with the great beauty and fertility of the country. Maize, millet, corn, and buckwheat were on all sides, and also numerous gardens, with every kind of vegetable.

"We passed through many villages, large and small, most of the population, as usual, turning out to see the foreigners. Soon after nightfall we reached the inn at Chin-sz, a large market town at the foot of the hills.

"*August 4th.*—Skirting for some time along the foot of

the hills, we had a magnificent view over the northern end of the plain of T'ai-yüen Fu—at this season of the year a perfect garden of beauty, covered with ripening crops of all kinds, teeming with cities, towns, and villages. We turned up a beautiful country lane, and for the moment could quite imagine ourselves in England, but further on large peach-trees hanging over the road soon dispelled the illusion. The neighbourhood here is watered by a beautifully clear spring, which wells up in the grounds of an old temple. Some of the finest fruit in the province is grown not far off; the peaches and grapes are especially famed. One of the former I measured lately was eleven inches in circumference.

"The rest of our journey lay up the mountain ravine, crossing and recrossing the torrent-bed. At length the path was so narrow that the mule-litters could not safely proceed further, and we accordingly placed all our luggage on mule-back, all of us walking the last three miles up to the temple.

"The Buddhist monks, like the recluses of Christendom, almost always choose places of great natural beauty for their temples, and this one was no exception to the rule. It is situated about the same height above the sea-level as the top of Ben Nevis, and is thus in the summer comparatively cool and breezy. The temple grounds are on a small plateau, on the side of one of the great mountain ravines. There are beautiful trees close about, a clear mountain-spring, an endless variety of walks amid the side-ravines, with the varied beauty of rocks and woods, streams and waterfalls. The view down the great mountain gorge across the plain of T'ai-yüen Fu is especially beautiful. On one side is a great mass of rock where centuries ago a rebel chief is said to have planted his standard; opposite is a round tower with tapering spire where the bodies of the priests are burned; and from this the eye wanders down over the lower hills till arrested by the gleaming river. It then ranges across the great plain, with its cities and villages all girdled in green, away to the eastern hills which divide Shan-si from Chi-li.

"A rough scramble up a side-ravine takes one to a temple built against the rock in which are several gigantic

idols gorgeously painted and gilded. The largest is fully twenty-five feet in height; the figure is seated, and if standing, would be fully thirty-five feet high. Close by are many rock-hewn caves, and another small temple with a spring issuing from the rock. Here a sheep is sacrificed on the 1st and 15th of every month.

"The temple buildings themselves are falling into decay. Within are many idols of various sizes, some of them well sculptured and draped, and exceedingly life-like. One is constantly struck with the fact that it is only those faces where rage and malice are depicted that are really powerful; most of those that are benign are very insipid. The Greeks alone of all heathen nations have succeeded in depicting nobility of character and power combined in the same face.

"At the side is the courtyard, on one side of which the priests live, and here we were able to hire good rooms and live very comfortably during the three weeks and more of our stay. It is superfluous to add that the kitchen is one of the largest and most important parts of the establishment.

"The Buddhist priests are all vegetarians, and this of course caused a little difficulty in the matter of diet. We lived almost entirely on native food, eating of course with chopsticks. Eggs, though considered meat by the Buddhists, we were allowed to consume on the premises, but on the rare occasions when we ate a fowl we were obliged to adjourn to a small deserted temple hard by. Before every meal-time the priests performed a service, chanting before the idols and striking bells and gongs. When fresh supplies of food were brought up from the town, everything was offered to the idols before either we or the priests ate it; we of course 'asked no question for conscience' sake.' Very early in the morning, before dawn, service was also regularly performed. An immense bell suspended in a tower was struck frequently during the day, as an act of merit, by an old devotee whose whole spare time was spent between this and counting the huge beads (or rather balls) on his rosary. For his convenience in winter, when the winds are excessively cold, a hole has been made in the wall of his cell, and by means of a rope passing through he

can toll the great bell to call Buddha's attention and to avert calamity. At bed-time he always tolled the bell a number of times in quick succession to make up for the hours of sleep. The time passed very pleasantly in rambling among the hills, in reading, sketching, writing, etc. We had intended to return in ten days; but the river was so swollen by excessive rains that it was impossible to cross. There is no bridge when the water rises high; even the ferry-boats cannot ply. The effect of the violent thunder-storms among these hills is most extraordinary.

"Dry watercourses with huge boulders in them are converted in a few minutes into raging torrents impossible to cross, in which immense boulders are rolled along like pebbles, and in a few minutes after the rain has ceased, a little trickling stream is all that is left. On one occasion we ran down to the bottom of the main ravine; the rain had ceased only a very few minutes before we reached the bottom, but in this short time the raging torrent (which was of a tawny red) had subsided more than two feet in vertical height.

"We had visits from a good many people who lived in the surrounding villages, but found it necessary, in order to secure the rest and privacy we needed, to abstain both from medical and evangelistic work. Our efforts in this direction were confined to a few visits to the people who lived not far off and occasional conversations with some of the priests.

"Very heavy thunderstorms and continual rain, coming on for several days in succession, had so swollen the Fen-ho that our servant was detained in T'ai-yüen Fu waiting in vain for an opportunity of bringing up the mule-litters for the return journey. Thus we were weather-bound only thirty miles from home for a full fortnight.

"At length the weather cleared, and we and Miss Lancaster seized the opportunity of starting down the mountain for Chin-sz, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Turner to come home in the mule-litters (which did not turn up for two or three days). The ladies had so benefited by the mountain air that they found no difficulty in walking eight miles over the steep mountain paths.

"Our little son was of course my special charge, and

I carried him nearly the whole way down. We were led by a man from a neighbouring village whose hip had been dislocated more than ten years before, and was still out of joint; though he walked in a very peculiar fashion, he told us that he could easily cover from ten to fifteen miles in a day. Just as evening closed in we reached the temple grounds, which have numerous avenues of fine trees and abundance of water from the spring. But for the pagoda in the centre, which could not be mistaken for a church tower or spire, one might well fancy oneself at Oxford or Cambridge. We put up, as before, at the Ming-yüen-tien (Bright Moon inn).

"*August 29th.*—We had bargained on the previous evening for a large cart to carry us and our luggage (which was carried by bearers down the mountain) to T'ai-yüen Fu, but as it rained in the morning, the carter would not start. We soon succeeded, however, in striking another bargain for 5,000 cash (about 16*s.*). Half was paid before starting, but after we had travelled only three or four miles, the contract was sublet to another carter for the remaining half. Thus contractor No. 1 pocketed half the money for doing little more than a tenth of the work. The large country cart into which we were transferred proved fairly comfortable when well padded with bedding, but our progress was very slow and bumping. The long-continued rains had rendered many parts of the road little better than a slough, while in many of the better parts the mud was above the axle. Rain came on with nightfall, and as there was no inn, we thankfully accepted the hospitality of the head-man of the village.

"The family had been Roman Catholics for several generations, and were wealthy until within the last few years. The house was very large; and though many parts were dilapidated, the rooms into which we were shown were beautifully furnished. The two ladies held a levée of the female inhabitants of the village in one room, while I had most of the men in another room. Mr. Sung (our host) proved very kind and hospitable; he and his friends asked all manner of questions, particularly about our beliefs, for he soon found that we were Protestants. I tried to avoid all controversial points, and spoke mainly of Christ and His

love, His power and willingness to save all who come to Him.

"*August 30th.*—Next morning before we started they took us over the Romish chapel—a large room in their house, fitted up with altar and candles, picture of the Virgin, and fourteen pictures of the stations of the cross. Absurd as are the legends represented in some of these, one could not but feel the great effect produced on the minds of illiterate people by these representations of the Crucifixion, by which the central fact of the world's history has been brought home vividly to the minds of those who were once heathen.

"One cannot but feel that the Romish Church in China wears a different aspect from what it does in Europe. Here until quite recently its teachings about the one true God and about Christ have been the only light on these great subjects which China has had for three centuries. Here the Church of Rome has been the persecuted, not, as in Europe, the persecutor. She has had hundreds of faithful martyrs, foreign and native. We cannot but be thankful for the fact that through the teachings of Romish priests, large numbers of the people have at least heard of the crucifixion of Christ, and one cannot doubt that many have learnt to trust in Him. Of course, now that the Bible and the Protestant missionary are penetrating to the remotest corners of the land, the Romish Church must (if consistent at all) declare herself in her true colours as the determined foe of the word of God.

"We were delayed by numerous applicants for medical aid; one old woman, blind with cataract in both eyes, we promised to take into our little hospital. She has since come; both her eyes have been successfully operated on, and she can see fairly well.

"Our host would of course take no money in return for his kindness, and we parted in mutual goodwill, being afterwards glad to render him and his son medical assistance. Our cart stuck in the mud near the river for some time, but at length it was driven out on to the broad mud flat, near to the actual margin of the stream, which was here very rapid and five to six feet deep. We emptied the cart, which was able to cross at a ford higher up (being light and

empty), while we had to wait our turn for the great clumsy ferry-boat amid a motley crowd of vendors of fruit, crockery, furniture, poultry, etc., who were going to the capital. We had to wait more than two hours—the crowd was so great, and the ladies had to be carried out to the boat on men's backs. At length we got safely over, and were very thankful to reach home again. During our absence a report was circulated that we had left the city in order to destroy it with a flood. This is a fair specimen of the idle tales circulated and believed among a people destitute of newspapers and reliable sources of information.

"*September 14th.*—During the last two months students have been pouring into the city from every corner of this province, and in a week the great triennial examination for the degree of Kü-ren (M.A.) is to take place. One is apt to compare this to the examinations with which we are familiar at home, but the examinations conducted by our various universities furnish a very imperfect standard of comparison. Indeed, we have nothing in England that resembles it at all except the examinations for the civil service in India.

"The high-road to all civil appointments in the Chinese Empire passes through the portals of the Examination Hall. There are eighteen provinces in China, and as the system is identical in each, a brief description of the arrangements in Shan-si will serve for all.

"It must be premised that this province is divided into nine prefectures (Fu), roughly corresponding to the four provinces of Ireland. These again are subdivided into counties (Hsien) about the average size of an English county. Every one who aspires to a literary career, or to any civil appointment, begins by taking the degree of Siu-tsai (which roughly corresponds to our degree of B.A.). The examinations for this purpose are conducted annually in each prefectural capital by the Hsio-tai (Literary Chancellor of the whole province). There is no fixed standard, but a certain number of degrees must be conferred in each prefecture. Thus the degree does not represent any fixed standard of knowledge, but stands for a greater or less amount of knowledge according to the number of candidates.

"These graduates (Siu-tsai) assemble every three years

in T'ai-yüen Fu to undergo a further and much harder examination for the higher degree of Kü-ren (M.A.), conducted by a senior and junior examiner specially deputed from Pekin for the purpose.

"This year the number of candidates has been 5,760; and as the number of Kü-ren (M.A. graduates) is only seventy two, the competition is indeed severe. In some of the southern provinces, where literature is more cultivated, there are as many as 10,000 or even 20,000 candidates. Thus it will be seen that these great examinations dwarf everything of the kind in Europe into comparative insignificance. Early next year the newly made M.A.'s (Kü-ren), together with their predecessors of previous years, repair to Pekin from all the eighteen provinces for a further examination (similar in every respect to that for Kü-ren, only more difficult). Out of many thousand candidates only 320 are admitted to the higher degree of Kin-shi; and these are re-examined in the Imperial Palace for the highest degree of Han-lin (Forest of Pencils). All the officials (civil) of the empire are selected from the ranks of the Kin-shi.

"Bribery is sometimes effectual in securing a degree, but it must be a large sum, and the present must be made in a very roundabout way from the candidate's relatives to those of the examiner, long before he reaches the scene of his labours. The punishment for the examiner, if convicted, is to be sawn asunder.

"The examination buildings here, which have been in course of repair during the whole summer, occupy an immense quadrangular area, about a quarter of a mile square, surrounded by a lofty wall. We went all over them a week before the examination.

"The whole area is divided into east and west halves by a broad road. Right and left are a series of between twenty and thirty long ranges of stalls, roofed over, much like an enormously long stable with a hundred and five stalls (very small) side by side, with an open passage (unroofed) running along the back. Each stall is for one candidate; he is supplied with two small benches (one for a seat, the other for a table) sliding in grooves. He provides his own bedding, curtains, cooking utensils, food, etc., the Government rations being largely consumed by the

underlings, one servant being allotted to each ten candidates. Each range of stalls has a petty official walking up and down to preserve order and prevent cheating, and also to attend to the wants of the candidates.

"At the centre of the great dividing road is a tower overlooking the whole area, and several smaller towers are placed at the corners so as to overlook the candidates. The rest of the area is occupied by extensive courts surrounded by large and well-furnished buildings for the residence of the various officials, of whom several hundred are employed. At the back of all are the apartments occupied by the two imperial examiners from Pekin. On one side is a great number of buildings for servants, and at the other is another large range for the copyists.

"The examination consists of three parts; each part lasts three days and nights.

"The first three days the essay subjects are taken from the 'four books,' and a poem of a hundred words must be written.

"The second three days the essay subjects are taken from the 'five classics.'

"The third three days questions are proposed on history, music, military affairs, and geography. On the third day the candidates come out between noon and midnight, also on the sixth day and ninth day, all essays being delivered up before leaving the building. As soon as the essays are finished and given up, they are put into the hands of an army of copyists, whose duty it is to make copies of the black ink originals in yellow ink. Sometimes, however, they hide black ink (Indian ink) in their pigtails, and alter and improve the original (if it happens to be written by a friend). When the copies are all completed they are carefully read through, and compared with the original essays by special examiners. These yellow ink copies are then submitted to the sub-examiners, who select the four hundred and fifty best, which alone are read by the two imperial examiners; the seventy-two best graduate as Kü-ren, and their names are published about three weeks after the examination is over (a great improvement in point of time over the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations).

"To-morrow (October 19th) the list of successful candidates will be published in the centre of the city.

"Within the examination-buildings, while the examination is going on, nearly 10,000 persons are resident, for the candidates stay in day and night. The whole is guarded outside by soldiers.

"There are special officials whose duty is to prevent candidates from carrying copies of the classics concealed about their person. Though this is the case, my teacher (who is a candidate) tells me that nearly all carry small copies of the classics up their sleeves to help them to quote correctly. In many cases they can hardly be needed, as every man with any pretensions to be a scholar can recite the whole of the classics.

"The missionaries had made this examination a matter of special prayer for months beforehand, and 4,000 copies each of two tracts (one called 'The Great Examination, and how to pass it') were printed, also a handbill announcing three prizes, £15, £10, and £5, to be competed for by writing essays on the subjects of 'God,' 'The Soul,' and 'Heaven's Nobility.' This plan of essay prizes was tried three years ago, and as a result one of the prize essayists was led to serious thought, sought Christian instruction, and is now one of the most earnest Christians in the province.

"The first day is entirely occupied with registering the names of the candidates and assigning them their places. The second day and night and morning of the third day are occupied with writing essays, and about noon a gun is fired; the great gates are flung open, and the candidates begin to come out.

"The six missionaries at work here, with four native helpers, divided into two parties (after a short prayer-meeting). We had a cart-load of tracts at each end (east and west) of the road leading past the main entrance, and by relieving one another, kept up the work of distribution till midnight, one of our number remaining till after 2 a.m. A great crowd of the scum of the city rabble were at each end of the road, and through these the unfortunate candidates, worn out and exhausted with hard work and want of sleep, had often literally to fight their way. Many had an attendant to

carry their furniture and bedding, but many also carried them all unaided, struggling heroically on, till they were seized upon by five or six men anxious to carry their baggage home for them.

"Sometimes one more vigorous than the rest fought his way through the mob (hammer in hand), but most readily succumbed to one or more of the porters crying, 'Where to, sir?' 'Carry your bundle, sir?' 'Here's a cart, sir'; 'How much will you give?' etc.

"By dint of distributing our forces and the strictest vigilance, we put a book, sometimes two into the hands of each candidate, with very few exceptions.

"As the day wore on we followed the crowd of city rabble, who pressed further and further up the road, and during the evening distributed right at the great doors of the main buildings. Here the mob were kept back by the men-servants, who plied their whips freely on them, but did not strike us. One of these men said quietly to two of us, Come in further away from the mob; you are distributing books—doing good.' [Some few Chinese were engaged in distributing their own books.] For this encouragement and evidence of favour among the people, we were very thankful. Very few of the candidates refused our books; most received them with evident pleasure and gratitude: some few trampled them under foot or tossed them away. The importance of the opportunity is obvious when we remember that these men represent the intelligence of the province, and many of them will be trained officials in the future. Will you, my friends, join earnestly in praying that God would bless this effort, and that many of these men who are devoted disciples of Confucius may come to sit as humble learners at the feet of Christ?

"We have just received the news with great joy that three more of the 'Oberlin band' from America are on their way (two married) to work in Shan-si. They will probably be here in a few weeks, so that our community will be considerably enlarged before Christmas. Corea has at last opened four ports to trade, and the gospel will at length be able to enter in.

"T'AI-YÜEN FU, SHAN-SI, NORTH CHINA,
"*December 5th*, 1882.

"This is probably the last letter I shall have the opportunity of sending to my friends during 1882, and I will therefore begin by wishing you all a very happy new year. My last gave you an outline of the great triennial examination for the degree of Kü-ren.

"*October 20th.*—The long-expected day has at last arrived. The list of the seventy-two successful candidates (Kü-ren = literally promoted men) is posted at midnight.

"*October 21st.*—We heard early this morning that our teacher, Mr. Ma, is tenth on the list of successful candidates. Two of us went to see the list. It is written in large characters on an immense white sheet, which is placed beneath a mat screen on the wall of the great drum-tower forty to fifty feet above the roadway. Besides the seventy-two columns (one for each Kü-ren) there are twelve more 'fu-pang' (*proxime accessit*). Another gentleman, Mr. Tseng, who has attended often at Mr. Richard's chemical lectures and magic lantern exhibitions, was also on the list of Kü-ren. In the afternoon we (myself and Mr. Sowerby, who had been Mr. Ma's pupils) donned our dress-clothes and went to offer our congratulations to Messrs. Ma and Tseng, in the case of the former of course coupled with a gift of money. Next day large placards on yellow paper were posted all over the city, each successful candidate taking this means of publishing his promotion to the population at large. Our own teacher, Mr. Ma, of course sent a large yellow placard with his name to be posted up at the door of each of the foreign missionaries in the city. He did not come to teach us for ten days or so, being occupied in paying and receiving complimentary visits, and giving feasts, etc. Each successful candidate pays a fee to the examiners (about £2), in return for which he gets a goodly volume with a selection of the best essays of the successful candidates, also two pairs of scrolls written by the examiners themselves and containing exhortations to tread in the steps of the scholars and philosophers of old.

"The expenses connected with success are very heavy,

and most of the Kü-ren pay a visit to their ancestral home (which may be hundreds of miles away) to worship at the tombs of their ancestors and to receive the congratulations of their family and friends.

"*November 1st.*—This afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Attwood, Mr. and Mrs. Tenny, and Mr. Cady, of the American Board Mission, arrived here in good health to reinforce the new mission which the 'Oberlin band' are starting in this province; we were all very glad to welcome them among us. The number of foreign missionaries in the province is now eighteen, and more are coming next year. Five years ago there was not one; this will give some idea of the rapid progress that is being made in the interior of China. Our new friends were escorted by Mr. Goodrich, a senior missionary of the American Board, who has been some seventeen years in North China, and visited this province some years ago when there was not one Protestant missionary resident here. Will you, my dear friends, pray earnestly that we may all become rapidly proficient in the language, and that many may not only hear but receive the Gospel?

"*November 4th.*—To-day for the first time, among the Dispensary patients there appeared some of the candidates for the military examinations about to take place. Most of them wanted medicine to impart muscular strength. All about the city may be seen numbers of these military candidates from all parts of the province practising archery. Their examination is naturally very different from that of the literary candidates.

"They are examined in archery both on foot and on horseback, in lifting a heavy stone, in drawing a very stiff bow, in brandishing a heavy sword or claymore; and finally they go into the Examination Hall, where they have to write their names and their ancestors for three generations, and also to copy out a small portion of a treatise on military affairs. About two hundred are selected and in the afternoon finally re-examined before the provincial governor (Fu-t'ai). Fifty-four pass out of several hundred candidates; these are then in a fair way to receive commissions in the army.

"The opportunity was naturally taken advantage of by the

missionaries, and two of our number took their stand at the gate of the great Examination Hall from early in the day till late at night, distributing Gospels and sheet-tracts, one to every candidate. These were in most cases gratefully received. Besides this, Mr. Pigott and myself went out on the street to preach and sell books several times while the candidates were in the city. In many other provinces these military candidates are particularly hostile to foreigners, but here most were very friendly, and many bought both Gospels and tracts. In this way several hundreds of Gospels, with explanatory tracts, were put in circulation, which will doubtless be carried to every corner of the province.

"The books are sold at one third of cost price, the object being to ensure their being read, and not made into soles for shoes, which is often their use when distributed. On one occasion a few weeks ago, when Mr. Pigott was preaching, I heard a man say, 'You had better explain to us the right and wrong of that opium-business instead of preaching the Gospel to us.' Mr. Pigott told him that they had misused what was really a valuable drug by employing it as a daily stimulant. The man replied with bitter scorn, 'Yes, and nicely you foreigners have doctored us with your foreign medicine' (opium). 'Look what a miserable lot we are.'

"This is by far the bitterest taunt I have heard here, whereas in South China such remarks are quite common. Of course we disclaim all connection with the opium-trade, and tell the people that we are doing all we can to get it abolished.

"*November 30th.*—This (the last Thursday in November) is observed all over the United States as a day of national thanksgiving for the harvest and all the blessings of the year. We gladly joined our American friends in their thanksgivings. The custom is interesting, as it has been handed down from the days of the 'Pilgrim Fathers,' who were nearly starved soon after their first settlement in New England, but who had a good harvest after a day of national fasting and humiliation in the spring, and appointed this day of thanksgiving to be observed annually near the close of autumn.

"Last week our teacher, Mr. Horse (Ma), left us to go

home and receive the congratulations of his friends. Among his friends in the city is Mr. Field (Tien), and he has introduced to us a new teacher, by name Mr. Burden (Ren)."

"T'AI-YÜEN FU, SHAN-SI, NORTH CHINA,
"*December 26th*, 1882.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Yesterday (Christmas Day) at morning worship in our little Mission Hospital here we sang in Chinese the well-known child's hymn,

'Who is this in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?' etc.,

and as I tried to tell to some (who had never in all their lives heard the Gospel) the 'old, old story of Jesus and His love,' I was led to think afresh, 'Why did that Son of God lay aside His glory and stoop to the manger of Bethlehem and the cross of Calvary?' And the answer came to me: 'The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.'

"What we owe to Him we shall never fully realise in this world, but personally I have found that by living in the midst of this vast heathen land, one gradually realises it more and more.

"I will not now try to picture the contrast between a Christian and a heathen home, a Christian and a heathen deathbed (the one radiant with the light of heaven, the other with no hope of a glorious immortality). It is a contrast which must be felt and seen to be appreciated.

"In England, in spite of all the vice and drunkenness that abound, the very atmosphere is, as it were, Christian: even the atheist and the sceptic, in their philanthropic schemes, borrow their principles (often unconsciously) from the New Testament; here, darkness and idolatry reign all but supreme.

"Some Christians point almost with pride to the four hundred missionaries (male and female) in China, or (including wives of missionaries) over six hundred.

"To me it seems unutterably sad that now, more than eighteen hundred years after the ascending Saviour gave His great commission to 'go into *all* the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,' there are hundreds of millions in

this vast empire who have never so much as heard of Christ.

"Only a few years ago the interior of China was sealed; now it is widely open, and missionaries can traverse every province and settle down and live in all but two; surely this is a loud call to more prayer. Yesterday 1,000 cash (about three shillings) was put into my hands as a contribution in aid of the Medical Mission here from the girls in the Mission School. This sum has been saved out of their pocket-money; they receive three cash (rather less than half a farthing) weekly; and something like two fifths of their pocket-money they have given to the Medical Mission. If English Christians were to give, not in this liberal style, but only one tenth of their income to the Lord's work (including in this term both Home and Foreign Missions), the Protestant missionaries in China would not now number 400, but 4,000 to 5,000, which would give three to every walled city (1,460 walled cities) in the empire—no very large proportion, surely. When I was preparing to come to China three years ago, some of my best friends tried to dissuade me on the plea that 'there was so much need at home.' How I wish that they and all who use this argument could just live here for a while, and see and feel the need for themselves; they would then be disposed to ask, not, as some did, whether I had a special call to go to China, but rather whether they themselves had a special call to stay at home.

"Some of you, I know, are interested in, and work for China; others perhaps have as yet never seriously considered the subject at all.

"My object in writing this Christmas letter is to implore you all to consider those here who are 'sitting in darkness and the shadow of death,' as you consider the poor in England at Christmas-time. All of you can help by daily earnest believing prayer, all can help by giving money, and some at least can help by giving themselves to the work. I have long felt the great need of lady medical missionaries in China, thoroughly qualified to practise medicine and surgery among women and children, not mere smatterers, but those who have had a thoroughly practical training, and who hold a licence to practise.

"According to the last published list of missionaries, there is *not one* English lady of this description in China (though more than one has gone to India), but there are already eight American lady medical missionaries in China. One American mission alone has five such ladies in the field. Whatever be the opinion held as to the desirability of women entering the medical profession at home, there can surely be no difference of opinion as to the desirability of their working as medical missionaries abroad. Here in China there is abundant scope and great need for work which no male medical missionary can attempt, and such work ever furnishes the best openings for the Gospel.

"In the *Christian* for September 28th, 1882, appears the following advertisement:—

"'Mrs. Meredith earnestly solicits contributions to the special fund for qualifying Christian women to practise as missionary medical doctors in India, China, etc.

"'The session of the London School of Medicine for Women begins on October 1st, and students must enter at that date. Money in aid of this branch will be gratefully acknowledged.'

"I trust that all of you, my dear friends, who feel an interest in Medical Missions, will contribute to this fund, and in conclusion, may I beg you in your prayers for China, not only to pray the Lord of the harvest to send out more labourers, but also that we who are already here may by our lives and words give witness of Christ and His power to save.

"Yours affectionately,

"R. HAROLD A. SCHOFIELD.

"P.S.—Accompanying this letter is a copy of 'The Truth about Opium-smoking,' which please accept from me. The statements recently made on this subject have astounded me; no one who can speak Chinese, and who daily mixes with the people, can for one moment doubt that opium-smoking is an awful curse.

"Among the many hundreds of poor opium-smokers who in the last two years have applied to me for help, I have not found one who defended the habit. If, as some assert, opium-smoking be an innocent luxury, why should

thousands all over the empire be continually seeking help to give up the habit?

"Will you all pray and work that this our national sin of forcing opium on the Chinese may be speedily abandoned by England?"

Appeal for Medical Missionaries for the Interior of China.

"Four years ago it was my privilege to visit Dr. Vartan's Medical Mission in the town where the Lord Jesus spent thirty years of His life on earth, and I was deeply interested to find that at Nazareth, the Moslems, whose fanatical hatred of Christians is proverbial, would gladly listen to the Gospel from the lips of the medical missionary.

"Of heathen nations the Chinese are the most prejudiced against foreign missionaries, and one cannot deny that England, by forcing them to legalise the opium traffic, has given only too much ground for the feeling.

"To overcome this prejudice against the foreign missionary and the Gospel which he brings, nothing can be better fitted than medical work, and of its effect no more striking instance has occurred in recent years than the building of the Mission Hospital at Tientsin (under Dr. Mackenzie's charge) entirely with Chinese money voluntarily given. The viceroy of Chi-li, Li-hung-chang, one of the highest officials in China, has not only been the largest contributor, but bears all the expenses of medicines, etc., for the Hospital, and for a large dispensary in another part of the city.

"In the interior of China the foreigners best known to the people are the Romish priests, who abound in nearly all the eighteen provinces, but since 1876, when, by the Chee-foo Convention, the interior of China (closed for ages) was fully opened up, there is no longer any adequate reason why medical missionaries should not settle and work in all the interior provinces just as freely as in the treaty ports. Surely closely in the wake of the widely extended itinerations which have been taken in all parts of the empire should follow the settling down of medical missionaries, at least in the capital of every province, and if possible, in some of the larger county towns as well.

"It is little more than two years since I began medical work in this inland city, which is more than three hundred miles (fourteen days' journey) from the nearest treaty port, but the vast and crying need for more labourers constrains me to republish this appeal, which has already appeared in another form. Most earnestly would I beg every Christian reader possessed of competent medical knowledge, or who has the means of acquiring it, to pray constantly for a blessing on medical mission work in this land, and further to consider whether God is not calling him to devote his medical knowledge and skill to the relief of the sick and suffering in China, with the avowed object of bringing the light of the Gospel to those 'who sit in darkness and the shadow of death.'

"There is an immense field and great need for lady medical missionaries thoroughly qualified to practise their profession—a need as great or greater than that of India—and yet no English mission in China as yet numbers one such worker among its ranks, although several have gone out from England to India, and there are *eight* lady medical missionaries connected with various *American* societies at work in China.*

"That God may speedily call some who read this appeal to work for China is my earnest prayer.

"HAROLD A. SCHOFIELD.

"T'AI-YÜEN FU, *February 7th*, 1883."

"REPORT, 1882.

"With great gratitude to God we record the work of another year under its two divisions—Evangelistic and Medical.

"*Evangelistic.*

"In hospital or dispensary reports it is not difficult to describe from a medical standpoint both what has been

* The facts alluded to above are gathered from the "List of Protestant Missionaries in China" (dated Nov. 1881). It is possible that some lady medical missionaries have come out since that date.

attempted and what has been successfully accomplished during the year; but it is otherwise with the spiritual work, which is by far the most important part of every medical mission. We have no recognized standard whereby to gauge spiritual results, yet they are as real, and incomparably more important, than the material. One soul 'turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God,' is a result which infinitely transcends the relief or cure of countless cases of disease. If we can at present only point to one or two such cases as the result of the year's work, we are none the less sure that other effects, not yet apparent, have been produced, and that God's Word can never return void. Among the out-patients the Gospel has been regularly preached to the men and women on the dispensary days (Wednesday and Saturday), in their respective waiting-rooms; some of the missionaries having given much kind help in this work. During 1881, from my very slender acquaintance with the language, I was unable to take my turn in preaching to the patients, but throughout 1882 I have gladly shared in this part of the work. Many, if not most who come to the dispensary, have no thought beyond the relief or cure of their diseases, but we always seek to make it plain to them from the first that our object is two-fold—to preach the Gospel and heal the sick; and that since the soul is infinitely more precious than the body, we first speak of the Great Physician of souls before attempting to relieve their bodily ailments. The wondrous story of Christ's death and resurrection, His miracles of love and mercy in giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, and life to the dead, scarcely ever fails to interest them to some extent. They usually characterise the preaching as 'exhorting men to the practice of virtue,' saying 'the doctrine is all good,' 'these are all good words,' etc. Even for such general vague expressions as these we feel thankful, for they at least show that in their eyes we are not 'foreign devils,' but are here to do them good. It is sad, however, that although they thus express their appreciation, they seldom seem to see the personal application of the truths we preach. Owing to their ignorance of God, the Chinese have no true conception of sin, and unless this effect be

first produced, we can scarcely expect that many will accept the proffered salvation.

"With the in-patients we have daily worship—singing a hymn, reading and explaining a portion of Scripture, and prayer. In addition to this, twenty or more (both men and women) have learnt by heart a short form of prayer, and some also a catechism, while one or two have committed several chapters in the New Testament to memory. One has to deal with them much as with children at home, and the repeating of these various lessons always forms part of the daily exercises. Several have been more or less deeply interested, and these have declared their desire to become Christians, a profession which in the case of two at least we have reason to hope is genuine.

"For these three, and any others among the in-patients who care to be present, a Bible-class has been regularly carried on on Sunday afternoons during the later months of the year.

"*Medical.*

"The total number of *different* patients treated during the year has been 3,247. Of these 32 were visited at home, 105 were in-patients, and 3,110 out-patients. Among the in-patients there were nineteen medical and eighty-six surgical cases. Among the out-patients there were 3,110 new cases, viz.:—Men,* 2,562; women, 548. Of old cases there were 3,461, viz.:—Men, 2,835; women, 626. Making in all a total of 5,396 men; 1,174 women; or a grand total attendance during the year of 6,571."

DIARY, 1883.

"'Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus!'

'O take me all and fill my heart,
And make me wholly Thine!'

"*January 1st.*—Went round to visit our friends, and wish them a happy new year.

* This number includes eighty-six opium-smokers.

"*January 18th.*—My birthday. Went out with P—— to preach in the main street.

"*January 23rd.*—Out again on the street. Two men asked whether Jesus could save them.

"*January 24th.*—A good many patients.

"*February 11th.*—Spoke to the patients on 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' Lord's Supper. For the first time the Chinese Christians present (eight) outnumbered the foreigners (seven). May we soon see the day when they shall outnumber us a hundredfold! Mr. Stimson read a very good sermon of Mozley's on the 'Fiery Furnace.'

"*February 12th.*—Out on street preaching in afternoon; people very jovial and friendly; not the least ill-feeling. None dead drunk, but a good many smelt strongly of drink.

"*February 13th.*—Went out again to preach this afternoon, and held a nice quiet audience beneath the projecting roofs in front of the shops, in spite of the snow.

"*May 1st.*—The peace and quiet in which we have so long lived in this city have at length been rudely disturbed. On the night of March 12th a robber broke open both the window and door of my study, and thoroughly searched through the cupboards, taking out and examining a variety of articles (among them a microscope, which he left on the table). He took a good many clothes, a valuable opera-glass, all our table knives, an ophthalmoscope, dresser's surgical pocket-case, and a number of other things of less importance. All my money and valuables were inside a large box, which he could easily have broken open, but he left it untouched, as also all my best clothes. Our woman-servant, who sleeps in a room close by, heard a noise, and struck a light, which probably caused the robber to decamp, leaving more than half the booty he meant to carry off. He stopped the clock (inadvertently) while breaking off part of the brass weight-chain (thinking probably it was gold); and the clock-hands, pointing to 2.15 a.m., showed us next morning the exact time of his arrival. I informed the tefang (constable) and certain other subordinates, and went to call on Chang Lao-ie (an official who is very friendly to us) to tell him of the affair, and ask his advice.

"He expressed much concern, and said he would get the

things back for me. The loss of the surgical instruments was of course of the most importance, as it hindered me considerably in my work. After waiting a day and not hearing that anything had been done in the matter, I drew up a list of the missing articles and sent it in, on March 17, to the yamen of the chih-hsien (city magistrate), begging that they would, if possible, capture the thief and recover the articles. As far as we can tell, nothing was done by the authorities, but we took good care to procure a couple of dogs; one we placed in the dining-room opening out of my study, and the other loose in the yard.

"On the night of March 21 (nine days after the first robbery), the thief returned. I had screwed up one door and window of my study securely, and this time he tried to enter the dining-room by a small back window. He succeeded in breaking one of the iron bars protecting the window, and chipped away some of the woodwork, and would doubtless have got in but for the dog inside, which barked furiously; this wakened us, and he went off down the back yard, only carrying off what he could sweep out, through the window, a lamp, tablecloth, and napkins, which were the only things within reach. The dog ceased barking, and we, feeling sure he had gone, lay down to sleep again. When I went my medical rounds in the morning I soon discovered that the thief had also entered my operating room and consulting room, stealing thence a number of pairs of spectacles, syringes, ear and throat instruments, dispensing weights, etc., etc. In the evening M. L—— and I went in our dress clothes to the yamen, feeling pretty sure that this was the best way to stir up the authorities to action.

"We were not allowed to see the chih-hsien (magistrate), being assured that he was not at home, but we had a long interview with the men-fang (a sort of secretary), and succeeded in impressing him with the idea that it was a matter of some importance not only to us, but to hundreds of his countrymen, as the medical work was seriously crippled for want of the necessary instruments. We did not use any threats, but simply asked him kindly to assist us in recovering the stolen goods; he assured us that he would do his best. Not till four days afterwards did any signs appear

that the authorities were doing anything. The ping-pang-ur, with two or three underlings, came to our house armed with an official warrant to search all the pawn-shops in the city, and begged me to show him articles of the same kind as those stolen. With the help of illustrated surgical instrument catalogues, I did the best I could. He begged me to give him ample time to make the necessary search. In order to understand his suppliant attitude towards me, a few words of explanation are necessary.

"This man (ping-pang-ur) is the head of all the thieves in the county. He has himself practised this honourable profession for some years, but is now (and has been for many years), as head of the thieves, in Government employ. When any robbery is committed, his duty is to find the stolen goods. When complaint is made at the yamen, the magistrate sends for him and directs him to recover the stolen goods. If he fails to do so, he is beaten and sent off again to look for them; if he still fails, he is beaten again and again. This ping-pang-ur keeps a registry of all the professional thieves in the county; and unless their names are inscribed with him, and a good sum deposited, they are not allowed to practise their profession in the neighbourhood. He is thus the 'head of the thieves,' and yet, strange enough, a Government functionary. He knew that if I went again in person to the yamen, he would get a beating, and therefore fell on his knees and besought me to allow him a good time. I gave him three days, and explained to him at the same time that for him to be well beaten was a far less serious thing than for scores, perhaps hundreds, of his fellow-countrymen to suffer unrelieved. Naturally enough, he could not be brought to see the case in this light.

"As I had anticipated, within three days he called again, and informed me that the opera-glass and a case of dental instruments had been found in two different pawn-shops. I went with one of his men, and identified them as mine. 1,500 cash—4*s.*—and 2,000 cash—5*s.* 6*d.*—had been lent on them respectively. The pawn-broker did not consider them of much value, being foreign articles, and could not be persuaded to lend more on them. We tried to get some description of the man who pawned them, but to all

inquiries the pawn-broker only replied that he did not remember what he was like. They wanted me to redeem the articles, but I did not see the need of doing so then. Meanwhile we had arranged for two men to sleep regularly in the medical consulting room, and put the cook and boy to sleep in my study, our other man being put to sleep in the empty house at the back, which had just been rented for my cousins, the Misses K——. In the middle of the night we were awakened by the dog barking, and dressed quickly in the dark. I rushed out through the garden gate into the back garden, feeling sure from the barking that the thief was in that direction. Our man, sleeping in the empty house at the back, ran out into the garden a few moments before I reached it, and looking up, saw a thief on the roof of my study, who immediately threw down a brick, wounding him in the forehead, and then ran rapidly down the roofs and made good his escape. In running down the roofs he dashed a brick down into the yard in front of the consulting room, to intimidate the men and prevent them from rushing out to capture him. We turned out all the men, and made a thorough search of every nook and corner, but found no one. It was at least satisfactory to reflect that on this, his third visit, he went away empty-handed.

"A few days afterwards, Mr. Baller, who had in the meantime arrived from the coast, kindly went with me to the yamen the second time. Within three hours of our visit, the opera-glass and case of dental instruments were redeemed by the authorities from the pawn-shop and restored to me. A night or two afterwards the thief came again on to the roof above our bedroom, and dashed down a brick into the yard to frighten us. I got up and called the men, but he escaped, empty-handed.

"He came a fifth, and let us hope the last time, and I beat my gong, calling up the servants. Friends at home would have laughed to see me running out, with a large basket (with pillow inside) to protect my head from bricks. The fifth time he escaped empty-handed. Mr. Baller kindly went with me to the yamen again, and the men-fang (secretary) promised to have the ping-pang-ur beaten again, if necessary. We began to fear that we

should not recover any more of the lost property. On Tuesday (April 24th) Mr. Baller and Mr. Landale, with Mr. L——'s baby, left us to proceed to the coast. On the morning of April 26th, before 5 o'clock, my wife and I were awakened by the dogs barking furiously, and soon recognised Mr. Pigott's voice, 'I have had a desperate fight with a robber, and am wounded; please let me in.' Our street gate was of course locked, but he had managed, though almost fainting from loss of blood, to climb over a back wall, and break open our garden door. When we first saw him in the dim twilight he presented a spectacle ghastly enough, just like one of the worst cases that are brought into a hospital from a street fight. His head and hands were streaming with blood, and his clothes soaked. We laid him down, and gave him brandy, as he was nearly fainting. Then I began dressing his wounds as quickly as possible; a brief examination showed that none were fatal, or necessarily dangerous to life.

"He gave us the following account of the encounter. The night before he sat up reading till about midnight, and then retired to bed as usual. About 4 a.m., he was awakened by the coughing of Lao-Tong (the evangelist), who sleeps in a room not far off his own, and got up to give him some medicine. He threw on his gown and ma-kwa (a sort of jacket with a stand-up cloth collar), took a candle, and went out of his bedroom into the large room adjoining; he crossed the whole length of this, and entered the sitting-room at the other end (which exactly corresponds in size and relative position with the bedroom at the other end), intending to get out some medicine. Just as he entered the sitting-room, candle in hand, he espied a robber (who had nothing on but a pair of trousers) crouching under the table. He instantly seized and dragged him out; a struggle ensued, in which the candle went out. Mr. P——, being far the stronger man, soon had him face downwards on the floor, and feeling the robber was so completely at his mercy, and not thinking of the possibility that he had a weapon, relaxed his grasp somewhat; a second struggle ensued, during which the man succeeded in freeing his right hand for a moment, and made some desperate stabs at Mr. P——'s head and face with a large knife. In the dark of course Mr. P——

could not see the knife, and not till he felt the blood trickling down did he know that he was wounded. He immediately dragged his assailant by main force to the entrance door of the large room and tried to open it, but unfortunately it was locked with a foreign padlock. The man ran between his legs and upset him for a moment, and tried to cut his throat, but through God's mercy, owing partly to the darkness and partly to the thick cloth collar (which has a cut two inches long in it), he failed to do so. Mr. P——, feeling now for the first time that his life was really in imminent danger, dashed his assailant off, and seized the knife by the blade, trying thus to wrest it from the man's grasp, receiving of course some very severe cuts on the fingers. Failing to disarm the robber in this way, he seized the wrist of his right hand, which held the knife, and wrestling with him, soon threw him on the floor face downwards, knelt on his back, and pinioned both his arms securely.

"During this latter struggle, Lao-Tong, the evangelist, who came bravely to the rescue, was vainly trying to get in through the padlocked door. Mr. P—— shouted to him to break open the sitting-room window. He did so, and held the robber down, while Mr. P—— finally wrested the knife from his grasp. Even then he dared not leave him. The cook did not show the same bravery as Lao-Tong, but at last he too came, and Mr. P—— told them to tie up the robber, while he, holding his big bath sponge to his head to staunch the bleeding, ran down as hard as he could to our house, about half a mile distant. It will be obvious to all what a narrow escape he had of his life. The robber being disturbed by Mr. P——'s getting up, would doubtless have gladly escaped, but he had not time to reach the hole in the window of the large room, by which he entered, before Mr. P—— emerged from his bedroom; he therefore crouched beneath the table, hoping to escape unnoticed, and, being brought to bay, he fought with desperation, thinking probably that Mr. P—— intended to kill him. By God's mercy, not only was Mr. P—— not killed, but his left eye (though the eyelid was severely cut) escaped quite uninjured. As soon as the wounds were properly dressed, and the patient comfortable, I walked up to Shang ma-kiai (Mr. P——'s house) and found the robber securely

trussed up (hands and feet tied together), and lying in the yard. The knife was shown me, and proved to be our own carving-knife, which the same robber had stolen from us about a month ago.

"Partly by beatings and by other means the men had discovered that he was the same man who had visited our premises five times (a foreign jacket of mine with a pocketful of matches, which the thief had worn, was found on Mr. P——'s premises). The men soon got him to confess where he had hidden all the booty he stole from us, viz., in a tiny little empty temple actually built against the wall of Mr. P——'s house. I recovered a large number of the missing articles at once, and a few more within the next two or three days, from the yamen, by means of the pawn-tickets found in the thief's possession. Mr. Richard kindly sent immediate notice of the occurrence to the yamen, and a secretary was sent down, who made careful notes of Mr. P——'s wounds, and exhorted me on no account to shave his head, or allow the window to be opened.

"The yamen-runners went up and dragged off the thief to the yamen, with an iron chain round his neck. He was a young, small man of twenty-six, with nothing specially to strike one in his appearance. He had been to prayers at the foreigners' houses, and especially during the week of prayer. He had followed Mr. P—— and me home from preaching, and Mr. P—— had given him some money, and I some medicine. The same afternoon the magistrate tried him, and he received two hundred and fifty blows with the bamboo on the thigh, and was kept in charge by the ping-pang-ur. Two days afterwards, I went down to see the ping-pang-ur and his little prison, as I heard that the robber had been most brutally beaten, and some of his bones broken.

"They opened the large wooden doors, and let me in among the thieves, ten or twelve of them. All seemed very comfortable, and were having a hearty meal of siao-mi (millet). The robber was chained by the hands to the window, but seemed otherwise cheerful; of course he had a large black mark as big as the palm of the hand where he had been beaten on the thigh. I asked him why he had robbed us, after receiving kindness from us. He said he knew we had wonderful medicines, and he wanted to get

some of them to benefit his countrymen. At this his fellow-thieves laughed immoderately. I had a good talk with them; they said theirs was a very paying profession, though they sometimes got into trouble. The robber said he prayed every day and would repent, but all he said apparently was the purest hypocrisy.

"The chih-hsien called on the evening of the affray to see Mr. P——, but was not allowed to do so, as he had been so much disturbed by visitors. They are, of course, very anxious that he should not die, as this would bring great trouble on themselves. Mr. R—— has written a very plain letter to them, laying all the blame where it justly rests, on them and their supineness. If they had bestirred themselves earlier, the thief could easily have been captured, my property recovered, and Mr. P——saved all his wounds.

"*May 2nd.*—Up till yesterday Mr. P—— was doing as well as possible. Three out of four wounds on the head were healed. Yesterday evening he was very feverish, but this morning is better again. He takes food well, and generally sleeps fairly at night. There seems good prospect of his recovery, but one cannot speak with certainty till another week is past.

"*June 11th.*—Tract Society meeting in the morning. Courier started. Mr. P—— not well; he cannot start for Pekin, as arranged.

"*June 12th.*—Having decided to take Mr. P—— for change of air to the temple in the mountains, he writes:—Hired two carts, and one tò-kiao (mule litter). Started at 4 p.m., reached 'Chin-sz,' and put up at the Chen-i-tien (the truly righteous inn) at 9.15 p.m.; water very low in river.

"*June 13th.*—Bargaining and arranging till 10, when we started off; ten carriers to take our luggage up to the temple. We had two mules and Mr. Tenney's donkey, on which L—— rode up to the last village nearly. The steep walk up from here was almost too much for her. Harold and baby were carried up very well by our servants.

"*June 14th.*—Yesterday afternoon, after arriving, we had a great discussion about rooms, and at length arranged for the same four we had before for 1,500 cash daily, but as we find our own food, it is very little dearer than last year. Lao-Tong sent off to work in the villages. Sketching in the afternoon.

"*June 19th.*—Sketching. Mr. P—— better. Mail in from T'ai-yüen, telling us that the Drakes arrived from P'ing-yang last Friday. One hundred to two hundred inquirers at P'ing-yang. Praise the Lord!

"*June 23rd.*—About 6 p.m. felt a shock of earthquake. The large temple shook visibly, a rumbling noise was heard, a cloud of dust rose, and the earth shook under us. It only lasted about half a minute, and then passed away.

"*June 24th.*—The morning I spent with Maour and Wa-si-fu, at the village named Tsai. It is a nice walk. Village surrounded with cultivated terraces. Saw the poor blind man, who remembered well about the Lord Jesus dying for our sins. Had prayer, singing, and explained part of Luke vii. to them; then went into Wu's house. He is one of the chief men of the village.

"*June 27th.*—Rose at 3. Started for home at 5.30; nice walk in the shade, down to Yangho, where we changed into carts, Mr. P—— and L—— each in a cart; J—— and F—— walked, I on the donkey. Hot before we reached Chin-sz. Very nice clean inn. Oh the lovely, lovely water! Almost impossible not to drink it. The most lovely thing I have seen in China. How we longed to bathe in it, and to drink it, all day long! Had a meal, then prayed and separated with many good wishes, they (Mr. P——, J——, and F——) starting in two carts for Shao-tien-sz, and next day we, in large country cart and three mules, going home. River very low, four inches below axle. Miss Lancaster and Miss Kingsbury to welcome us. Everything so clean and nice when we got home.

"*July 5th.*—3.30 summoned to Mrs. S——; L—— and I went; baby born 4.45.

"*July 13th.*—Evening to see Mrs. S—— and the chapel, where I had a talk with the two men in charge."

Here the journal breaks off abruptly. The day after my brother was first taken ill, and a few days after passed away from his busy life on earth for ever.

One or two letters may be given from the pens of his fellow-labourers touching his general life in China, before detailing the sad yet triumphant scenes of his

last days. The following from the pen of Mr. Sowerby gives some further details of the T'ai-yüen Fu life as seen by others :—

"In December 1881 I again met Dr. Schofield; and then it was at T'ai-yüen Fu, Shan-si. This was three months after my arrival in China, and on reaching the city where I was to be permanently stationed, and where Dr. Schofield had commenced medical work, Dr. Schofield welcomed me with his usual geniality and warmth.

"As the months went by and I became more and more acquainted with him, and saw more of his character, I gained an increasing respect and affection. In missionary life in the interior so much of our comfort depends on those with whom we are associated, and Dr. Schofield by his kindness was a real help to all of us.

"At our social gatherings he was always ready to take part: sometimes he would interest us with a well-chosen reading, or he would show us some object of interest under the microscope, using his acquaintance with science or literature for our edification and amusement. At our prayer-meeting, Dr. Schofield did us good by his devout and reverent spirit and fervent love for Christ. Whether at social or religious meetings, he always threw a genial glow over the gathering that did us all good.

"It was my privilege to see Dr. Schofield at times engaged in his medical work, and I noticed with what true Christian kindness he treated every patient. I have sometimes been present also when he has been operating, and although just before leaving England I had spent some time at a large London hospital, and seen some of the first surgeons of the day, yet it was a treat to see the skill and ability with which he treated the cases. Always before commencing a serious operation he would offer a few words of prayer, with equal sincerity and simplicity. On one occasion the Doctor was trying to reduce an old case of hip dislocation. After several attempts, it seemed impossible to succeed, but during a pause the Doctor offered a few words of prayer, and shortly afterwards was successful in restoring the hip to its normal position. This will show the spirit in

which Dr. Schofield did his work. He was a 'worker *together with God*.'

"On more than one occasion I have heard him address the patients; in his Chinese preaching he was plain, straightforward, and simple, so that he could be easily understood. He preached the truth of redemption and salvation in a way to attract and win men. Had he been spared to continue this work, there can be little doubt that it would have resulted in much fruit. In September 1882, Dr. Schofield took part with the other missionaries in the distribution of tracts to the students as they left the Examination Hall on the occasion of the triennial examination. The weather was still warm. A crowd of Chinese surrounded the gates, and were rather inclined to make fun of the foreigners; there was a considerable amount of jealousy and discomfort, especially when a batch of students came out, and the distribution lasted from 1 p.m. till nearly 10 o'clock, but Dr. Schofield helped to distribute the tracts with unfailing good-temper, and was one of the last to return home. In addition to his arduous duties, Dr. Schofield was the secretary of our local society, and not only laboured hard for the good of Shan-si in this respect, but also did his utmost by correspondence to promote the formation of the North China Religious Tract Society, a movement the good results of which, it is trusted, will be felt all through the northern provinces. As secretary of our local society he had our fullest confidence and respect, and did much to maintain a friendly and brotherly spirit in our business meetings.

"In May 1883, I left T'ai-yüen Fu on a visit to Shanghai. A few days before my departure I had not been well, and on the day I was to leave the Doctor kindly came over to bid me goodbye, and to make sure I was fit to travel. Just before starting we met in the house of Mr. Richard, and Dr. Schofield and he affectionately commended me to the care of our Heavenly Father. A warm grasp of the hand, a few kind words, and we parted never to meet again in this world."

Mr. Richard, Baptist missionary at T'ai-yüen Fu, writes:—

"One day several months after his arrival in T'ai-yüen Fu he complained of having been interrupted in his Chinese studies, and remarked that he had better have remained in England than be in China and not acquire the language. He considered prolonged and constant study of the language necessary to its acquisition; he more than once said that it had been more difficult and much slower work than he had anticipated. He once remarked that it was strange that after two years' study one should meet with characters in the New Testament and not be able to explain their meaning.

"He carried on his work in the spirit of prayer. On ordinary dispensary days he invariably sought the Divine blessing before he saw the patients. I have frequently been with him when performing surgical operations, and he always besought God to make his efforts to give relief effectual. This conduct on the part of a man of his natural ability, acquirements, and skill, I frequently thought contrasted strangely with that of those who, relying upon mere knowledge and skill, ignore the Father in Heaven.

"His heart was set upon benefiting the Chinese. When I told him that I should like to carry on a little medical work in P'ing-yang Fu, he immediately offered to render all possible assistance; he gave me a small stock of medicines and a list of instructions, remarking, 'By helping you, I shall help the Chinese.'

"In the same spirit, when he heard that Mr. King had secured a house in Hsi-an Fu and was dispensing medicines, he at once tried to send off a case of medicines to him; whether he succeeded or not I cannot say.

"He was thoroughly evangelical in feeling, but no narrow sectarian. When conversing about church differences he remarked, 'I have determined, like Paul, to rejoice in the fact that Christ is preached, even though some persons should preach Him out of contention.'

"He was ever ready to make very large concessions in matters of opinion; he once said to me, 'I am a man of peace;' yet he felt strongly on religious matters, and when necessary could become a very real though extremely gentle antagonist. The anythingism of modern Broad Churchism he could not tolerate, but he could admire Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. He felt equally strong against the corruptions and

assumptions of the Romish Church. The Romanist missionaries stationed at T'ai-yüen Fu asked him to visit a sick priest; he did so, and while in their company the conversation turned upon the Roman Church. The Doctor objected to the term Catholic being applied to that church; for he maintained that the Roman Church had never represented the Catholic Church. This statement took the priests rather aback."

Another missionary mentions a few interesting incidents.

"Often, in walking home from the service on Sunday afternoons, I have seen him go up to a group of Chinamen, and begin talking to them in his usual friendly way. His manner was so nice with them that they always seemed pleased to talk with him, and he seemed to find opportunity of speaking to them of their soul's welfare when others would have passed them by.

"In preaching he had such a tact of drawing the people round him, and was, as I heard a friend here remark, 'a born evangelist.'

"Truly it can be said of him, 'His loins were girded, and his light burning.' He did, too, seem to rejoice in the thought of the Lord Jesus coming again, and was, I believe, daily watching for Him. Whenever we used to sing that hymn of Miss Havergal's,—

'Thou art coming, O my Saviour,'

how heartily he used to join in. I often now fancy I can hear his voice. His simple childlike faith in Jesus was beautiful to behold. I think I never knew anyone whose faith was so like that of a little child as his: I have often been astonished, and wished I was more like him."

We now reach the closing scene of this busy and useful life.

Perhaps it can best be told in the simple words of the letters written at the time by his devoted missionary friends and nurses.

From Rev. S. B. Drake.

"T'AI-YÜEN FU, *August 2nd*, 1883.

"DEAR MR. TAYLOR,—A sad event has taken place: Dr. Schofield has been taken from us after a short but terrible sickness. He was unwell on the 19th of July, but did not feel sufficiently so to discontinue work until the 21st. At first he thought that the disease would prove to be malarial fever; but on the 23rd the symptoms were indicative of typhus.

"Up to the 26th the symptoms were not of a very serious character, nor was the temperature very high, being about 103°, sometimes a little higher, sometimes a little lower. After that time, however, the action of the heart became impaired, and for a short time the temperature rose to 105·4°, but brandy was used, and the heart's action became stronger; cold packs were resorted to, and the temperature reduced.

"From the 27th to mid-day of the 31st the symptoms became more serious, but yet not alarming; the pulse and breathing were fairly good, and the temperature sometimes about 103·5°, sometimes 104·5°, and we entertained hopes of his recovery.

"Towards the evening of the 31st, however, the temperature rose to 106°, but as the pulse was fairly good, we did not despair, and again resorted to cold packs. We continued the application of ten towels, wetted with iced water, for forty-five minutes; but when finished, to our surprise, the temperature was still 106°. Then we almost gave up hope of a favourable issue. Still brandy and milk were given, but his strength failed; at midnight the temperature was 107·4°; at 1 o'clock on Aug. 1st, a.m., it was above 108°, and at 2.15 a.m. he breathed his last.

"The sickness was endured by our brother most meekly and yet bravely. Were it God's will that he should live, then he would like to live; were it God's will that he should die, then he was prepared to go; this was the spirit in which he lived, and it was the spirit in which he died. Though his academic career was so brilliant and he received first-class university honours, and though he was so success-

ful a student of medicine, and had he lived would have made a reputation in the medical profession, he did not seek worldly or professional distinction; he desired only to do the will of God. He felt that he was called to undertake missionary work, and came out here to devote his abilities to the cause of Christ and the benefit of the Chinese. In whatever way we view him—physically, mentally, professionally, or spiritually—never did any missionary enter upon his work better endowed. With a scientific training of a high order, he combined a faith in Christ which for its simplicity was beautiful to behold; nor was his diligence less marked—morning, noon, and night, one found him at work—in fact, he was 'always at it.'

"He had also gained the confidence and respect of the Chinese, and while passing along the street it is not uncommon to overhear them speaking about his death, adding, 'Alas! alas!' If our brother could speak, I am sure he would discourage any laudatory remarks about himself; therefore I refrain from writing as much as one would like.

"A few days before he became unwell, he spoke to me of some of his former fellow-students at the hospital, and said that among them there are at least a half-dozen who ought to be in China as medical missionaries. Now, if his death, instead of calling forth laudatory remarks from us, should be the means of inducing any of those former associates to undertake the same work as he did, I am sure he would be delighted.

"Mr. Richard, of the B.M.S., has been exceedingly kind in rendering all possible assistance. Since his residence in China he has nursed a good number of persons suffering from the same disease, and has become a very capable nurse. After the first few days of the Doctor's sickness he constantly attended upon him; and from the 27th of July till after the Doctor's death he did not return home to wife and family, nor did he leave the patient's side, except for an occasional hour's rest and refreshment. The kindness and devotion of Mr. Richard cannot be too highly praised.

"We are all very much upset by the sudden removal of our dear brother, but are keeping well. As a special

messenger starts with letters in a short time, I must conclude."

From Miss Lancaster.

"*August 3rd.*—Several of the friends here are writing you the sad, sad news of Dr. Schofield's brief illness and death. Of him it could be truly said his loins were girded, and his lamp burning, as one watching for his Lord. It was indeed a privilege to witness the bright, bright face, the joy and peace of his countenance, and the child-like trust in his Saviour. So often he repeated the words:

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me.'

"He has reached the shining land; but we miss him sorely, and pray that the Divine Master will send some one filled with a like earnest spirit to carry on the work here, and that the God of all comfort will support and sustain the dear ones left behind to mourn his loss."

From Miss Kingsbury.

"*August 3rd*, 1883.—I have not been feeling at all well lately, and have put off writing, little thinking the sad news I should have to communicate when I did. You will be grieved to hear death has again visited our little community, and taken away one who was so fitted for the work here, and who seemed to us could ill be spared. Dr. Schofield, who was only a fortnight ago as well as any one here, is now in the presence of the Saviour whom he loved and served so faithfully.

"Three weeks ago a man came to him with diphtheria. Dr. Schofield, always ready and willing to do all in his power to relieve the sufferings of others, did what he could for this poor man by giving him medicines; he told him he could not stay on the premises, as the disease was so infectious. The man went away, but came the next day, and, unknown to Dr. Schofield, slept in the hospital. The morning after, the news went to the Doctor that a man had died on the place; so Dr. Schofield ran down, thinking it

was a man he had operated on a day or so before for abscess, when, to his surprise, he found it was the one who had been suffering from diphtheria. Directly he got into the room he noticed a very bad smell from the k'ang (stove-bed) on which the body was lying. We think it was that smell that caused typhus fever to set in. About four days after he began to feel poorly, and on the seventh day he became very feverish and took to his bed, from which he never rose again. Day by day the fever increased, and his strength became less, until he could hold out no longer, and his spirit took its flight to that land where sickness can never enter. Our hearts are aching with the wrench that has been made. We cannot realise he has really gone, that we shall never again hear his voice pleading so lovingly and earnestly with the Chinese. Now he sees 'the King in his beauty,' and is with Him in whose 'presence there is fulness of joy.'

"Little did Dr. Schofield think, two short weeks ago, his career would so soon be ended, and his work on earth finished. He was always so bright and happy, and so ready with messages for the Master. He loved his work among the Chinese, and his greatest joy was when he could point them to a Saviour who loved and died for them. We have lost a loved brother, and the Chinese a true friend; but we know our loss is his gain. We feel sad when we think we shall never see him again, although we rejoice that he is 'for ever with the Lord.'

"In the afternoon of the day in which he 'fell asleep' we laid his body to rest by the side of our sister, Mrs. Landale. In a year and a half death has taken from our little circle two of the most useful ones of our band. I wonder who will be the next?

"God's ways are truly mysterious. To us He seems to call away those who are most fitted for His service here; but He who cannot err 'does all things well.' As Mrs. Schofield said to me in speaking of the Doctor, 'the Lord had need of him.' His service on earth is only exchanged for one above.

"It is another call to us who are remaining to 'be up and doing while it is day,' and to seek more earnestly to point these lost ones to Jesus. Another worker has gone

but the work remains. May we, by God's help and grace, endeavour faithfully to carry on that which has been commenced by those who have now 'gone up higher.'

"Mrs. Schofield and the children are now staying with Miss Lancaster and me, and we are doing all in our power to make her comfortable. Mr. Pigott has not yet returned from Pekin, so things cannot be settled till he does. We need the prayers of friends at home just now, for we are very sad, but we feel so thankful for the privilege of having known our brother who has been so recently taken from us. He always, too, took such an interest in the work among the women, and rejoiced as much as we when fresh houses opened to us.

From Mrs. Schofield.

"*August 2nd*, 1883.—You will, I know, be deeply grieved to hear that my dear husband, after a short illness, was taken home yesterday morning, August 1st, at 2.15 a.m. It has all been so sudden that I can't yet realize that he is gone. His soul was filled with joy and peace, and his smile for the last day and a half was heavenly. He longed to be with the Lord, but was at the same time willing to stay if it had been His will. My dear husband's constant prayer was for patience, which he certainly showed in all his sufferings. He said, a few days before the Lord took him—

"'Loving farewell to Mr. Taylor and the council. If anything is written in *China's Millions*, tell Mr. Taylor to abstain from praising the earthen vessel and to give all glory to the Lord. Tell my friends not to praise me fulsomely, but to praise the Lord. By the grace of God I am what I am.

"'Tell Mr. Taylor and council I have found my Lord's grace sufficient to sustain me in the most trying illness of my life, and that these three years in China have been by far the happiest in my life.' He sent this verse to all friends--

'A little while for winning souls to Jesus,
Ere we behold His beauty face to face;
A little while for healing soul diseases,
By telling others of a Saviour's grace.'

"Will you pray for me, that I may be able to serve the Lord as he did, sustained by the same joy and peace? I would like to try and carry on in my small measure the work begun by him here, and I think, with Miss Kingsbury to help me, we could do a good deal of work amongst the women, especially with the help of medicines. I think I may perhaps have to go home for some months, for I feel my nervous system dreadfully shaken by this sorrow. The last three years of my life have been so very happy, and now the blank is dreadful. So pray for me that the Lord may fill the blank in my heart and life. I would like to know what you think would be best for me to do.

"I cannot write any more just now. Do pray for me and the little ones.

"Christian love to Mr. and Mrs. B——, and to your wife.

"P.S.—Nothing could exceed Mr. Richard's attention and kindness to my dear husband, as also Miss Lancaster's."

The news of his death caused a terrible shock to his friends in England. When the news reached me I was stunned. Always regarding my brother as so much stronger than myself; thinking, too, of his devotion to Christ's service, and particularly of the special time when, having mastered the difficulties of the language and firmly established himself in the affection and esteem of the people, he seemed to have a long life of happy soul-saving work before him, I could not understand the sudden call home.

One can only find a solution of this and many similar cases in regarding work in this world as merely training and preparing us for fuller labours in the millennial age, when we shall live and reign with Christ a thousand years, and all His servants "*shall* serve Him." Thus, the preparation in my brother's case being complete, the training done, he was called away to rest a brief moment in his Lord's presence

till called forth again, in a fuller and more blessed way, for further service. The following obituary notice was widely circulated at the time of his death by the China Inland Mission.

A BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

In Loving Memory

OF

R. H. A. SCHOFIELD,

M.A., F.R.C.S., B.SC., ETC.,

OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION,

Who departed to be with Christ, August 1st, 1883,

At T'ai-yüen Fu, North China,

AFTER THREE YEARS OF MEDICAL MISSION WORK.

The following text and verse of a hymn were placed upon his Memorial Card, according to his request made shortly before his death:—

"A little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."

"A little while for winning souls to Jesus,
Ere we behold His beauty face to face;
A little while for healing soul-diseases,
By telling others of a Saviour's grace."

"Upon whom shall his mantle fall?"

OBITUARY NOTICE FROM "THE LANCET."

"ROBERT HAROLD AINSWORTH SCHOFIELD, M.A., M.B. OXON., B.SC. LOND., F.R.C.S.

"Dr. Schofield, who died on August 1st at the mission station where he laboured as a medical missionary, Tai-yüen Fu, in the province of Shan-si, North China, was third son of the late Robert Schofield, Esq., of Heybrook, Rochdale. He was born in 1851, and was educated at the Old Trafford School, near Manchester, and subsequently

at the Owens College, Manchester, where he obtained the Victoria Scholarship in Classics, and was elected an Associate of the College, after taking the degrees of B.A. and B.Sc. in the London University. He then obtained an exhibition to Lincoln College, Oxford, and began residence there in October, 1870. He graduated with first-class honours in Natural Science, and afterwards filled an appointment in the Museum of Comparative Anatomy under the late Professor Rolleston. Gaining the open Scholarship in Natural Science at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, he began there, in 1873, the study of that profession to which he had always intended to devote himself as his work in life. He so vigorously prosecuted his work that he won successively the Foster Scholarship in Anatomy, the Junior and Senior Scholarships, in their respective years, the Brackenbury Medical Scholarship, and the Lawrence Scholarship and gold medal. About this time he gained the Radcliffe Travelling Fellowship in Natural Science at Oxford, and, having graduated,* he proceeded to Vienna and Prague to follow his studies there. On the war between Turkey and Servia breaking out, he offered his services as a surgeon to the Red Cross Society, and was put in charge of the hospital at Belgrade during the campaign, and the next year he served in a like capacity in the Turkish army during the conflict between that country and Russia. On the expiration of his Radcliffe Fellowship, he returned to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and filled successively the appointments of house-surgeon and house-physician.

"It was now that he announced his intention to devote himself to Medical Missions abroad; and to that resolve, in spite of all opposition, he steadfastly adhered. In the spring of 1880, after his marriage, he embarked for China, having associated himself with the China Inland Mission, under Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, M.R.C.S., as one of their missionaries in that country. He resided first at Chee-foo, but later on it was decided that he should proceed to T'ai-yüen Fu, in Shan-si, in the far North-West, and to this

* The Greek Testament Prize at Oxford, open to the whole university, taken by Mr. Schofield, is omitted in the above notice.

spot he went in January, 1881. The cause of his death was typhus fever.

"Dr. Schofield was respected by all who knew him. The charm of his personal character was very great; transparent simplicity of thought and speech, a gentleness and amiability almost feminine, and a power of sympathy that was practically unbounded, were united to abilities of the highest order, a clear judgment, and a determination of unswerving firmness."

"A Beloved Physician."

From the "Missionary Herald," published by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

"Mr. Stimson, of T'ai-yüen Fu, sends a biographical notice of Dr. Schofield, an English physician connected with the China Inland Mission, recently deceased, from whom our Mission has received 'not a few favours,' and in whose death 'mission work in Shan-si has received what seems, on the human side, a cruel blow.' After speaking of Dr. Schofield as a young man of unusual promise, graduating at Oxford with high honour, taking the degrees of Master of Arts and Bachelor of Medicine; for five years connected with St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London; spending two years of study on the Continent, at Vienna and Paris; employed as surgeon in the Servian War under the Red Cross Society; and elected Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Mr. Stimson continues:—

"'Three years before his medical studies were completed, he had consecrated himself to the missionary work.* To some of his professional friends it seemed madness for a man of his ability and professional prospects to throw away the open opportunity of rising to eminence, and undoubtedly of amassing a fortune. He heard the pleas for "heathen at home," but his heart was turned to the heathen

* Reading the life of Dr. Elmslie, medical missionary of the Church Missionary Society in Kashmir, caused Dr. Schofield to resolve to devote his life to medical mission work. A new edition of this excellent memoir has been published at 1*s.* by Messrs. Nisbet and Co.

afar. With his bride he came to China, by the American route, reaching the field three years ago last June. He made rapid progress in the language, and for several months had been speaking to the people wherever he had the opportunity. Already had he issued two interesting reports of his medical and hospital work.

"'Some three weeks ago a patient came to him with virulent diphtheria. Dr. Schofield could not receive him, but the man duped the gatekeeper and secured a room, where he died the day following. From that man Dr. Schofield received the germs that developed into typhus fever. His strong constitution could not endure the strain, and he died August 1st, aged thirty-two years. The same day we laid his precious dust in the eastern hills overlooking the city. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," was all the utterance we could make for our sorrow.

"'Dr. Schofield's sick-bed was one of rich spiritual comfort. He had no thought of regret for his choice of work, but often said: "The last three years of my life have been my happiest." He felt that God was his help and would sustain him, and to Him committed, in loving faith, his wife and children.

"'Our friend loved his work. He was large-hearted and kind. He fully believed the promises of God toward the heathen, and healed and preached in glad hopefulness. Few medical missionaries preach as he did, at Sunday services, in the street chapel, and on the streets. Almost always, at our union prayer-meetings, was his voice heard in earnest petition for a greater endowment of spiritual power, for an increase of labourers, for the awakening of the people. He went to all his duty with prayer, and when he achieved success devoutly gave God the glory. As he desired, so, for all that he was and for all that he accomplished, we must not bestow fulsome praise upon the human instrument, but recognise in him the work of God. "By the grace of God, I am what I am," was the feeling of his sincere and modest soul.

"'So one in whom we had confidence of great things is taken, in the bloom of manhood, and the beginning of a successful and exceedingly useful work. Upon whom shall

his mantle fall? Surely there are others who stand in full view of earthly honours and emoluments, and are glad to make them a sacrifice to Christ for the extension of His kingdom? They are the men needed to awaken the world lying in wickedness. The civilization of China, boastful upon its false pedestal, calls for such men, skilled in science and fitted to command admiration from the bigoted and proud. We pray that this life, so early terminated, may, by the blessing of God, prove to be His call to more than one such, that not only the present breach may be filled, but that this work may be extended into other needy fields.' "

The following lines from the pen of his beloved wife, so early left a widow with two little children, one hardly ten weeks old when he died, may well close these sad reminiscences:—

"DEAREST A——,—It is now two years since our beloved Harold went home. How little I realized that morning that he was gone from me till 'the morning without clouds' when the Lord will restore to us those loved ones we have parted with on earth. All sorrow seemed forgotten for the moment in the sense of his joy in being with the Lord. . . . On the morning before he passed away, his face was so radiant with a brightness not of earth, and since then I have often thought those lines were a true description of him,

> 'Jesus Himself, how clearly can I trace
> His living likeness on that dying face.'

"Many who knew him well have often remarked what a bright face he always bore, as if he always lived in the sunshine of God's presence, but the brightness of his face that morning I can never forget; it was a brightness not of earth, but a reflection of the Lord Himself. A short time after that he looked up, smiled, and said, 'Heaven at last,' and seemed as if he had recognised someone.

"What a life he lived! patient continuance in well-doing! I can only remember seeing him *once* or *twice* a little depressed about his work, so strong was his faith in God to bless His own word, and many, many times I have heard him rejoice in the fact of being on the 'winning side.'

"He was always so bright and happy. The secret of it lay, I think, in a heart and life given up to God and His service, unclouded faith in God as a Father and in Jesus as a Saviour from the *present* power of sin as well as its future punishment. This he believed implicitly, and his life was the natural outcome of his faith. He lived much in the *spirit* of prayer, and when he noticed that I was perplexed about anything, he would say, 'Have you prayed about it?' I have seen him in most trying circumstances remain quite unruffled, when I knew it was in answer to prayer; thus he lived, taking everything to God in prayer. As to his work, dear Harold seemed to live more in the spirit of the verse, 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?' than anyone I have ever seen: he never cared to allow himself a day's pleasure or rest; so fully did he realise the work that was to be done and the shortness of the time in which to do it.

"As a member of the China Inland Mission he was in fullest sympathy with Mr. Taylor's principles and work, appreciating to the full the deep, earnest faith which led him to take up the work in China, in perfect confidence that God would supply, not only all spiritual, but every temporal need of the mission—a faith which has stood the test of twenty years.

"He believed that a medical missionary should be cosmopolitan, making no difference as to sect or party when it was a matter of healing the sick: it always gave him pleasure to be of use to his brother missionaries of other societies by attending to those they might bring or send for treatment, thus making his medical skill to open up the way for his fellow-workers in the great harvest field. His work was dearer to his heart than any pecuniary consideration; and when one or two English and American friends, taking no refusal, gave him some professional fees, the money was at once applied to the purchase of medicine for the Chinese.

"After he had been a week in China, he set to work to learn the language, with the determination by God's help to master it and not to 'play at Chinese.' He felt that being a missionary was a 'very real thing,' and that it was to be his '*life's work*.' With him there was no thought of turning

back. He had made up his mind that his whole life was to be spent amongst the Chinese in seeking to win them to Jesus. I have often heard him say that in order to influence the Chinese, 'it was necessary to get into sympathy with them:' he would go into the patients' rooms and sit on their k'angs (beds) for half an hour or more, talking with them about their harvests, trades, families, or friends—anything he thought interesting to them, thus forming a friendly feeling between the patients and himself which made them more ready to listen to and understand the truths of the Gospel that he daily sought to teach them. I remember a short time after he opened the hospital, and when he could but imperfectly speak the language, an official of high position called to see him. Dear Harold felt he must not lose the opportunity of speaking for Jesus; and after a little conversation, he showed the man his Testament, telling him that it was God's word and superior on that account to any other book in the world. This to the Chinaman is an unpleasant truth, as they hold their own teaching as handed down to them in the greatest veneration. He then told him of the way of salvation through Christ. Only those who visit amongst the official classes in China know how hard it is to speak of Christ to them. He did not believe in 'holding back the Gospel,' or in giving it a secondary place, but he fully believed it was the 'power of God to salvation' to the Chinese, as to any other nation. He might easily have had a large practice amongst the official classes, had he in any measure laid himself out for it, but he found the poorer people were more willing to receive the Gospel; and not having time for both, he spent most of his time in working among them. Through continual intercourse with the people he acquired a firm grasp of the spoken language; he had a large vocabulary, which enabled him to speak without hesitation, and thus he made many friends amongst them. In knowledge of the character he was not behind those who had studied for the same length of time, though through repeated calls to medical work he was continually interrupted in his studies, seldom having two hours free without interruption; this he felt exceedingly trying. Latterly he had begun to keep a diary in Chinese written in the character. He was very fond of

studying the shop-signs when out walking, and was thus ever adding to his stock of knowledge of the language.

"Of late, in addition to his own work, which was heavy, he spent two or three evenings every week in street-preaching, in which he was very successful; his genial manner won for him many friends, and often when he was hindered in his preaching by rude remarks from some of his audience, he would very cleverly turn it against the man himself, and the people would immediately side with the 'Di fu' (doctor), and the offender would have to retire quietly; having gained their attention once more, he would then proceed to address them. Much can be done in quieting the people by appealing to their 'li,' or manners, upon which they set great value.

"Wednesdays and Saturdays were out-patients' days. The doors were open from 11 a.m. About 1 p.m. the waiting room was filled with people. Harold would then call me into his study for a few moments' prayer before he began his work; or if other missionaries happened to be there, all would unite in prayer for a blessing on the word about to be spoken to the patients; then for twenty minutes he would address them, after which they were seen separately for treatment. Mondays and Thursdays were operating days. Sometimes during a difficult operation Harold would stop and lift up his heart to God in audible prayer in the presence of the relatives of the patient and sometimes of brother missionaries, and ask God to enable him to succeed; seldom indeed was his prayer long unanswered. Although his hands were full of work, he was always ready to do something more; and whatever he undertook was well done. He was secretary to the Shan-si branch of the Religious Tract Society, in which he took a very great interest. At the request of some friends, he began a class for the study of French one evening every week; also a class for the study of the eye for some missionaries who were anxious to understand it, so as to be able to diagnose eye cases in the various places in which they were working: one of his pupils, a lady, after a few lectures, performed several successful operations for cataract. He never knew the result of his teaching, for a few weeks after the class began he was called home.

"Two days before his illness he went out with the intention of preaching, but not finding many people to address that evening, he went into the tract-shop and spoke to the man in charge about his soul (a Chinese); he came home quite cheered, saying that he believed the man was converted: so the last opportunity he had on earth was used in seeking to bring a soul to the Saviour.

"A man who was suffering from diphtheria came one Friday to see dear Harold medically. His neck was very much swollen. He looked at his throat and prescribed for him, but told him that he could not admit him as an in-patient, because of the risk to all the other patients.

"Next day, towards evening, the man came to the hospital and told an untruth to the boy in charge of the gate, saying that the Doctor had given him permission to come as an in-patient, and he was admitted. After worship (in Chinese) on Sunday morning about noon, just as the service was over, someone came into the room and said that one of the patients had just died; dear Harold at once went to see who it was, fearing that it might have been a man that he had operated on the previous day. To his surprise, he saw the man he had sent away two days before, lying there dead. Going over and turning the head, he felt quite upset by the peculiar offensiveness of the body. That day at dinner, about an hour later, he told me what had happened, saying at the same time that diphtheria could produce typhus, and typhus diphtheria. For a few days I felt anxious about him, but finding no throat symptoms were appearing, I thought all danger was over. The following Thursday we took our last walk together to a temple a short distance from our house, and sat down for a little while upon the steps of the temple inside the large court. He then said he was not feeling well, and seemed in low spirits, which for him was most unusual. All the next day he wrote letters for the post, which was to leave early next morning; and that day he did not complain of anything. Early on the following morning he took all the letters to the house of one of the missionaries. Shortly after this he began to feel feverish, and I persuaded him not to see the patients that day, but to ask a missionary living next door to take his place, which he did. All Saturday, Sunday, and Monday he remained

very much in the same state, but we both thought it might be a return of ague, from which he had suffered a few years before; however, the symptoms of typhus soon developed, and then he remarked 'that it would go hard with him,' because of his nervous temperament. I then wrote down from his dictation what treatment to use in case he was unable to direct me, and feeling the need of some help, I sent for one of the lady missionaries, who stayed with me till all was over. On Thursday, about midnight, he seemed very faint, and his pulse very feeble. I gave him some brandy and sent for one of the missionaries, who had had some experience in typhus and typhoid cases, and we three nursed him day and night. At least six times we thought he was going: always towards the dawn of the morning the change seemed to pass over him. On the following Tuesday he seemed rather better, and we all thought the crisis was over, and that it was the first turn towards recovery; but that evening the temperature rose higher than ever before, and all our efforts to reduce it failed. Wednesday morning, 1st August, at 2.15 a.m., he passed away.

"The Thursday before he died he sent a great many farewell messages to friends. His interest in things about him showed itself until he was too weak to take notice of anything: twice he sent me out to measure the rain in the rain gauge, which he told me to register for him; he also talked of how an ice-cave could be easily made, and said he would have it done. Twice during his illness he asked to see his little boy. I laid the child down beside him for about ten minutes one night. After that he was too ill to see him again; he said to me, 'Tell my little Harold that it is the darling, darling wish of my heart that he should be a medical missionary when he grows up; tell him that it is his father's dearest wish that he should be a missionary in this land; and little Marion too, both of them.' To me he said, 'I need not tell you, for I know you will lead them to Jesus *early*, for that is far above all education or intellectual science; the highest of all knowledge is to know the love of Jesus.'

"On the first Sunday of his illness I read to him Revelation xx. and xxii. We talked a good deal that morning about Heaven and all the precious stones shining each one in its

own place. He then said, 'I think three will follow me to the shining land, and that is worth coming 40,000 li' (13,000 miles) 'for.' (One was a soldier, one a cripple boy about eighteen, and one the man employed at the book-shop, all converted through him.) As we came to that verse, '*The Lamb is the light thereof*,' he asked me to read it again; he then said, 'How beautiful'; it seemed to fill his mind, and he liked to dwell on it. During the first part of his illness he repeated this verse many times: 'Mine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off.' At first he felt the *suspense* of not knowing whether he would recover or not; he constantly prayed, 'Lord, spare me,' or 'Lord, take me;' 'Give me patience;' 'Lord, Thou knowest I am willing to go.' Once he said to me, 'We have not only to *do* His will, but to *suffer* His will.' In conversation with a missionary he said how he wished he had come to China years before. At one time when he was, we thought, almost gone, he suddenly opened his eyes, saying, 'It is so beautiful; tell me about it, darling.'

"A FEW FAREWELL WORDS FROM DEAR HAROLD TO HIS FRIENDS.

"'Give my loving farewell to my mother, and tell her I will meet her in heaven. I am going first, and will wait for her. Tell her no words can express what I owe to her and to my father for my Christian training. I have felt it month by month, and since in China I have felt it more. Loving farewell to brothers and sisters, J—— and A——. Send a message to the whole school: tell the boys there is nothing worth living for but Christ. Message of farewell to all who receive my journal.'

"'Loving farewell to Mr. L——, Mr. W——, Mr. P——, J——, and F——. Loving farewell to Alfred, and thank him so much for all the trouble he has taken about my journal.'

"'Tell W——, B——, and C——, to come back to the Lord. Tell Uncle F——, if he does not belong to the Lord, to come to the Lord.'

"'If anything is written in *China's Millions*, tell Mr. T—— to abstain from praising the earthen vessel, and to give all glory to the Lord. Tell all my friends not to praise me fulsomely, but to praise the Lord. "By the grace of God, I am what I am."

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."'

"This verse he repeated many times during his illness, and as he ended the following verse,—

'Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come,'—

I said to him, 'Those words don't apply to you; you have no doubts or fears;' to which he answered, 'No; thank God, that was over long ago.'

'Just as I am, of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.'

"This verse was said with *much* feeling.

"'Message to J—— O——, my old boy friend: beseech him to come to Jesus. My farewell to Mr. and Mrs. S——. Loving farewell to Eliza and Glover (old family servants), Miss F—— and Miss C——.

"'I would like that hymn to be sung at my grave, as at Mrs. L——'s:—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus."'

"To me he said, 'Nothing would give me greater joy than to look down and see my Lizzie carrying on the work here that I have tried to begin.' He wished his friends to be told that his last letters were written the day before he took to his bed. He first felt ill on the Thursday, but wrote all his letters next day, and on Saturday he took

to his bed. In a state of half-consciousness he said the following things, lying quietly with his eyes open: 'Getting all the views of Scripture just off,' 'My eyes shall see the King in His beauty,' 'They shall behold the land that is far off,' then something about each one shining in his or her own place. 'The Lord cometh.' 'Heaven at last' (he seemed to recognise some one). 'I am willing to go' (quite conscious). 'I have no plea but the love of Jesus.' The first part of his illness this verse was often in his mind, 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.' When this verse was repeated, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you,' he seemed much pleased, and repeated it over himself. Through his illness he repeated the following hymns:—

'What in Thy love possess I not?
My star by night, my sun by day,
My spring of life when parched with drought,
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
My robe before the throne of God.'

'Unchangeable Thy gracious love
My earthly path has ceaseless moved;
Ere yet this beating heart could move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued;
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.'

'Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!'

'O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter in the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.'

He also repeated 'When He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.'

"Without a shadow, without a fear, without a doubt, my beloved Harold passed into the presence of the Lord. With him all was perfect peace."

The following brief account of the funeral is sent by Mr. Richards :—

"In giving directions a few days before the end in case he did not recover, he said, 'Have the funeral without delay,' as he knew the danger of infection to the missionary community. So it was decided that the funeral should be on the afternoon of the day on which he died. All the missionaries assembled in the courtyard of the house adjoining Dr. Schofield's, where the Misses K—— lived, and there we had prayer, a portion of Scripture, and the following hymn :—

'"Home at last," on heavenly mountains,
Heard the "Come and enter in;"
Saved by life's fair flowing fountains,
Saved from earthly taint and sin.

Refrain.

'Home, sweet home, our home for ever,
Weary pilgrimages past;
Welcomed home to wander never,
Saved through Jesus—"Home at last."

'Free at last from all temptation,
No more need of watchful care;
Joyful in complete salvation,
Given the victor's crown to wear.

'Saved to greet on hills of glory
Loved ones we have missed so long;
Saved to tell the sinner's story,
Saved to sing redemption's song.

'Welcomed at the pearly portal,
Evermore a welcome guest;
Welcomed to the life immortal,
In the mansions of the blest.'

"As in his life he ever strove to get near the Chinese by adapting many of their ways, if by any means he might save some, we endeavoured to carry out the same principle

at his funeral. He was placed in a native coffin, which was put on a car borne by sixteen or thirty-two bearers.

"White is the colour of their deepest mourning. Mrs. Schofield, as chief mourner, was all in white. Those ladies who had not white wore black, but with a white scarf on their heads. The gentlemen had black jackets and a white scarf as a band round the waist. The bearers also had each a white piece of calico on their hats. Having thus given an outward expression that would be intelligible to the Chinese of our deep inward grief for our dear, departed brother, the procession left the house for the burying-ground, which is on a rising ground just outside the east gate, and overlooking the city. On the way, as we passed through the streets, the people came out in crowds to see the little band of foreigners in deep mourning. One of their remarks was very touching, illustrating how fully our dear brother had won the hearts of the people in so short a time. It was after one man had inquired of the other whose funeral it was, and had received the answer that it was the foreign doctor's. He cried out in deep pain, 'Alas! we are accursed! God has taken away the good Doctor from us.'

"The ladies rode in carts to the cemetery, and the gentlemen walked; then all the friends stood around the open grave while Mr. Richard spoke a few words, and all joined in singing the hymn Dr. Schofield had chosen before he died.

'Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast;
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

'Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!

'Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.'

"The grave was a pit about eight feet deep, and at the bottom a little cave was hollowed out under the ground in the dry soil, into which the coffin was pushed. The entrance was bricked up, and the earth filled in the pit only. Above it now there is a stone, with an inscription in Chinese and English to mark his resting-place: 'Until He come!'

"It was with a sad, sad heart we turned away from the cemetery and returned to the city, feeling that a great blank had been made by our brother's death, and that we had each of us lost a loved and valued friend, whose bright and happy face we should ever miss at our missionary meetings, and whose earnest voice in prayer we should never again hear on earth.

"Not only did we foreigners miss him, but the natives also missed him exceedingly. A few weeks after the funeral one of the native gentry walked across the street to me, and said, 'Is there no other doctor coming? Do please write for one soon. We cannot do without one now, since we got to know the value of Dr. Schofield.'

"Though his beautiful and devoted life on earth is ended, his service is not. His spirit is still working in the minds of all who knew him, to draw them to the platform of entire consecration, and to keep them there in the blessed service of our dear Lord and Master."

" I know not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot,
If that whereon my hopes are set
Be best or not.

" It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's weary wain,
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

" Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee,
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

" My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath Divine,
And on the helm there rests a Hand
Other than mine.

" One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board ;
Above the raging of the gale,
I hear my Lord.

" He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall ;
If sharp, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light—
He tempers all.

" Safe to the land ! Safe to the land !
The end is this ;
And then with Him go in, go in,
Far into bliss."

PROPOSED MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

AT T'AI-YÜEN FU

TO THE LATE HAROLD SCHOFIELD, M.B. (OXON.), F.R.C.S. (ENG.), OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION.

The friends of the late Dr. Schofield are anxious to erect a hospital to his memory at T'ai-yüen Fu, in the province of Shan-si, where he laboured as a medical missionary so successfully during the last three years of his life.

A hospital in the province of Shan-si (which is about the size of England) would meet a pressing need, and under God be made the centre of great blessing and usefulness.

£24 has already been paid for a piece of land, and £8 as earnest money for the cottages standing on it. If all the premises are secured, there will be about a hundred rooms. There is a house which would do for the medical missionary, without much cost for repairs, also two small yards which might be utilized for a women's hospital.

The hospital, if erected, will be in connection with the China Inland Mission, which is under the direction of Mr. J. Hudson Taylor.

About £1,200 will be required for the land and buildings.

Other adjoining buildings it would be well to buy when the opportunity arises, which would probably cost £90 more. It is not proposed, however, to wait until the whole amount is collected before transmitting any, as it is well to have some money in hand for use as opportunity is given for taking possession.

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G. G. and friends	30	0	0
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